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THE NEW YORKER

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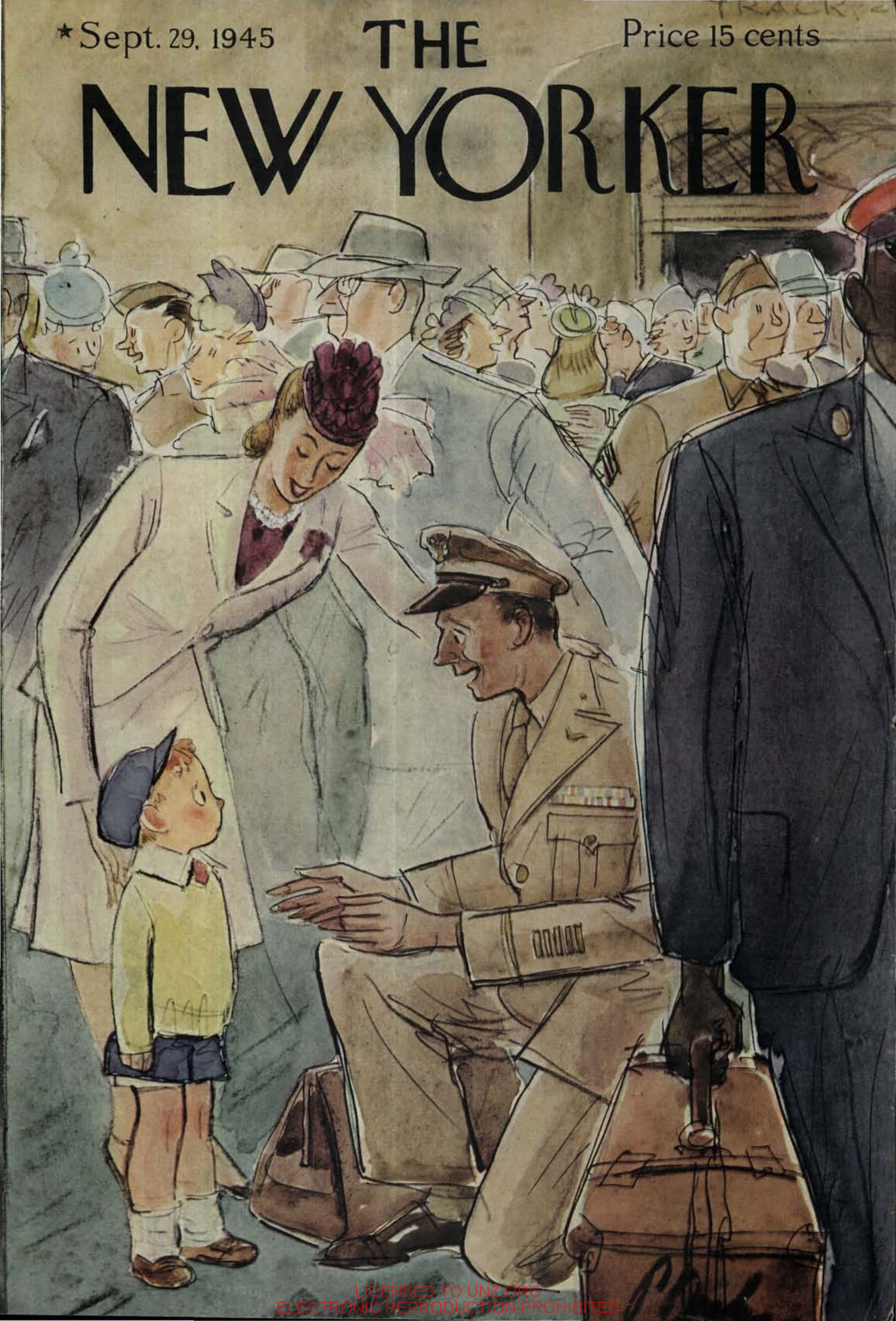

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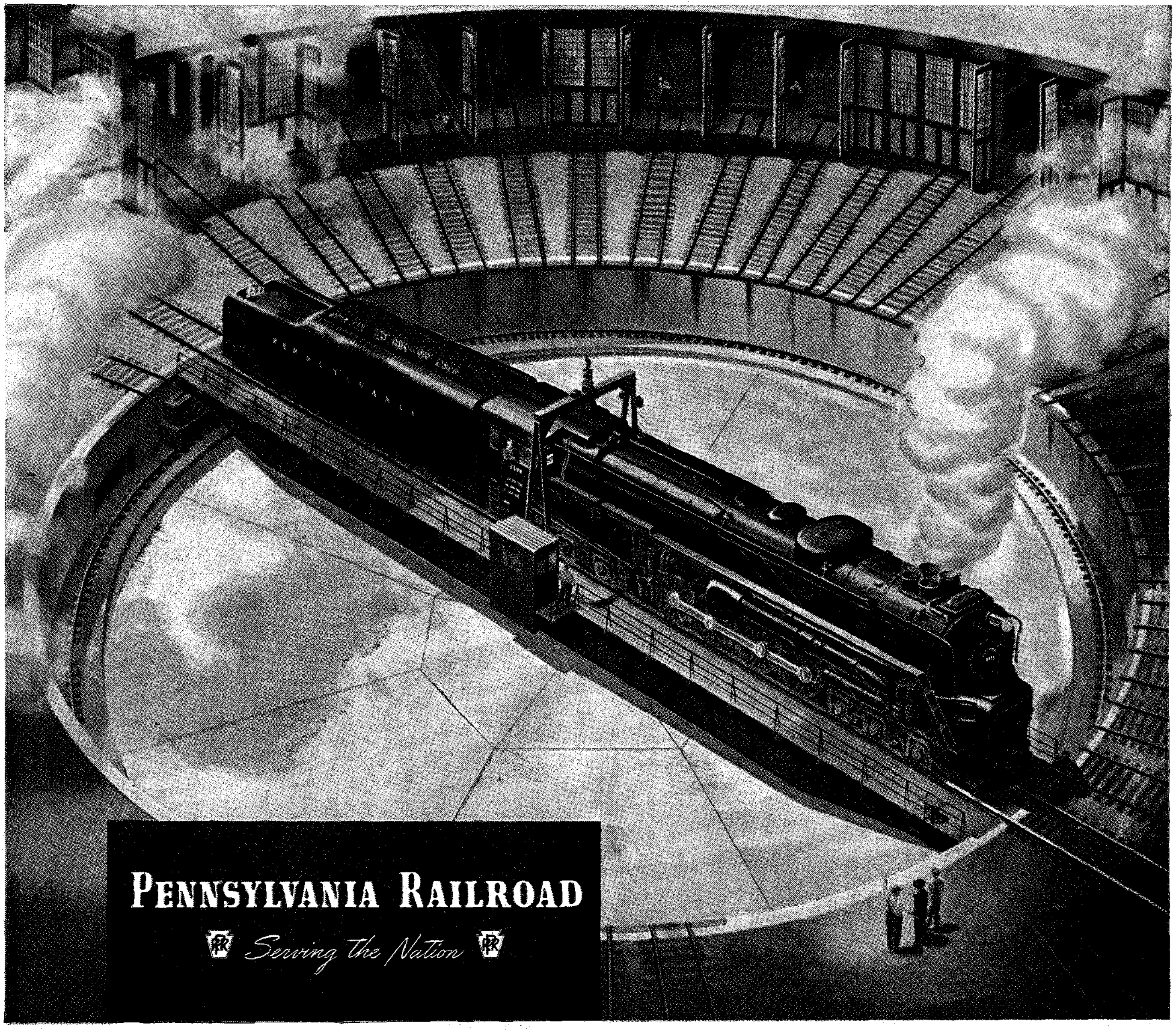

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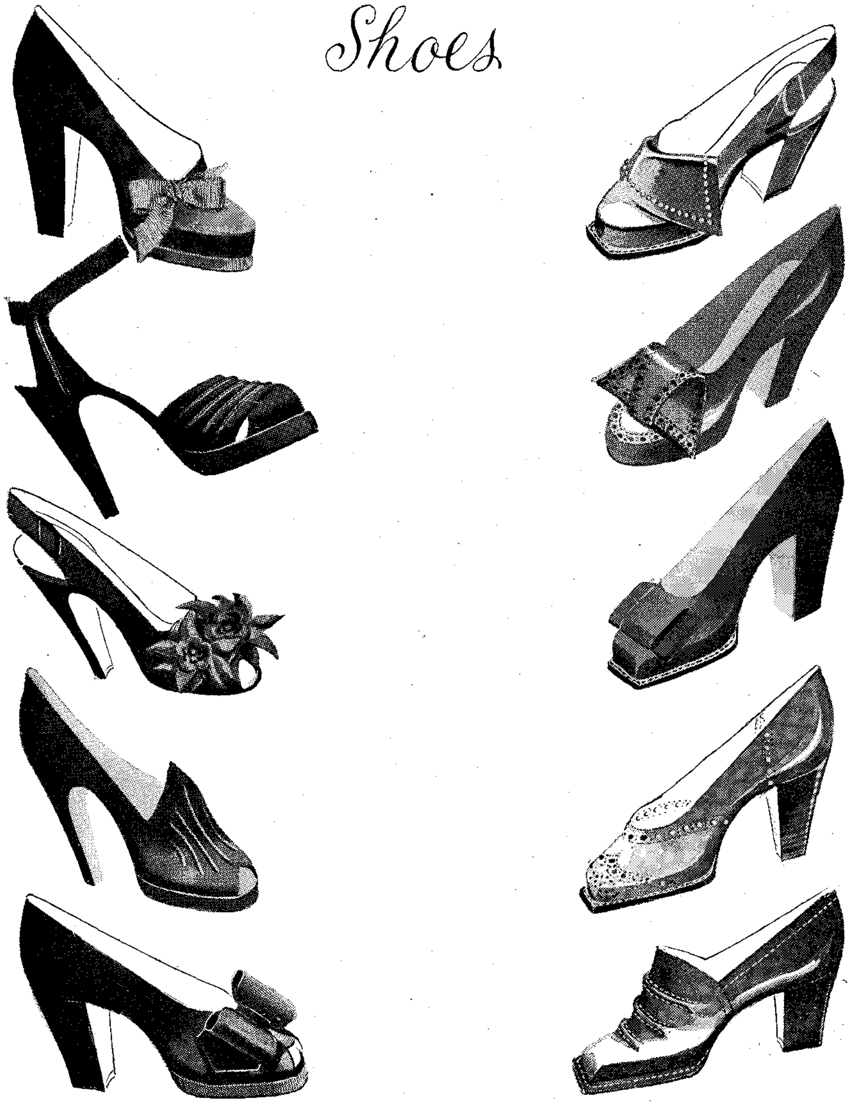

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

Anna Lucasta—The Broadway version of an all-Negro play, now in its second year, that made its first appearance in Harlem and is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A Bell for Adano—Paul Osborn's dramatization of John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy. Fredric March's fine, restrained performance makes up for whatever defects there may be in the script. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—An American folk legend about a witch boy and a mortal girl turns out very agreeably in the hands of an excellent cast, including Carol Stone and Richard Hart. With some fine old songs. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—A comedy about a girl and a soldier that is a good deal like a lot of others but still quite pleasant. With Augusta Dabney and Lenore Lonergan. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—A tremendously touching story about a mother who tries to bully her whole family into happiness. Beautifully played by a cast consisting of Laurette Taylor, Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon, and Anthony Ross. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—About a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull give magnificent performances. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—John van Druten's moving and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel about a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Joan Tetzel and Adrienne Gessner. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

The Late George Apley—A very intelligent treatment of John Marquand's novel about Boston. Leo G. Carroll's portrait of Apley is nearly perfect. With Janet Beecher and Percy Waram. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is now in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. Elliott Nugent, Martha Scott, and Vicki Cummings are the whole cast. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Ryan Girl—Edmund Lowe and June Havoc in a play written and directed by Edmund Goulding. Produced by the Shuberts and Albert de Courville. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

You Touched Me—A comedy by Tennessee Williams and Donald Windham, based on a story by D. H. Lawrence. Produced and directed by Guthrie McClintic. The cast is headed by Edmund Gwenn, Montgomery Clift, and Catherine Willard. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. the first week and Wed. and Sat. thereafter at 2:30.)

Deep Are the Roots—A play by Arnaud d'Usseau and James Gow, directed by Elia Kazan, and produced by Kermit Bloomgarden and George Heller. Included in the cast are Charles Waldron, Carol Goodner, and Barbara Bel Geddes. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A big, beautiful show somewhat handicapped by a rather routine book and not exactly memorable music. Agnes de Mille's ballets, however, are superb, and the cast, which includes Nanette Fabray and Mabel Taliaferro, is remarkably fetching. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carousel—This musical version of "Liliom" is another triumph for Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. A Theatre Guild production. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about sailors and girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Marinka—An operetta based on the Mayerling story. The music is rather agreeable; the book is just a nuisance. With Joan Roberts and Harry Stockwell (through Sat., Sept. 29), Romo Vincent, and Luba Malina. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Moves on Mon., Oct. 1, to the Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and produced by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

On the Town—A lot of attractive, lively youngsters, including Nancy Walker and Sono Osato, in a fine musical, mainly about three sailors and their girls. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg, as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and pleasant to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Helena Bliss, Irra Petina, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Romberg songs, cheerful dances devised by Helen Tamiris, and a lot of pretty scenery and costumes do a lot to redeem a fairly pedestrian book. Noah Beery impersonates Boss Tweed, and Maureen Cannon and Wilbur Evans take care of the romance. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Carib Song—Katherine Dunham, Avon Long, and William Franklin in a musical play by William Archibald, with a score by Baldwin Bergersen. Produced by George Stanton and staged by Mary Hunter and Miss Dunham. Opens Thurs., Sept. 27. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Live Life Again—A play in blank verse by Dan Totheroh, produced by S. S. Krellberg, and directed by Sawyer Falk. The cast includes Donald Buka, Mary Rolfe, and Thomas Chalmers. Opens Sat., Sept. 29. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Polonaise—Jan Kiepura and Marta Eggerth in a musical produced by W. Horace Schmidlapp and Harry Bloomfield, and directed by Edward Duryea Dowling. Book by Gottfried Reinhardt and Anthony Veiller, Chopin music adapted by Bronislaw Kaper, lyrics by John Latouche, and choreography by David Lichine. Opens Sat., Oct. 6. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Rodeo—The cowboys and cowgirls put in their annual appearance, headed by Roy Rogers. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Nightly, starting Wed., Oct. 3, at 8:30. Mats. Fri., Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed entirely or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra plays soothing dance music in this subterranean cavern.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—A rather pleasant evening with Cardini, who is one of our more expert magicians, Fred and Elaine Barry, and Bob Grant's merry orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Paula Laurence, Kenneth Spencer (a songbird), Susan Reed, and Edmond Hall's orchestra in a show that doesn't quite live up to expectations.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Imogene Coca making intelligent fun of almost anything, jazz piano by Cliff Jackson and Mary Lou Williams, and music by Benny Morton's orchestra.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Where Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band supply the music and the customers supply the scenery.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For a peaceful dinner and sedate romping to the music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Rustle, bustle, and hustle in the Hollywood manner. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Gali-Gali, the magician, a dance team, and Stanley Melba's agile orchestra are in the stately Cotillion Room. . . . A Melba trio plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Jimmy Savo, America's best-dressed humorist, is in the Persian Room for both dinner and supper, along with Gomez and Beatrice and the orchestras of Garwood Van and Mark Monte. . . . Tea dancing daily in the Palm Court.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The night of Wed., Oct. 3, will be your last chance to see the Roof's pretty pink angels. Next evening, Paul Sparr's orchestra will be down among the Iridium

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Room's glittery chandeliers (first night is a benefit for the New York National War Fund), where you will also find an ice show.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The atmosphere of the Café Lounge, large and dressy, is sweetened by the lush dance music of London's Roy Fox and his orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—What to do with the children on Nurse's night off. Eric Correa's orchestra and Dacita's rumba band are on hand during the evening and Joseph D'Andrea's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Through Thurs., Oct. 4, Jane Pickens singing (with gestures) at suppertime on the Starlight Roof, with George Olsen's orchestra playing all evening. On Fri., Oct. 5, the Wedgwood Room will reopen with a benefit dinner-dance for the Travelers Aid Society. Among the fellow-travelers, Emil Coleman's orchestra, and, at supper, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room, or what used to be the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—At the **blue angel,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Irwin Corey, Helen Howe, Evelyn Knight, the Herman Chittison Trio, and Stuart Ross, all doing as nice a job as we're likely to see this season. . . . **ruban bleu,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan, Monica Boyar, Garland Wilson, and the Cedric Wallace Trio in their reliable specialties. . . . **spivy's roof,** 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Spivy herself, singing about her special brand of world-weariness.

Miscellaneous—At the **coq rouge,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing in a highly decorative setting. . . . **1-2-3 club,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns providing a muted piano obbligato for the young people's table talk; no dancing. . . . **casino russe,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): more for the côtelette à la Kiev than for the activities in the floor show; dancing. . . . **versailles,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a retrospective show, made up of bits of eight million earlier Versailles shows, with a collection of delectable if incoherent girls; Joe Ricardel's orchestra. . . . **el chico,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): semi-Spanish, with some strolling singers and a fine rumba band. . . . **zanzibar,** B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): worth visiting principally for Duke Ellington's orchestra and the Golden Gate Quartet. . . . **copacabana,** 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): the conventional Copacabana show, which at the moment includes Joe E. Lewis and Joel Herron's and Noro Morales' orchestras. Upstairs, in the Copa Lounge, Phil Moore's Four. . . . **astor roof,** B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Sammy Kaye's orchestra on this large rooftop, playing for what look very much like jitterbugs. Closes Sat., Sept. 29. . . . **400 club,** 1 E. 43 (MU 2-3423): rather like a boat ride to Bear Mountain, but it has Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **commodore,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. . . . **essex house,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . **madison,** Madison at 58 (VO 5-5000): Val Ernie's orchestra for dancing up to 9:30, including Sunday, no less; at the supper hour, Hope Emerson, Bunty Pendleton, and other entertainment. . . **new yorker hotel,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Chuck Foster's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **pennsylvania,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Stan Kenton's orchestra. . . . **roosevelt,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Shep Fields' orchestra.

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **nick's,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, and their helpmeets scorching the midnight air. . . . **village vanguard,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a small but comfortable cave, equipped with Art Hodes' Trio, Don Frye as solo pianist, and other entertainment; dancing. . . . **onyx,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Stuff Smith at work on his electric violin. . . . **downbeat,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Art Tatum at the piano, Tiny Grimes and his guitar, the Loumel Morgan Trio, and another band for dancing. . . . **jimmy ryan's,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio in which you will find Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing.

ART

Audubon Artists—A very large show by a new group which the National Academy sponsors: National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

Alexander Calder—The artist's first gouache show: Kootz, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 6.

Claude Clark—Paintings, mostly concerned with Negro life: Bonestell, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 29.

John Groth—Drawings, bold and often humorous, of the European war: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 29.

Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors—The fifth annual of this group, with Arnold Friedman, Trajan, and sixty-three others: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 29.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6.

Groups—At the **a.c.a.,** 63 E. 57: Philip Evergood, the Soyers, and many others. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Sept. 29. . . . **associated american artists,** 711 5 Ave., at 55: members' anniversary show of sculpture and painting, mostly the latter. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 29. . . . **babcock,** 38 E. 57: drawings by eleven of the painters who exhibit here. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 13. . . . **contemporary arts,** 106 E. 57: work by sixty-seven regular and guest members of the gallery. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 13. . . . **ferargil,** 63 E. 57: oils and water colors from Thomas Eakins to the present. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 29. . . . **kraushaar,** 32 E. 57: John Sloan, George Luks, William Glackens, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M ; through Wed., Oct. 3. . . . **levitt,** 16 W. 57: Herbert Barnett and other painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 6. . . . **matisse,** 41 E. 57: Picasso, Rouault, Chagall, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 31. . . . **midtown,** 605 Madison, at 58: a seasonal retrospective by the gallery's group. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 29. . . . **milch,** 108 W. 57: Sidney Laufman, Maurice Sterne, Hobson Pittman, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 12 noon; through Oct. 13. . . . **rosenberg,** 16 E. 57: nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 28.

Le Corbusier—Paintings and gouaches as well as plans and models by the French architect: Mezzanine Gallery, International Bldg., 630 5 Ave., at 50. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

André Masson—Forty pen-and-ink drawings: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 29.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—The development of Greek art from the Stone Age to the third century B.C.; also (through Oct. 31), prints and drawings by Goya. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Howard Mitcham—Recent paintings: Jane Street, 35 Jane, at 8 Ave. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 10 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition selected from the Museum's collection of painting and sculpture (through Jan. 13); also, work done during the past year in the Museum's War Veterans' Art Center (through Nov. 25). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Kandinsky, as well as work by a good many other modern artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

Frederick Papsdorf—Flowers and other subjects by a Detroit primitive: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 6.

Fermin Rocker—Oils and water colors: American-British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 29.

Emanuel Romano—Gouaches: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 29.

U. S. Naval Academy—A show, in honor of Annapolis's centenary, of portraits and paintings associated with the Navy: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 13.

Edmund Weil—Semi-abstract paintings and sculpture: Norlyst, 59 W. 56. Daily 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 29.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Painting and sculpture from the Museum's permanent collection. Daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 10.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Philharmonic-Symphony—Opening concerts of the season, Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., Oct. 4, at 8:45 P.M., and Fri., Oct. 5, at 2:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . Bruno Walter conducting: Sat., Oct. 6, at 8:30 P.M. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park at 69. RH 4-1500, Ext. 60.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting. Tues., Oct. 2, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

National Orchestral Association—Leon Barzin conducting; soloist, Frank Sheridan, piano. Mon., Oct. 1, at 8:45 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Meth Symphonette—Max Meth conducting. Sun., Sept. 30, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Jazz Concert—Eddie Condon, the guitarist, along with such musicians as Bud Freeman, saxophone, Wild Bill Davison, trumpet, and Bob Haggart, bass, in the first of Mr. Condon's fifth series of concerts. Sat., Oct. 6, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

New York City Opera Company—"Tosca," Thurs. Eve., Sept. 27. . . . "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Fri. Eve., Sept. 28. . . . "La Bohème," Sat. Eve., Sept. 29. . . . "La Traviata," Sun. Aft., Sept. 30. . . . "Carmen," Sun. Eve., Sept. 30. . . . "The Bartered Bride," Wed. Eve., Oct. 3. Eves. at 8:15. Mats. at 2:15. (New York City Center, 55, W. of 6. CI 6-8989.)

Benefit Concert—William Kroll, violin; Genevieve Rowe, soprano; and Earl Aschcroft, baritone; a benefit for the Town Hall Club. Sat., Sept. 29, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Milton Kaye—Piano. Mon., Oct. 1, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Henrietta Schumann—Piano. Wed., Oct. 3, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Henry L. Scott—Comic pianist. Fri., Oct. 5, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Don Cossack Chorus and Dancers—Directed by Serge Jaroff. Fri. and Sat., Oct. 5-6, at 8:30 P.M. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Thurs., Sept. 27, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Boston, Sat., Sept. 29, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., Sept. 30 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Harold Green vs. Rocky Graziano, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Sept. 28. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M.)

Dog Show—Suffolk County Kennel Club, Huntington Crescent C.C., Huntington, L.I., Sat., Sept. 29. (Benefit for the Service League of Huntington.) . . . Westbury Kennel Association, J. S. Phipps' Polo Field, Westbury, L.I., Sun., Sept. 30. (Benefit for the Red Cross.)

Football—On Sat., Sept. 29: Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field, at 2:30 P.M.; Cornell vs. Bucknell, at Ithaca, at 3 P.M.; Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia, at 2 P.M.; Army vs. Personnel Distribution Command, A.A.F., at West Point, at 2:45 P.M.; Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover, at 2:30 P.M.; Syracuse vs. Temple, at Philadelphia, at 2:30 P.M.; Navy vs. Villanova, at Annapolis, at 2:30 P.M.; Yale vs. Tufts, at New Haven, at 2:30 P.M.

Golf—L.I.G.A. Amateur Best-Ball, Garden City C.C., Garden City, L.I., Thurs., Oct. 4.

Racing—Weekdays at Belmont, at 1:15 P.M., through Wed., Oct. 3. (Jockey Club Gold Cup, Sept. 27; the Futurity, Sept. 29; Ladies' Handicap, Oct. 2; Champagne Stakes, and New York Handicap, Oct. 3.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:05 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Sat. between 10:40 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.

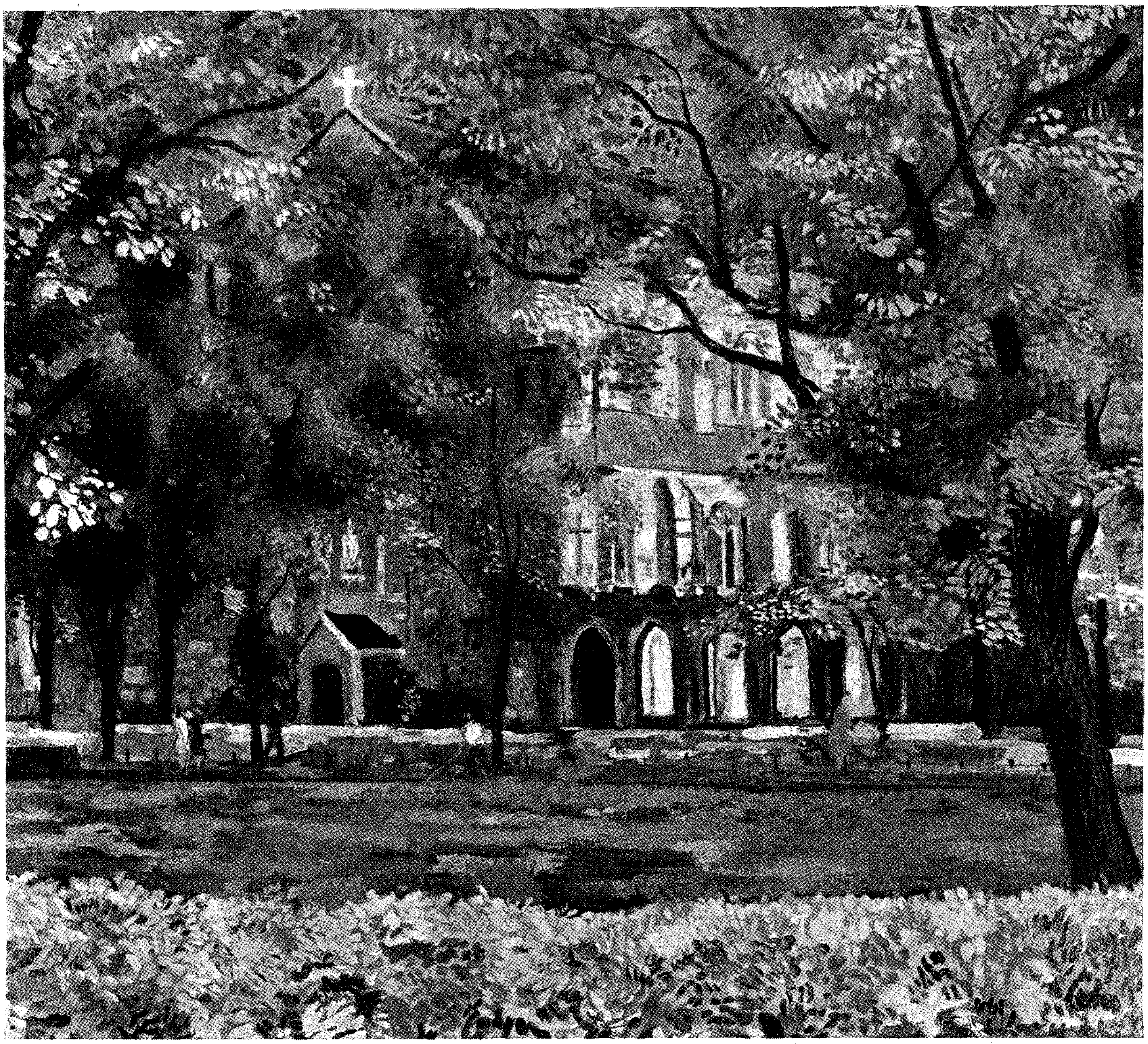
Trotting—Daily at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., at 8:40 P.M., through Sat., Sept. 29. Proceeds for the benefit of various New York charities. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 P.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

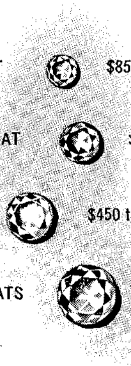
Art and Antiques Show—A large exhibition of contemporary paintings and sculpture, as well as antiques of all categories: Seventeenth Regiment Armory, Park at 34. Weekdays 12:30 to 10:30 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 7 P.M.; through Sun., Sept. 30.

War Prisoners' Exhibit—Paintings, model airplanes, surgical instruments, escape devices, and other ingenious items, made by American fliers during their internment in German prison camps: Museum of Science and Industry, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49. Daily, starting Tues., Oct. 2, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Jan. 1.

Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104—



Stately and serene, St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Evanston, Illinois. Painted for the De Beers collection by Bernard Lamotte



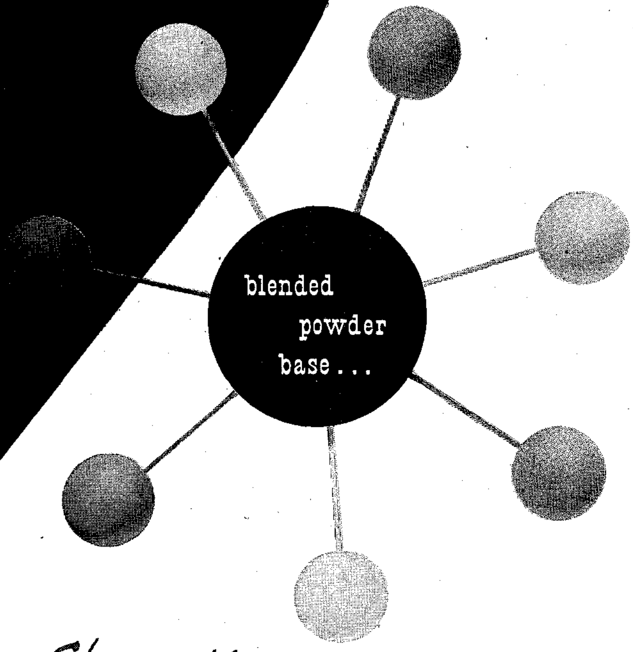
ONE-QUARTER CARAT	$85 to $150
ONE-HALF CARAT	$190 to $375
ONE CARAT	$450 to $975
TWO CARATS	$1100 to $2800

Facts About Diamonds: These are average current prices for unmounted quality diamonds. Add 20% for federal tax. (The exact weights shown occur infrequently.) Size alone does not determine diamond values. Color, cutting, brilliance and clarity have an equally important bearing. You should have a trusted jeweler's best advice at all times when buying diamonds.

Day of Days

Many before you have paced such hallowed aisles . . . and yet the joys you feel are new and yours alone. The day two lives are joined with holy rites becomes a glorious memory that serves forever. The diamond engagement ring, so carefully chosen to token young dreams and hopes, holds happy vigil to keep that memory glowing. De Beers Consolidated Mines, Limited, and Associated Companies.

N. W. AYER & SON



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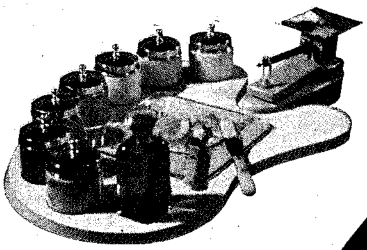
blended
powder
base . . .

Chromoblend blended at the counter
from the Jacqueline Cochran pallette of
many hued creams . . . to make your individual,
color-perfect foundation . . .
for a deeper-toned, more natural
looking makeup

at LORD & TAYLOR



and for a pretty throat . . .
Jacqueline Cochran throat cream . . .
silky, caressingly smooth
as it helps you gently
massage your throat
to loveliness

Paul Rand

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6.

Prints and other memorabilia showing the work of John Stephenson, who built some of New York's early omnibuses, horsecars, subway trains, and other rolling stock; also, the history of New York's police force, shown in documents, photographs, and uniform equipment: Weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

PHOTOGRAPHY—The annual exhibition of the Press Photographers' Association of New York, including many examples of war photography: Museum of Science and Industry, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49. Daily, starting Sat., Sept. 29, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Oct. 28.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Eighteenth-century French and English furniture and decorations owned by Guernsey Curran, and others: Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 27-29, at 2 P.M.

NOTE—The Post Office is now accepting, without a letter of request, Christmas packages for the Armies of Occupation. To assure delivery by Christmas, gifts for men and women in all services must be mailed by Oct. 15. Parcels must not exceed fifteen inches in length and thirty-six inches in girth and length combined: the weight is limited to five pounds.

ON THE AIR

MAYOR LAGUARDIA—In the fifth of a series of monthly broadcasts on New York, Thurs., Sept. 27, at 7:30 P.M., WJZ.

MUSIC—Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Oct. 6, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . New York City Opera Company: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Fri., Sept. 28; at 8:15 P.M., WNYC. . . . Marian Anderson, Thurs., Sept. 27, at 9 P.M., WABC.

SPORTS—Boxing: Harold Green vs. Rocky Graziano, Fri., Sept. 28, at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Baseball: World Series, starting Wed., Oct. 3, at 1:30 P.M., WOR. . . . Football: Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, Sat., Sept. 29, at 2:30 P.M., WOR; Notre Dame vs. Illinois, Sat., Sept. 29, at 3:15 P.M., WJZ, WABC; Army vs. Personnel Distribution Command, A.A.F., Sat., Sept. 29, at 2:25 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

THE CORN IS GREEN—Bette Davis in the part once performed by Ethel Barrymore on Broadway. Miss Davis seems slightly implausible and so does the picture. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., Sept. 27. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Mon., Oct. 1. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. through Wed., Oct. 1-3.)

THE FALL OF BERLIN—A Russian documentary that is, despite a dismal English commentary, a grim, exciting, informative film. (Victoria, B'way at 46.)

A MEDAL FOR BENNY—John Steinbeck wrote the original story for this rather disappointing film about the death of a hero and its effect in his native village. With Dorothy Lamour, Arturo de Cordova, and Carrol Naish. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., Sept. 29. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Sun., Sept. 30.)

OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES—Life on a highly photogenic farm and some excellent acting by Edward G. Robinson and Agnes Moorehead, who are assisted by such wunderkinder as Margaret O'Brien and Jackie Jenkins. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Oct. 3.)

RHAPSODY IN BLUE—This musical biography of George Gershwin contains all the songs from "Swanee" to "Porgy and Bess," but the story was largely made up in Hollywood. It is also slightly confused by the fact that some characters, like Oscar Levant, Paul Whiteman, and Al Jolson, are played by themselves. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

A ROYAL SCANDAL—Tallulah Bankhead, as the Empress of all the Russias, in a pretty funny item that has probably little to do with either Catherine or history. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Sept. 29.)

THE SILVER FLEET—First-class British film about a Dutch patriot who sabotaged his own shipyard when it fell into Nazi hands. With Ralph Richardson. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs., Sept. 27.)

THE WAY AHEAD—Excellent British import about how a group of young British civilians were conditioned for the army. With David Niven. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Sept. 27. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Sept. 28. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 2-4.)

WONDER MAN—Danny Kaye as twins in a stylish ghost story with incidental music. Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen, and Allen Jenkins are in the cast. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

REVIVALS

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY (1944)—Screen play of Thornton Wilder's novel. With Lynn Bari, Francis Lederer, Akim Tamiroff, and Nazimova. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Sat., Sept. 29.)

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., Oct. 2.)

DAYBREAK (1940)—Jean Gabin as a gentle murderer. In French. (55th Street Playhouse, 55, W. of 6; through Tues., Oct. 2.)

DOUBLE INDEMNITY (1944)—A lady heel and a man heel kill a husband. Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Sept. 27.)

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS (1943)—Technicolored version of the Hemingway novel. With Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Akim Tamiroff, and Katina Paxinou. (Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Mon. through Wed., Oct. 1-3. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 2-3.)

THE HURRICANE (1937)—Mary Astor, Jon Hall, and Dorothy Lamour caught in a Sam Goldwyn storm. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 2-3.)

THE INFORMER (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Sept. 29.)

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BEETHOVEN (1937)—A serious biographical study. In French, with Harry Baur. (55th Street Playhouse, 55, W. of 6; starting Wed., Oct. 3.)

THE MASK OF DIMITRIOS (1944)—The Eric Ambler novel about underworld doings in Europe. With Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet, and Faye Emerson. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Sept. 30-Oct. 1.)

MAYERLING (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., Oct. 2.)

MOONLIGHT SONATA (1938)—Marie Tempest and Ignace Paderewski. (Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7; tentative, Sat. through Fri., Sept. 29-Oct. 5.)

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN (1936)—The Capra comedy about a fellow with too much money. Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 2-4.)

NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART (1944)—London's lower depths interpreted by Ethel Barrymore, Cary Grant, and Barry Fitzgerald. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 2-3.)

PINOCCHIO (1940)—This Walt Disney full-length cartoon introduces Figaro the Cat and Cleo the Goldfish. (Republic, B'way at 51.)

SHALL WE DANCE? (1937)—One of the Astaire-Rogers series, this time with Gershwin music. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Sept. 29.)

THUNDER ROCK (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. With Michael Redgrave and Barbara Mullen. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 28-Oct. 1.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—THURS., SEPT. 27: "Cavalcade" (1933), with Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook. . . . FRI. THROUGH SUN., SEPT. 28-30: "Chapayev" (1934), Russian film. . . . MON. THROUGH THURS., OCT. 1-4: "The President Vanishes" (1934), with Edward Arnold. . . . FROM FRI., OCT. 5: "David Harum" (1934), with Will Rogers.

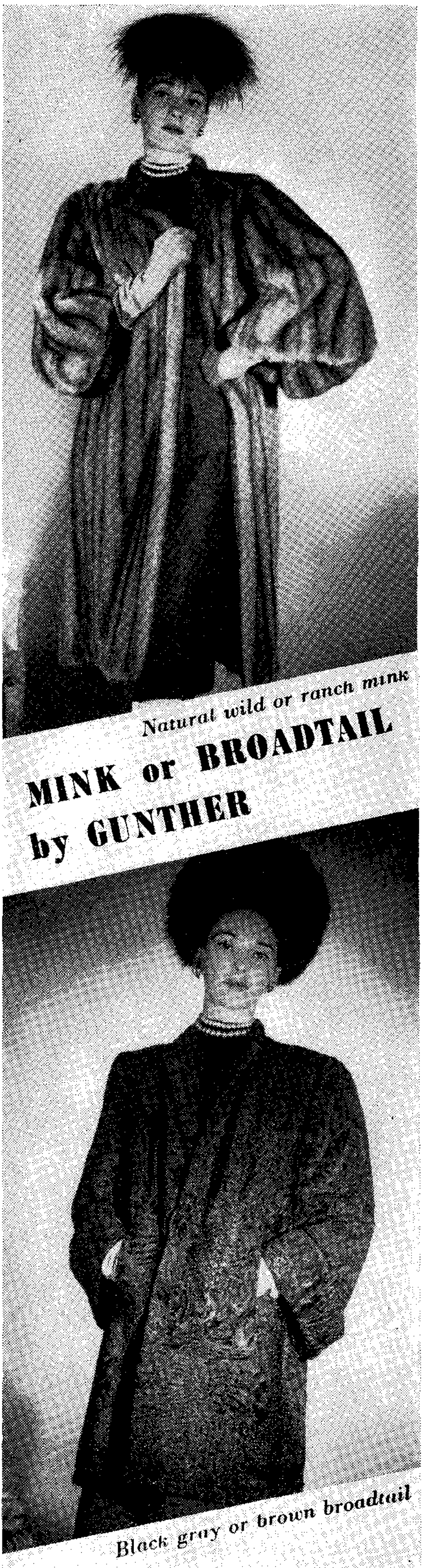
CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES, POST-V

(As President Truman points out, we are technically still at war, and several of the wartime needs *remain urgent. These are listed below.)*

APARTMENTS FOR SERVICE MEN—New York City residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short periods are urged to make them available to veterans and service men and their families. Arrangements can be made through the Officers' Service Committee, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing, Municipal Bldg., Room 1836, Chambers St. (WO 2-5600, Ext. 167).

VOLUNTEER WORK—At the AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 11 E. 58 (RE 4-6050): women to give as much time as they can spare sewing and knitting for service men's families; women to take a six-week course in photography during the evening and then teach the subject to patients in military hospitals. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work as much time as they can spare during the day as receptionists in veterans' rehabilitation centers; women to work during the day or evening as hostesses and to be of general assistance in canteens and veterans' hospitals.

NOTE—The A.W.V.S. is serving as a salvage depot for wastepaper and fat, which continue to be urgently needed by the government. For information about the depot nearest your home, call RE 4-6050.


Natural wild or ranch mink
MINK or BROADTAIL
by GUNTHER
Black gray or brown broadtail

Casual or fitted models
in every smart fur with
triumphant emphasis on
Mink and Broadtail.

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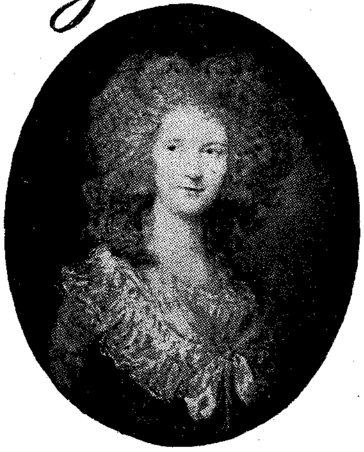
666 Fifth Ave. at 53rd. N.Y.

Choice Coffee... Long the Hallmark of Hospitable Homes



Courtesy of the Cleveland Museum of Art

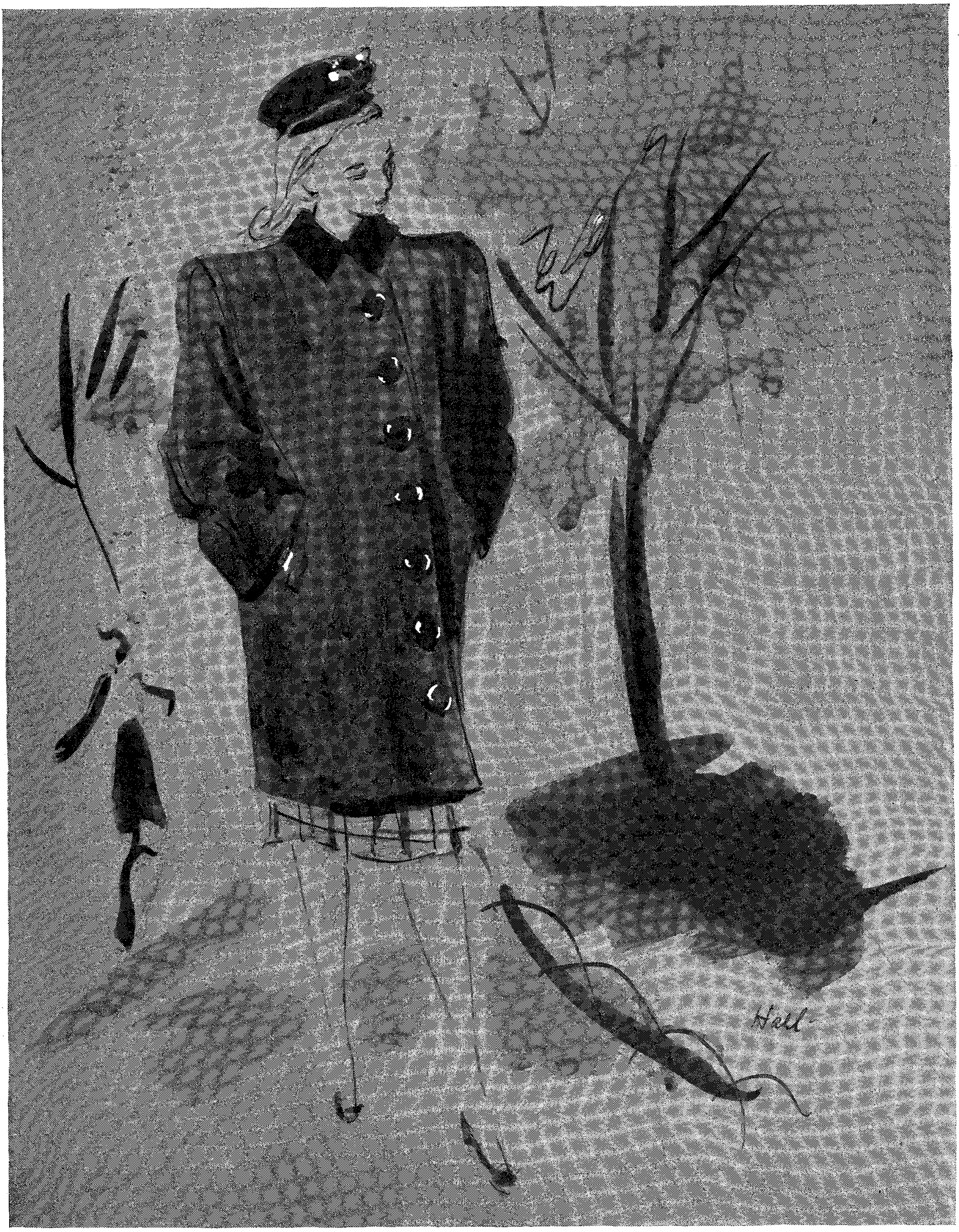
Her name was Eleanor, Lady Hylton. Hers was the good fortune to be born the daughter of a baronet, to call a castle "home," and to live in England's Golden Age. For then, Thomas Gainsborough, the Royal Academician, was painting, and Sheraton and Shearer were shaping precious woods into today's priceless antiques. Then, porcelains by Spode, Minton, and Wedgwood graced fine homes. Then, great silversmiths like John Kentenber of London were designing classic coffeepots like that shown below, which bears these hallmarks I·K and which proves that then, as now, fine coffee was the hallmark of hospitality in fine homes.

Today, coffeepots of John Kentenber's superb craftsmanship have become hallmarks of hospitality in fine American homes. But in all its more than a century of sterling service, this pot has never poured coffee to equal that which the gracious Mrs. Bruce Barton serves. Vice-Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Travelers Aid Society of New York, Mrs. Barton serves Yuban Coffee to her guests . . . coffee that was once the private blend of America's greatest coffee merchant . . . coffee that is blended from the world's choice sources of supply . . . coffee that is famous for its fine flavor, its distinctive character, and rich aroma. That is why Yuban has been known as "the guest coffee" for generations.

REGULAR GRIND
REGULAR GRIND
YUBAN
COFFEE

YUBAN *The Guest Coffee*

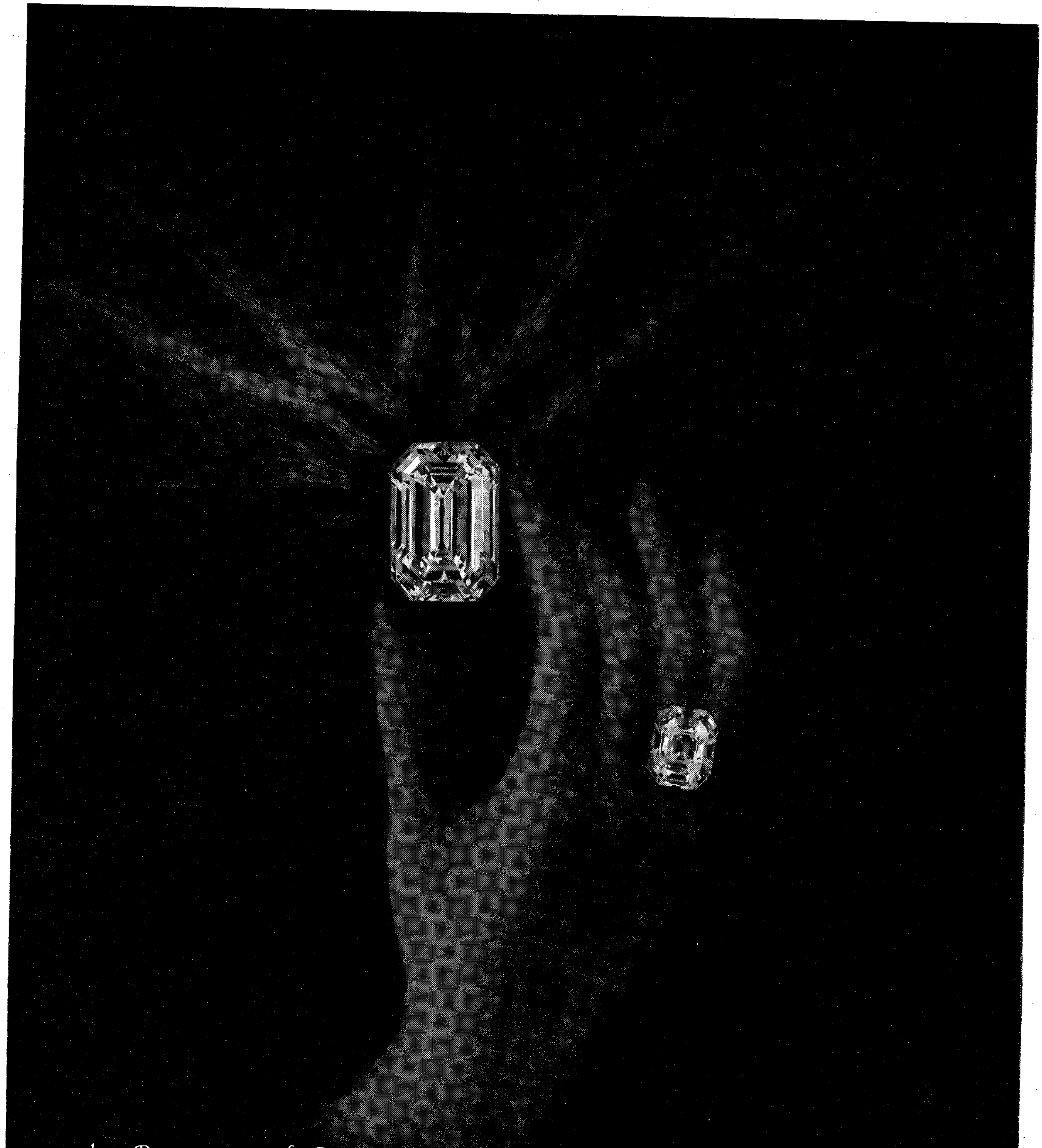
TWO HUNDRED FIFTY PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK



Slim, straight, and smart all over—

Gershel's new young seven-eighths box coat,

in black Melton Cloth lined in red. 85.00 — Lord & Taylor



the Romance of Rarity—
the Allure of Perfection—
in Diamonds by Winston

Rare Jewels of the World
HARRY WINSTON, INC.
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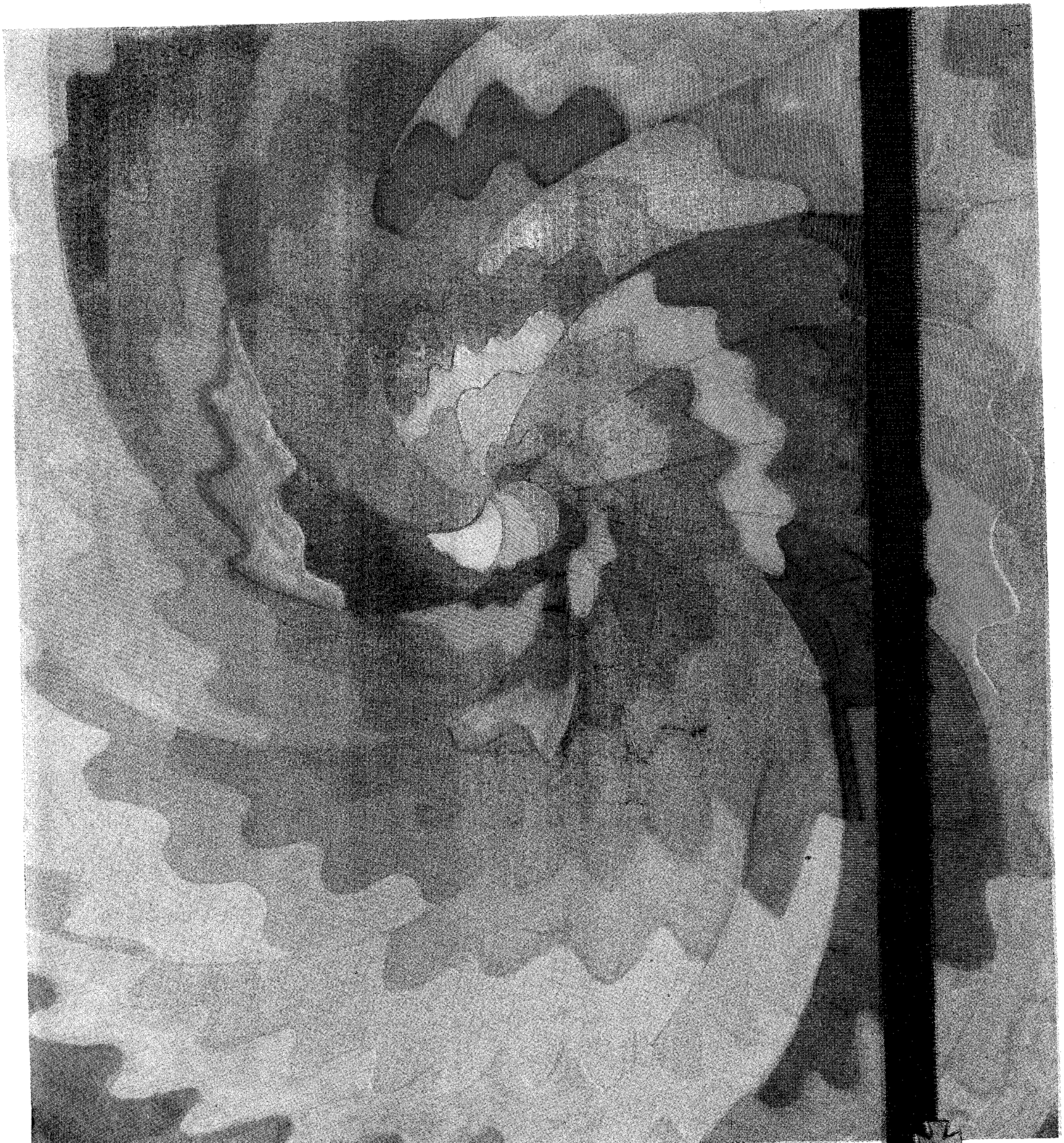
OWNERS AND CUTTERS OF THE JONKER, VARGAS AND LIBERATOR DIAMONDS
Your request to see the various Winston collections at a private showing in your city will be honored by fine Retailers of Jewels. All Winston Jewels are stamped in the mounting for authenticity



"Spectre de la Rose" inspired by Von Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz", painted by Henriette Reiss, interpreting music in color . . just as STRADIVARI Perfume expresses, in fragrance, an emotional experience to be long remembered. Listen to the Stradivari Orchestra every Sunday over the CBS Network.

Stradivari A perfume intensely fragrant as the heart of a flower . . it suggests the luxury of orchids, the elegance of camellias, the rapturous emotional impact of great music, superbly played . . a perfume that is quite beyond words, that must be experienced to be understood.

Prince Matchabelli

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7.50 to 25.00
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For only a few women in the world
the daring colors by Revlon
"RUSSIAN SABLE"
"BLACK MASK"
"RAVEN RED"
Revlon
RUSSIAN SABLE

for matching fingertips and lips

"RUSSIAN SABLE"
"BLACK MASK"
"RAVEN RED"

Far too drama-packed for ordinary moments . . . these Nail Enamel and Lipstick colors are fantastically beautiful on the right woman . . . at the right time (and like all Revlon color originals, superlative in quality).

COSTUME . . . EXCLUSIVE DESIGN
FOR REVLON BY
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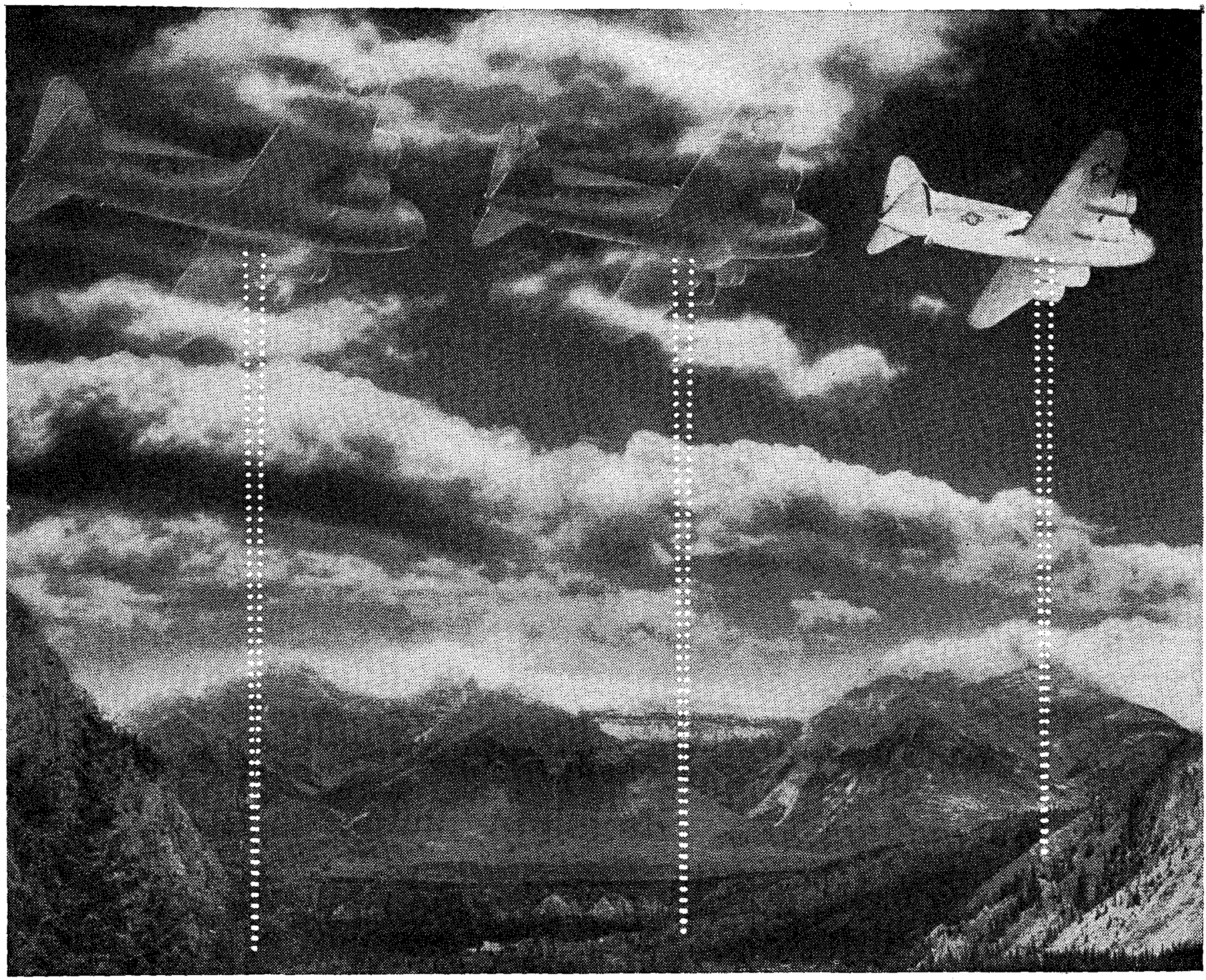
'Delicate design brought to perfection by hand in baby clothes, lingerie, blouses, in fabrics by Stonecutter
VERONICA
MADE-BY-HAND
GJON MILI
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE, New York · WOODWARD & LOTHROP, Washington · STIX, BAER & FULLER, St. Louis · D. H. HOLMES, New Orleans



The RCA Radio Altimeter assures that the last mountains have been passed before letting down to the airport in the valley below.

Measuring "every bump on the landscape" —at 20,000 Feet!

A radio altimeter—that indicates the exact height above land or sea—*is* another RCA contribution to aviation.

Old-style altimeters gave only the approximate height above sea level—did not warn of unexpected "off-course" mountains.

To perfect a better altimeter was one of science's most baffling problems. So RCA developed an instrument so accurate it "measures every bump on the landscape" from the highest possible altitudes... so sensitive it can measure the height of a house at 500 feet!

This altimeter—actually a form of radar—directs radio waves from the airplane to earth and back again . . . tells the pilot exactly how far he is from the ground... warns of dangerously close clearance . . . "sees" through heaviest fog or snow.

All the radio altimeters used in Army, Navy and British aircraft were designed and first produced by RCA. This same pioneering research goes into *every* RCA product. So when you buy an RCA Victor radio, Victrola, television receiver, even a radio tube replacement, you enjoy a unique pride of ownership. For you know it is one of the finest instruments of its kind that science has yet achieved.

Radio Corporation of America, Radio City, New York 20. *Listen to The RCA Show, Sunday, 4:30 P. M., E. T., over NBC.*

The RCA radio altimeter will be a major contribution to the safety of post-war commercial flying. The section at the left sends the radio waves to earth and back again while the "box" at the right—timing these waves to the millionth of a second—tells the navigator the plane's exact height in feet.

RCA

RADIO CORPORATION of AMERICA

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NEW! DIFFERENT! WONDERFUL!
A Protective Color Make-up That Lasts
TWELVE HOURS!

You've dreamed of it . . . you've longed for it . . . and now here it is . . . the wonder make-up, Liquid Velvet! Here's what it does:

1 Gives a colorful, natural skin tone that can completely glorify a dull, drab complexion.
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3 Provides a smooth, velvety, exquisitely groomed appearance worn with powder.
4 Covers minor blemishes, flaws—plays down tiny lines.
5 Creamy, softening—wonderful protection for dry skin.
6 Keeps an even color tone...doesn't grow stale. Retains smoothness and freshness for *twelve whole hours!*

Liquid Velvet can actually change your whole beauty future! Ask for it today at smart beauty counters everywhere.

Liquid Velvet is intended as a make-up for all skin types . . . dry, normal or oily. In four luscious complexion tints. $1.50 *plus tax.*

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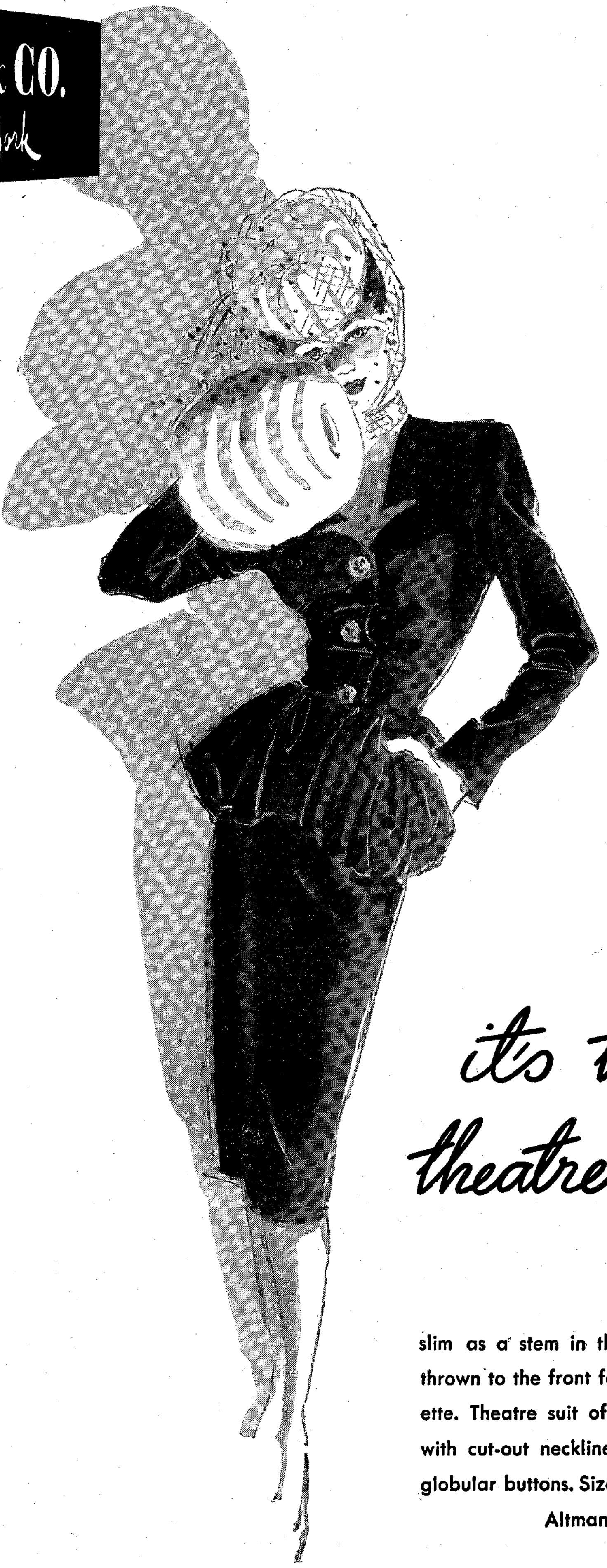
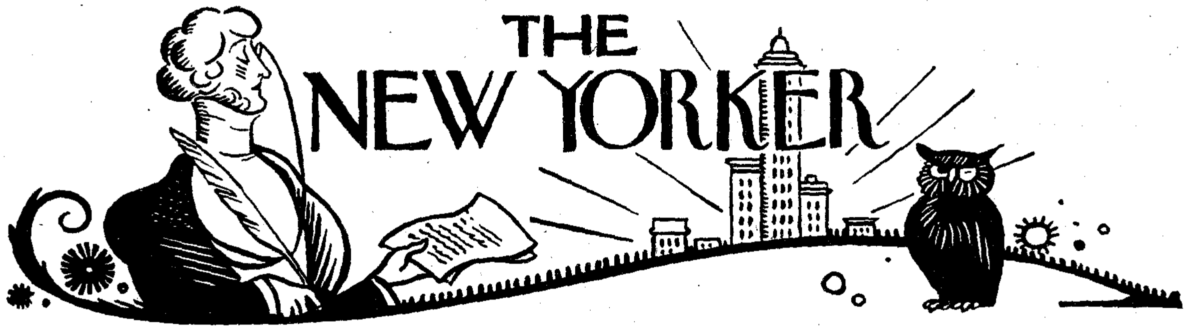


it's the theatre suit

slim as a stem in the back with fullness thrown to the front for a new silhouette. Theatre suit of black rayon velvet with cut-out neckline and studded, globular buttons. Sizes 10 to 16, **59.95**

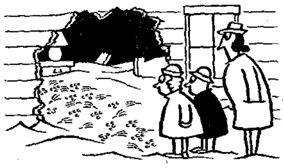
Altman fashions, third floor



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LAST week, on the thin barrier of sand that separates Great South Bay from the Atlantic, we waited for the hurricane that never came. Sitting out the watch with us was our cat, who had ridden out the last one, just a year ago, all alone in an empty house facing directly on the uproarious sea. She had had quite a time. We were in town with our wife that day and the children and their nurse had been moved inland by the Coast Guard late in the afternoon, when the waves began to chew away the dunes. They looked for the cat, but she had found a private hideaway and they had to leave without her. In the night, after the dunes went, the sea tore off the porch, carried it out a little way, and then tossed it back, driving a hole through the side of the house big enough to take a freight car. We have no idea what awful sounds went with this crazy game. It was clear and calm in the morning, when the nurse and the children went back to see what was left. They found the beach lying flat from the edge of the sea right through the hole in the side of the house. They didn't find the cat at first, but there in the sand, in what had been a bedroom on the ground floor, were her prints, and they told a strange and terrible story. At some time during the night, it seemed, she had raced desperately back and forth in her perilous shelter, and she had not been alone, for mixed with her prints, overlapping and crossing them, were those of an enormous gull. What was the purpose or design of this mad dance in the dark, who was chasing whom, who ate or was eaten, wasn't clear from the tangled evidence, but it seemed obvious that a tragedy had taken place. She was quite an old cat, far past her normal span, and they decided that she had met a fearful but somehow glorious end. In a way, perhaps, they were a little let down when she turned up at noon from some secret recess, damp and blinking in the sun, and with a certain wildness in her eye, but whole and, as cats go, reasonably sane. The mysteries of the night—what she felt when the wind screamed and the house split and the man-high waves came riding in, where her weird visitor came from and what they did, and in the end what happened to him—remained her private property, hers and God's. Last week, when the storm from the south threatened again, we considered the cat and took comfort from her on the ground that no experience that lay in store for us could possibly compare with hers, whatever it had been. Her own expression, as she looked out on the furious and mounting sea, was supercilious and even bored.



AS we understand it from the papers, the new tieup between Time, Inc., and the United Medical Service, also Inc., will permit writers to get sick more or less free of charge. "Not only will surgical and obstetrical bills in hospitals be covered," says the *Herald Tribune* in a sentence of notable ambiguity, "but one physician's visit a day up to twenty will be paid for in any one illness, injury, or pregnancy in the home, physician's office, or hospital." This is probably a brisk step forward in social medicine, but it is also a hell of a temptation to the average writer. For twenty years we've been dealing with people involved in the morose, inky struggle to get something down on paper, and we've come to know better than most how helplessly they are torn between the urge for strong and graceful expression and the inviolable sanctuary of the sickroom, where peace comes soft on rubber feet to purge the body and relax the soul. Some of the finest writers we've known have been able to run a low, occupational fever practically at will; some ladies, we suspect, have dreamed of pregnancy just to interrupt the recurring, intolerable burden of a deadline. Up to now, financial considerations have deterred them all, at least to the extent that it was still possible to get out a magazine. *Time's* dicker with the sawbones, however, opens uneasy vistas; let Luce put thought on the nerve-wracked, dew-browed scribe, no bush-league hypochondriac he.

A NEIGHBOR of ours, the author of a play about the war, was off on a weekend in the country when the news came over the radio that an atom bomb had levelled Hiroshima. He spent most of the day listening to various commentators, hoping to hear something that would help him to understand this appalling fact that seemed to make every other fact obsolete, listening for some clue to the probable nature of the rest of his life. The spokesmen of the air had nothing much to say, but our friend was still at it late in the afternoon when the telephone rang. It was his agent, and he, too, sounded breathless and shaken.

"You heard about this bomb?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You know what it means?"

Our friend said no. It would be quite a while, he thought, before anybody grasped the implications of a city obliterated in a flash of awful light.

"Oh, the hell with that," said his agent with disgust. "I mean, have you thought what it's going to do to our picture rights?"

EVER since the "L" came down, Sixth Avenue, rather than Fifth, where the numbers begin, has been the real social axis of midtown Manhattan. East of it, the white cliffs of conservative enterprise threaten the sky, giving way, beyond Lexington, to a confused region of garden apartments and ancient slums; the slums, however, are doomed, and very soon the clean, only slightly cockeyed city of the planner's dream will march to the river. West of Sixth, the town is incorrigible—a comic sprawl of theatres, sadly reduced to tryout houses for the cinema, parking lots, penny arcades, dance halls, rooming houses, little shops that sell painted turtles and exploding cigars, and, on the margin of the Hudson, a jungle of loft buildings and piers. The two cities meet at Sixth in a fierce clash of personalities; at Fiftieth, the chaste, stupendous towers of Radio City glare down on an employment agency, a pawnshop, a toad of a shooting gallery; further down, Bryant Park is a cordon sanitaire between the Public Library and the Century Ribbon Mills, the Krispy Karmel Korn Nut House, and Tony Longo's Golf School (one flight up); at the corner of Forty-fourth, theatre-bound guests from the Algonquin and the Harvard Club are apt to collide irritably with transients from the Diplomat, the Peerless, and the Langwell; it is the no man's land of Manhattan, the great divide. We agree with the Mayor that this sharp line, precisely splitting the island, deserves to be identified by something more than just a number. We're not so sure, however, about calling it the Avenue of the Americas. If His Honor really feels that we need a high-sounding title, with an international cadence to it, we'd prefer one that defined its essence, too. For his assistance, and the total confusion of the taxi-driving profession, we'd like to offer the Rue Bouillabaisse, or The Street of the Mixed Fish.

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Incidental Intelligence: A G.I. stationed in Egypt writes us that he recently saw a car with a New York license plate working its way through the traffic in Alexandria and that it still had an "A" sticker on the windshield.

For the benefit of first-year English students, the University of Virginia has issued a mimeographed list of "The One Hundred Most Commonly Mispelled Words."

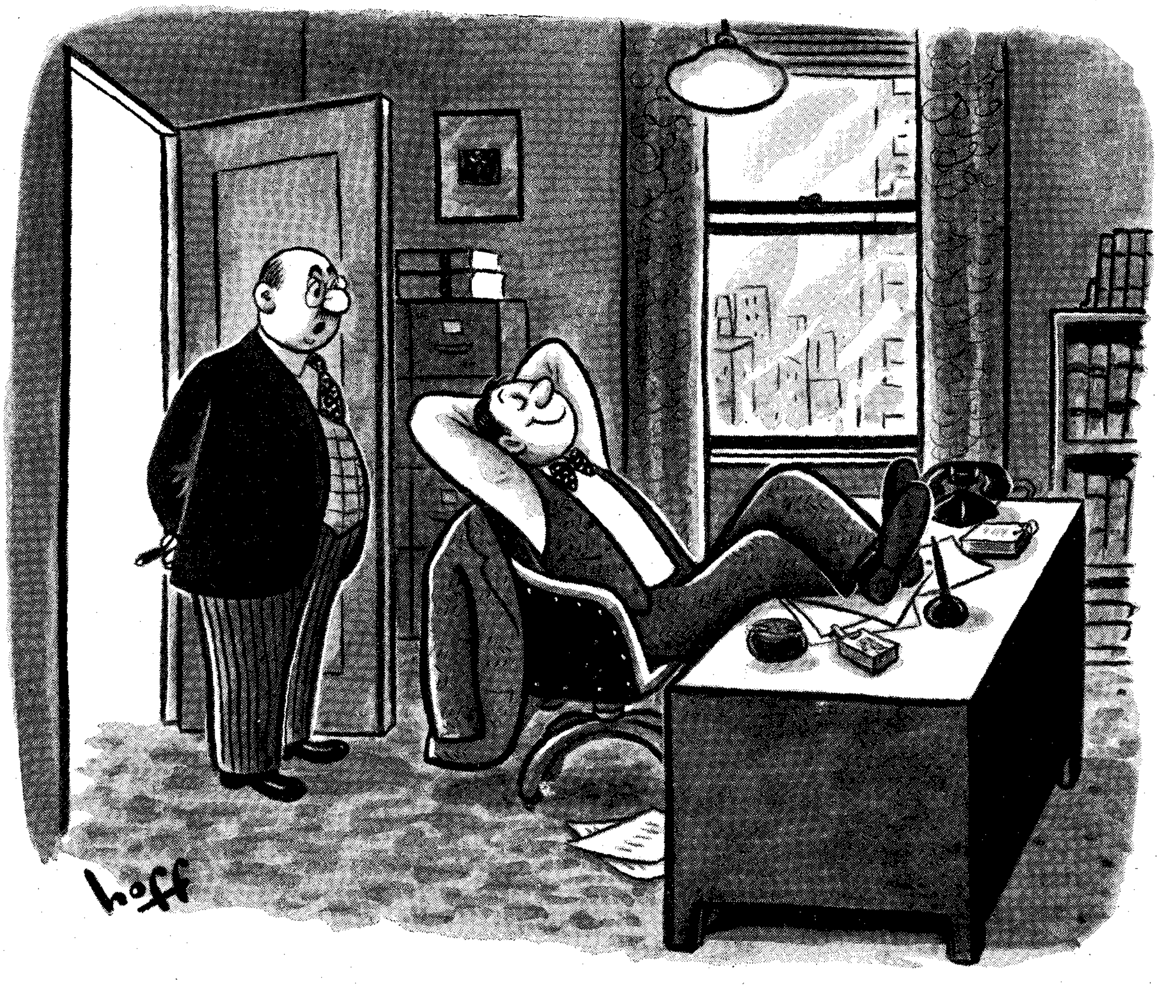
A fruit market on upper Lexington Avenue has a sign announcing a sale of "Dear little Seckel pears."

Heritage

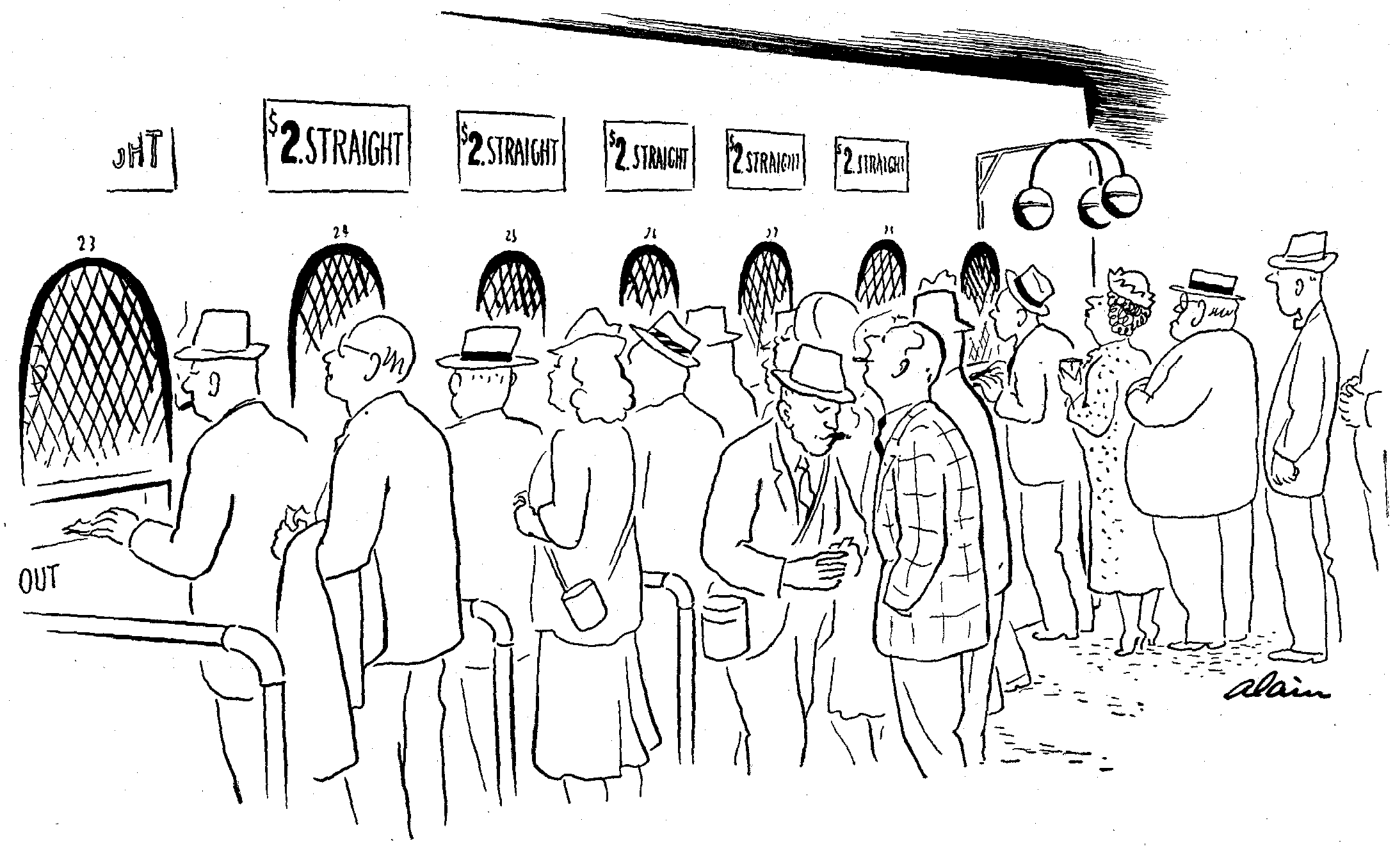
A LADY we know has told us about a couple of young Canadian soldiers whom she picked up in her car on lower Fifth Avenue the other day. Though she knew they must have had to answer the question a hundred times before, she couldn't resist asking them how they liked the United States. "We like it very much indeed," one of the young Canadians told her. "Everyone has been very hospitable." The other boy nodded in emphatic agreement. "We certainly have been leading the life of Raleigh," he said.

Easy Does It

Frederick Papsdorf, a painter whose show at the Perls Gallery has been hailed by the *World-Telegram* as "incredibly proficient," in real life gets $52.50 a week as a milk-bottle checker for the Borden Company in Detroit, or about half his minimum price for a flower, leaf, or fresh-fruit piece. Mr. Papsdorf, who took a week's vacation to come here for his *vernissage*, was driven to art by boredom. "In 1917, when I was thirty, I quit as a streetcar mechanic to go to Borden's and count cases of bottles sent to the icebox for storage," he told us when we went to call on him and Mrs. Papsdorf. "The job was so monotonous that I started sketching with one hand while I clicked the tally counter with the other as the cases went by my desk on conveyors. I threw all these sketches away. Later I worked in the icebox, and then I got my present job of counting loads of empty bottles as they come in on the wagons. I started taking night courses at the Detroit Institute of Arts and in 1934 my teachers persuaded me to take up oils. My wife was leery of this and tried to stop me."



"Well, Lieutenant—er—getting into the swing of things?"



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Mrs. Papsdorf, a white-haired, motherly lady in black, nodded. "I'm really surprised to think he's got this far," she said. "He took up a course of electrical schooling and dropped that. I never thought he'd stick to painting." "It was the only thing I could do I liked from the bottom of my heart," said Papsdorf, who could pass himself off as President Truman any day he wanted to. "I'd love to write short stories, but I can't. I was born in Ohio and when I was twelve, Father, who was a preacher, moved to New Buffalo, the last town in Michigan before you hit the Indiana line. Later he sent me to college near Chicago, but he couldn't induce me to stay. I didn't want to study, just wanted to have a good time—wine, women, and the like of that." Mrs. Papsdorf gave her husband a motherly glance. "My wife don't bother me much," he continued. "I paint nights and Sundays and Wednesday mornings; Borden's gives me Wednesdays off, with pay, so that I can teach art at the Marine Hospital in the afternoon. Naturally, they bask in my glory. Yes, sir, it's a nice hobby. You take a man, if he has eyesight and good health, he can paint to a ripe old age. It's not like labor, where you may get crippled. We have an eight-room house with flowers and tomato plants in back, which I paint. I used to throw my oils away; I had other things on my mind. You know, wine—" "He never complains about the eats or how the house is kept," said Mrs. Papsdorf. "I'm no stickler for eats," said Mr. Papsdorf. "A lot of people are sticklers for eats, but not me. I'm not no man to raise Cain about anything. I don't like modernism, but I don't condemn it. The only interest I have is to produce pictures as near lifelike as I can, like the old masters."

Papsdorf has sold paintings to the Whitney and Modern Art Museums, Mrs. Walter Hoving, Greta Garbo, Charles Jackson, and Charles Laughton, among others. Laughton happened through Detroit and had supper at Papsdorf's house a couple of years ago, electrifying the neighbors. It wasn't only that Laughton was inside but that he kept a taxi waiting for three hours. The Papsdorfs' stay in Manhattan—this is Mr. P.'s second trip here and Mrs. P.'s first—was enlivened by a call from Herman Papsdorf, a Brooklyn banker who thinks he may be a cousin, and by a great deal of walking. "We sure have sore dogs," Mr. Papsdorf told us. "You have to be good on the hoof here, so as to speak. The only thing around here that reminds me of Detroit is the automobile. Still, everything has been very satisfactory." "He's a very plain man," said Mrs. Papsdorf, "just a common, everyday man." Papsdorf assured us there was no trick to painting: you sketch what you see, and paint from your sketch. "It's all very easy," he said, with a wink.

Yippy-I-Ay

IMPROBABLE as it may sound, a man from Texas recently moved to the glittering, carefully pruned wilds of Westchester County. As he boarded the bus to the railroad station every morning, his fellow-commuters glanced at him briefly and coldly, then returned to their study of the *Tribune*. One morning the Texan could stand it no longer. As he dropped his dime in the fare box, he called out, "Ah don't want to scare anybody, but good mawnin' to y'all!" The commuters were scared, right enough, but the fellow who reported the incident to us says that there has since been a notable change in the atmosphere aboard the bus. The chorus of "Mornin's" that greets each new arrival makes it seem, in fact, as if the bus were headed not for Rye but for the fall roundup.

E. S. T.

SINCE 2 A.M. on February 9, 1942, the entire country has, by Executive order, been operating on War Time: clocks set ahead an hour, everybody do-

ing everything an hour earlier, except milking the cows, which are immune to Executive orders. Standard Time is coming in again at 2 A.M. this Sunday, and we propose to describe some of the local goings on that will result. Well, the twenty-five special clock men in the Electrical Division of the Bureau of Plant Operation and Maintenance of the Board of Education are going to start pushing the clocks in the city's nine hundred schools back one hour at Friday noon. No, they are going to start pushing them *forward* eleven hours. "No clock should be pushed back. It's bad for them," a Division spokesman told our spokesman. Some four hundred of these schools, which have clocks that mechanically control the ringing of bells, have been instructed to do all ringing by hand from Friday noon until next Wednesday, when the E.D.B.P.O.M.B.E. expects to have all such clocks adjusted for Standard Time bell ringing. Mr. Jake Bachtold, clockmaster of Grand Central Station for forty-two years, does not string along with the aforementioned Division spokesman; he plans to turn his clocks back. "If you've got the touch, you can do it," he said. At 1:59 A.M. Sunday, Mr. Bachtold will go to the chief dispatcher's office and there adjust a master clock that controls seventy-five of the station's timepieces. He will then scoot over to the main information booth, climb a ladder to the golden four-face clock above, and fix it. Next, setting back his own watch en route, he will ascend the tower of the station to the great stained-glass clock which looks out on Forty-second Street, and fix *that*. Following the change, trains will leave on Standard Time, so a man leaving his house at 1:40 A.M. on this particular Sunday to catch the 2:40 A.M. to Albany will have two hours in which to make the train. Some local trains will be held up an hour that A.M. so as not to confuse passengers waiting at stops along the line.

The Stock Exchange, which closes at noon Saturday, will readjust three electric clocks on the trading floor that afternoon. WEAF, which goes off the air at 1:05 A.M., will do so, as usual, at 1:05 A.M. Sunday; at 2 A.M., when the time retrogresses to 1 A.M., the station will not reopen for the extra five minutes. Nor will WABC, which goes off at 2 A.M. (1 A.M.), continue until 3 A.M. (2 A.M.) in order to say good night. WJZ, however, which stays on the air all night, will have an extra hour of records and talk. Tom Reddy, its platter jockey, will get no extra pay, but he will work an hour less in the spring, when Daylight Saving comes in, if he lives through all this.

Beginning Friday, the phone-company girl at Meridian 7-1212 will say, "When you hear the signal, the time will be eleven thirty-seven Eastern War Time." The company figures that this will remind callers to change their watches Sunday. After 2 A.M. Sunday (i.e., 1 A.M.) and until 2 A.M. Monday, the Meridian girl will describe the time as "Eastern Standard Time," just to ease customers into the new era. Western Union's Correct Time Service Department has asked most of its ten thousand local clock subscribers to turn their clocks eleven hours forward themselves; the company's repair men will be busy resetting clocks in such relatively inaccessible places as the tower of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Building. Mr. Oscar Weberman, owner of the Interboro Time Clock Company, has thoughtfully bombarded the users of his three thousand time clocks with postcards, headed "Attention! Notice! Read Very Carefully! Please!," urging them to stop their clocks for precisely one hour on Saturday and then start them again. "They won't have the patience to do this," he told our man mournfully. "They'll push them eleven hours ahead into the next division and Monday morning will be punched Monday afternoon, Monday afternoon will be punched Tuesday morning, and I'll go crazy all week putting the hours and minutes back where they belong."

Rights

ON the mezzanine of a restaurant in town is a row of three doors, one marked "Ladies," the next, leading to a small broom closet, marked "Service," and the third marked "Gentlemen." Late one night two soldiers approached the battery of doors, consulted the signs on them, and retreated toward the stairs for a conference. Finally one of them announced, "No, Harry, I don't care what you say, I'll be damned if I'll stand for it." With an air of some bravado, he led the way to the door marked "Gentlemen."

Rookie

WE called in on Lewis J. Valentine the other day at the office of Phillips Lord, the radio producer. "On the level," he told us, "this radio routine has got me licked. I'm busier than I was as Commissioner. Why, the Saturday we put on the first show, I barely had time between rehearsals to jump home and get a bath and a shave and put on a dinner coat, and we didn't finish up until after midnight. I was done in, but maybe that's because I'm a rookie." Mr. Valentine is an amazingly changed man. He used to be as taciturn and inaccessible as the Dalai Lama most of the time, but we found him genially loquacious. He went on to point out that he was by no means broke when he signed up with "Gang Busters." "I've been making twelve thousand, five hundred a year for eleven years," he said, "and I've got twenty thousand dollars in War Bonds, a nice little nest egg in the bank, and mortgages on the two houses my married daughters live in. I'd never have to work again if I didn't want to, but this offer was just too good to pass up. I'll tell you how it all came about, as I understand it. When Phil Lord started 'Gang Busters,' in 1935, he came to me for advice. I helped him as much as I could and made a short speech on the first program. For a long while the program used to open up with an announcement that 'Gang Busters' was being broadcast from a special office set aside by Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine at Police Headquarters. A lot of people believed it, although it wasn't true, of course. Then, when the show was five years old, I wrote him a letter of commendation. So this fall, when my name came up for the job of narrator, he was pretty anxious to have me, I guess." Mr. Valentine, we learned later, was proposed for the program by the William Morris Theatrical Agency, which also proposed J. Edgar Hoover and Melvin Purvis, the G-man who engineered the capture of Dillinger. The agency had no idea whether any of them was available for the job, but when Lord approved Valentine and they approached him, it turned out that he was willing. "When I talked it over with His Honor the

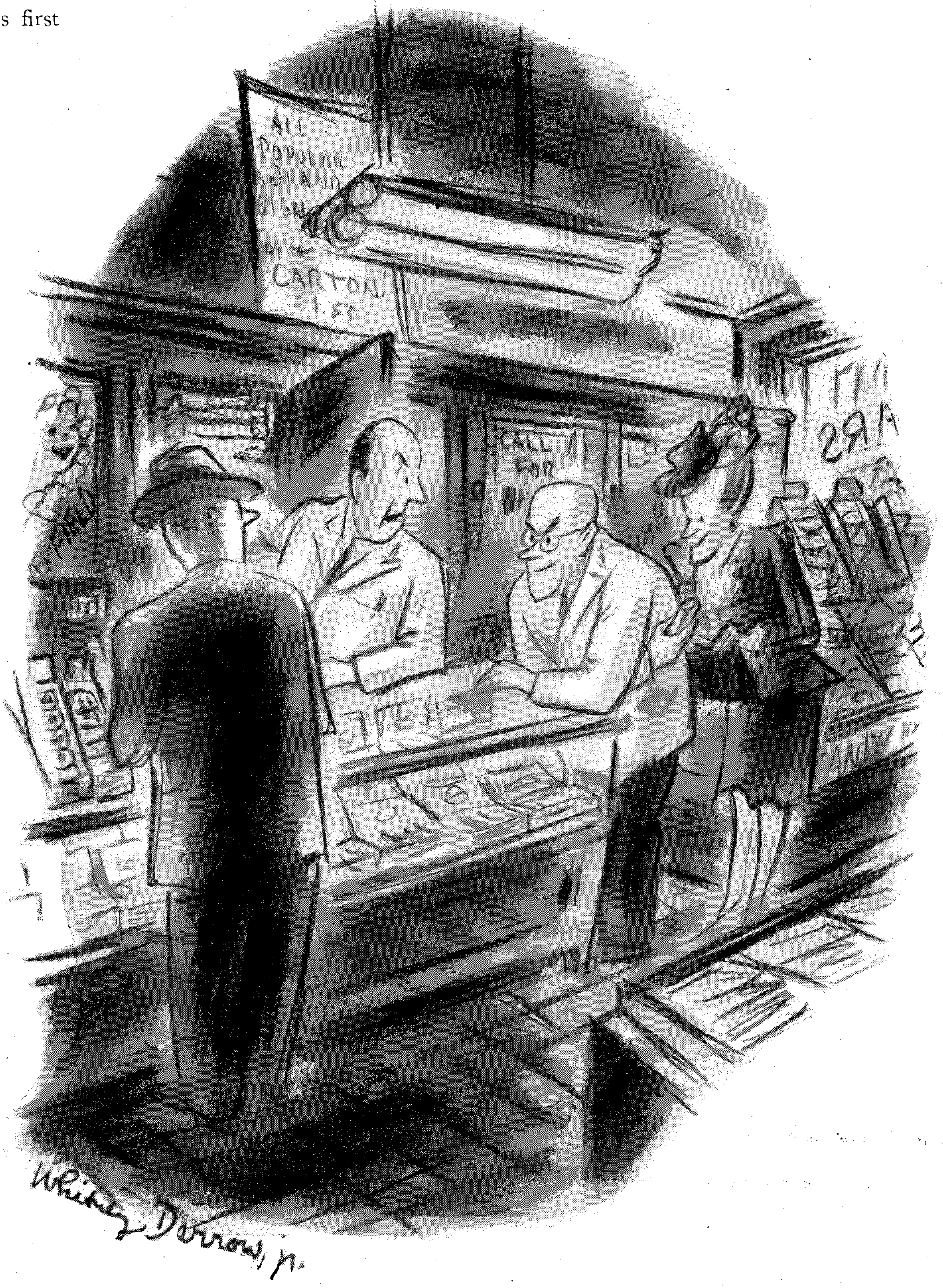
Mayor," Mr. Valentine told us, "he said it was something I had to grab hold of. He didn't want me to resign; he wanted me to take a leave of absence. But I couldn't do that under the provisions of the charter—officials on leave can't take money from private organizations. Since I had been with His Honor the Mayor so long, I hated to leave office before he did. He was damned nice about it."

Mr. Valentine was so jittery the day he left the force, after forty-two years of service, that a police surgeon had to give him a sedative before he could undertake to say goodbye to his colleagues. He was nervous his first time on the program, too, perhaps partly because he had to follow the shriek of a siren, the throb of a racing car, and a couple of blasts from a machine gun, all of which serve to get "Gang Busters" under way over a national hookup of the American Broadcasting Company. We asked Mr. Valentine if he'd had any previous dramatic experience, and he admitted that he'd played some heavy rôles in church and Knights of Columbus benefits. "I was seldom the hero," he said. "But I had a chance to be a hero when I left the Department; WNYC wanted to dramatize my leaving the force. But I was so damned nervous the project was abandoned. You know, if I have to, I can act as well as narrate on 'Gang Busters.' I've got my American Federation of Radio Artists union card. When it was sent to me, I showed it to Mrs. Valentine and she laughed. Forty-two years in the Police Department and now I'm a union man!"

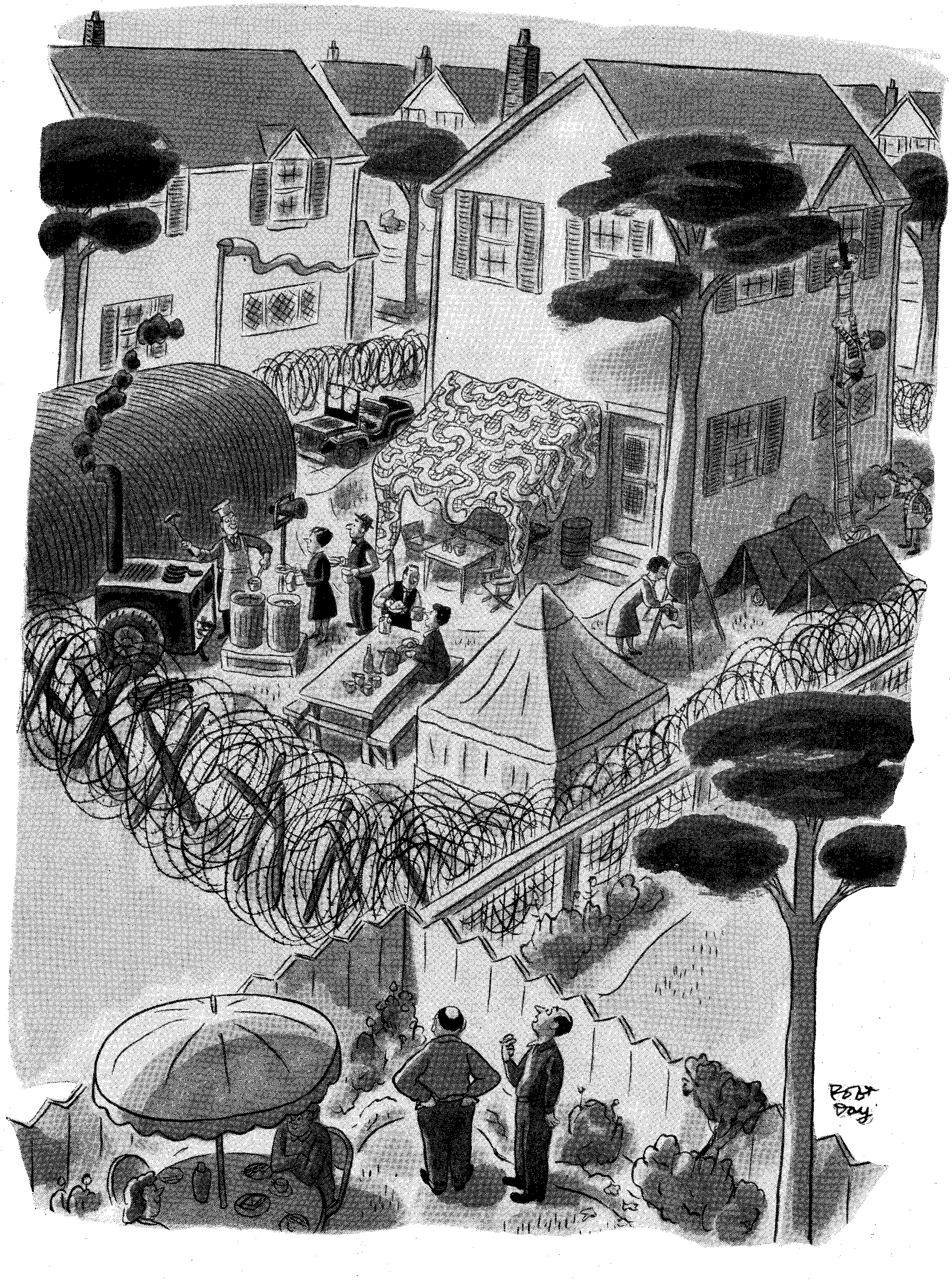
Since "Gang Busters" deals with the cases of real criminals, Mr. Valentine doesn't doubt that he'll presently have to serve as narrator of the career of one of the boys he sent to the clink. "Had a lot of unclosed cases that might be closed and furnish material, too," he pointed out. "The Cry-Baby Gang and people like that. No case, you know, is closed, even in the death house, until all appeals have been rejected. At any rate, I don't think 'Gang Busters' is ever going to be short of material. There are strong indications that the postwar period is going to be worse than usual. I hope the new Commissioner won't have to continue too long with fourteen thousand men where he should have nineteen thousand, the way we've been doing. There won't be any examinations for the force until the boys are back from overseas, and that means the Police Department will be shorthanded, probably, when crime hits a high point. My successor is in for a hell of a tough stretch. But the Department's in fine shape. I guess I was a tough Commissioner, but only the loafers were glad to see me go."

Answer

YOU meet quite a number of returnees from Washington around town these days. One of them held forth to us the other evening, quite violently, about his three years with the O.P.A. down there. "If my grandchildren ever ask me what I did during the great war," he said in conclusion, "I'm going to tell them it was too horrible to talk about."



"All right, all right, Jameson. You can forget that stuff now."



"We don't know much about them except that he has some connection with the Surplus Property Board."

RUN, RUN, RUN, RUN

WHEN Allardyce Meecham heard that the boys were dead, he felt that he should have flown with them. Meecham was a war correspondent, but he had not yet had a chance to see much of the war. He had come to England in February, 1944, straight from the Hotel Algonquin, where he had had only four or five days to wear his uniform in the lobby, and he did not feel natural wearing it even after a fortnight in London. His nearest approach to action so far had been a visit to an American bomber station in Essex, where he had arranged to go on a bombing mission with a Marauder crew. Now he felt guilty because he had not gone. If he had he would have been dead, too, and that had not been part of his plan, but he felt somehow that this was an ignoble consideration. At the field, a squadron intelligence officer named Kobold had told him the mediums had been having very small losses, an average of one in two hundred sorties. "I wanted to fly one mission and write a story about it, and pretend to myself that I was a big man," Meecham thought self-accusingly, "but if I had expected they would be killed I wouldn't have gone with them." This may or may not have been true. There was no way now of proving it. But Meecham never gave himself the benefit of the doubt because he was afraid that if he did it once he would take advantage of the precedent. "What could you have done, anyway," he asked himself, "if you had known they were going to be killed? Would you have made some excuse and left? Or would you have tried to get them not to go? They would have wanted to know how you could be sure. They would have said you were crazy. They would have gone anyway." But he continued to feel as if he had done something wrong. Meecham had left the airfield because he had tired of hanging about waiting for flying weather. Three days' missions had been washed out and there was no sign it would open up, and he had a date with a British woman officer in London for Friday evening.

This was Sunday. Meecham was standing at the bar of his hotel in Piccadilly, and next to him was Kobold, the intelligence officer he had met at the bomber base. Kobold had come into London on a weekend pass, and he had just told Meecham the bad news. "I wasn't frightened," Meecham thought. "I really wasn't. I told them I was coming back to fly with them next week. They expected to be there. They had flown forty missions. They didn't think the weather would clear off during the weekend. They said I would be a sucker to stay." The weather had cleared on Friday afternoon, after he had left. Saturday morning the bomber crew had been killed. At what precise minute, Meecham wondered, but he felt almost sure he knew. It was March, and dawn came medium late. They would not have been fairly on their way before eight. Over Beauvais, in the north of France, at nine, nine-thirty, maybe. Perhaps at the moment he had picked up the telephone by his bed to order breakfast. "Two teas, sausage and tomato. Darling, do you want sausage and tomato or sausage and mushroom? There's bacon, but it's usually like eating a candle." That must have been the minute. "Two sausage and tomato, then. And lots of toast. Thank you."

"They had all their bombs aboard," Kobold was saying. He was an oldish lieutenant who felt that he should have been a captain months ago. "One big hell of a cloud of smoke, and then parts of the plane falling out of it. No chutes—no time for them. The other boys brought back wonderful pictures of it. Poor bastards." The intelligence officer talked loudly, a little truculently, because he wanted a couple of B-17 pilots at the other end of the bar to hear him. The heavy-bomber people sometimes talked as if they had all the losses; the lieutenant wanted to impress this pair. He never flew on operations himself.

Meecham stood just six feet in shoes, but because of his thin, long legs and short, beanlike torso he seemed longer than that when he stood up and shorter than that when he sat down. He had a white face, wide at the cheekbones and covered with faint, rusty blotches, and carroty hair that for the last five years had just failed to cover the top of his head. People seeing him at a bar thought of him as tall and red-headed, but others, who had looked at him seated at a restaurant table, remembered him as bald and middle-sized. His eyelashes were almost white. In New York he was a dramatic critic, but as the war entered its fifth year and all his acquaintances—book reviewers, editorial writers, political columnists, racing handicappers, and publishers' assistants—became war correspondents and went overseas, he had felt lonely. There must be something in the war that none of these people were fine enough to perceive, he had told his wife, who had a responsible job in the promotion department of a woman's magazine and always referred to herself as a "gal." She had agreed with him. She was a good gal. "Besides," she had said, "I think it would be a professional disadvantage for a dramatic critic after the war not to have been a war correspondent. No one would want to hear you lecture." Meecham had been disappointed that even his own wife misread his motives. But, fighting down this disappointment, he had gone to his managing editor and asked to be sent to Europe. The editor had sent him because he rather thought there would be a lull before the invasion of the Continent. Meecham would spell one of the paper's regular correspondents accredited to the Army, who would come home for a short vacation before the big show began. "But, of course, if it should start suddenly, you'll be there," the editor had said. "Yes, sir," Meecham had said in a voice from which he had tried to exclude excitement. He had felt exalted as he walked over to Abercrombie & Fitch to be measured for his uniform. But, as he now reflected, he had not thought that he really might be killed. "I wanted something for nothing," he thought unmercifully. He was on the point of admiring how hard on himself he could be, and then he remembered that that would constitute self-approval, so he stopped.

MEECHAM remembered the interior of the Nissen hut he had slept in at the Marauder field. There had been cots and a table and a stove, hooks on the walls to hang clothes on, and even coat hangers, but to him it had been a Spartan place, where he had been more conscious of the war than in his room in London, which contained a good deal of inlaid furniture and a double bed with a yellow damask cover. There were electric-light bulbs in the hut, but they were not shaded, and you had to go outdoors to get to the latrine. There were six cots in the hut. A Marauder carries a complement of three officers and three enlisted men; the hut accommodated the officers of two planes. One set of three had gone to town on pass; men who flew together took their passes at the same time. This gave Meecham his choice of three cots. The boys of the other Marauder crew had just come back from forty-eight hours in London. Meecham found them in the hut when Kobold brought him there in the evening. He had stayed at the officers' club drinking gin and Italian with the C.O. and a couple of non-flying intelligence officers until the bar closed, at ten o'clock. Then Kobold had guided him to the hut. It would have been hard to find in the blackout if he had been alone. Kobold had introduced Meecham to the three crewmates. One of them, a large, hairy, blond young man, was in bed already. He was Captain Barry, the pilot. Barry was smoking a last cigarette before going to sleep. One bare, powerful arm lay outside the blankets as he puffed. A B-26, romantically known as a Marauder, is not an easy plane to fly, and old pilots get big forearms and biceps. Barry reached out a big hand to shake Meecham's. "Make yourself at home," he said. Brownlea, the co-pilot, a wiry young man with a crew haircut, sat at the table with his back to the stove, reading what Meecham observed wonderingly was a book by Robert Briffault, an author Meecham associated vaguely with Granville Hicks and Ouida. "I hope you don't mind loud noises," Brownlea said. "Barry is about to go to sleep. Luckily they have radar here or somebody would have shot him down before this. When he snores he sounds exactly like a four-motor job. He has the Air Force sack medal with so many clusters it looks like a bunch of grapes." "Brownlea is an intellectual," Barry said. "He is a wizard intellectual, they would say in the R.A.F. He is very cheesed with life. He thinks life is a ruddy pantomime. Someday when he is at the controls he will be thinking of an ideology and he will prang the crate. A wizard prang." Elkan, the bombardier-navigator, was sitting on a cot, looking over a set of shiny photographer's prints; he had interrupted the examination only long enough to nod at Meecham when Kobold introduced them. He was a thin young man who in civilian clothes could have been mistaken for a high-school junior. He could not weigh more than a hundred and fifteen pounds and he had a long, pointed nose and large ears. He was still wearing the Class A uniform blouse and pinks in which he had come back from London, and the garrison cap was still on his head. The left breast of his blouse was pretty well loaded with ribbons—even Meecham could recognize the Silver Star, the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal nutmegged with oak-leaf clusters, the E.T.O. ribbon dotted with stars, and a couple of the innocuous red-and-yellow ones that make good background even though they don't mean anything much.

Kobold went away and Meecham settled down on a cot. "I'm glad to have you here, sir," Brownlea said to Meecham. "Barry and Elkan are good joes, but Elkan is emotional and Barry is inclined to pure escapism. I have been wanting a chance to talk to someone who has really been around a lot."

Meecham was ashamed to tell him that his travels, until this trip, had been limited to a tourist-class vacation in France when he was in college and four trips to the Central City, Colorado, annual dramatic festivals, so he said nothing.

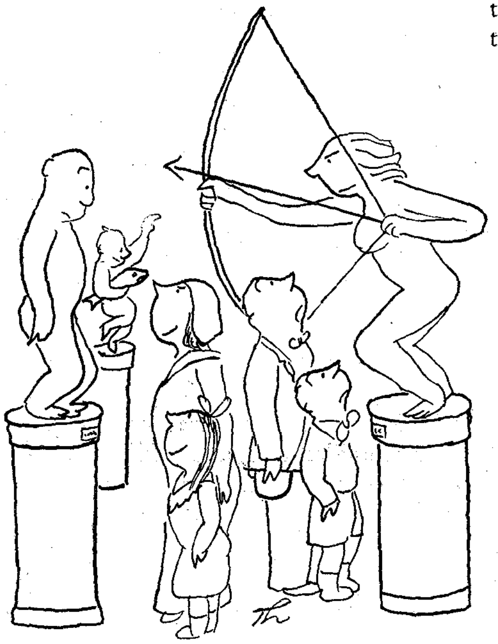
"Don't give Brownlea any encouragement, sir," Elkan said, "or he will read you the first ten chapters of his book."

"I wouldn't think of it," Brownlea said. "Anyway, they're only in a kind of outline form. I really don't know anything about writing. What I want to know is what you think of the Russians."

Meecham considered himself an untrammelled liberal—during the Spanish Civil War he had attended several cocktail parties for the benefit of the Loyalists—but he had heard talk at home about the Fascist mind of the Air Corps, so he was careful in answering. He liked these boys so much already that he didn't want to alarm or antagonize them. He said merely, "I know the Russians are our Allies. I mean, I believe they're sincere, and they're certainly fighting hard."

"Is that all?" Brownlea said. "Why, they're absolutely wonderful. They're the only hope I see for civilization. Surely, sir, you don't think capitalist society can survive all this? Say, have you ever read this man Briffault?"

"Brownie got a brushoff from a society dame at a bottle club in London," Barry said. "She said she was going to spend a penny and she never came back. He's been a militant proletarian ever since."



Meecham said that, of course, the rôle Russia would be called upon to play in the future should not be underestimated.

"Well, I don't worry much about that," Barry said, "although I still have a card in the typographical union, so it gets my tail out when I read in the *Reader's Digest* that organized labor is to blame for about everything that gets screwed up. I worked my way through the University of California that way, setting type at night on a paper in Oakland. Where the hell does the *Reader's Digest* think I am, and where is the bird who is writing that stuff? Sitting on his can, I bet. But being from the Coast, I mean, I don't think very much about this war. I'd like to be out smacking those Japs around. I haven't got anything too much against the Germans, except Hitler is a son of a bitch."

"I have," Elkan said. "I'm a Jew, and they've been killing millions of Jews who didn't do a goddam thing to them. I hate the bastards. I like to think of what the bombs will do to them when we make our run."

"You see?" Brownlea said. "Pure emotion. Barry and Elkan don't know anything about the economic bases of imperialism. They reduce everything to personal relationships."

"She said she had to spend a penny," Barry said to nobody in particular. "Brownie offered to lend her a shilling. She gave him a look that said, 'Anybody that dumb . . .' And the brush."

Elkan said, "To change the subject, which of these pictures do you like the best?"

"Are they of a broad?" Barry asked.

"No, you wolf—me," Elkan answered severely. "I went down to see the Tower of London yesterday, and then I walked around and had some pictures taken at a photographer's. I want to pick out the best one and have some copies made from it to send home. I want to send them to my mother and my girl and people like that." Meecham had already learned that Elkan's parents lived in Bayonne, New Jersey, where his father had a dry-cleaning store. He had gone two years to Rutgers but hadn't had enough money to continue, and for a year or so before he enlisted he had helped in the store. He hadn't as much assurance as some of the bigger, louder boys, who gave the impression that the whole Air Force came from Texas, but the fellows in his squadron had a lot of respect for him. Barry, Brownlea, and Meecham began passing the photographer's proofs from one to another. Meecham could see that the two pilots were considering them very seriously. In all but one of the proofs, Elkan had the visor of his cap pulled well down and was scowling and puffing out his chest. The photographer had got a good, clear picture of the ribbons. But the thin, triangular face and the frail, bony neck still looked like a little boy's. Only one of the proofs showed Elkan smiling. The wide smile made him look younger and more ingenuous than ever, but the picture was the only one of the lot that wasn't absurd. All three of the consultants agreed it was the best.

"That's the only one that looks like the real Ernie," Barry said.

"That's the one your mother would like to have," said Brownlea.

And Meecham said, "That's the best." He could sense that Ernie was disappointed and that if he had not been there the little bombardier-navigator might have tried to argue with the others.

But Elkan accepted the reinforced verdict. "Christ," he said sadly, "I guess I'll never look like a hero." Meecham could see that he was worrying about his girl back home.

They had talked a while longer and then turned in. Meecham had felt unexpectedly ashamed because his body looked so white and old compared to theirs. He was forty-three and the last exercise he could remember had been a fight with the juvenile of a show he had panned in 1937, but the bartender and the home-and-garden editor had stopped it after the first swing, when the juvenile's pince-nez fell on the floor.

There had been no mission the next morning, on account of the weather. Meecham had got up at seven and gone dutifully to mess, but the boys had chosen to sleep until nearly noon.

"It must be awfully slow for you here, sir," Barry had said the next time Meecham saw him. "I suppose you wanted to go over with us and see some fun."

"It isn't dull at all," Meecham had said, and meant it. "It's very interesting." He had not added, "It's all new to me," because he felt a childish reluctance to let the boys know he was so green. He hadn't really thought of flying a mission on his first visit to the field, either. But Barry looked so competent and unworried that Meecham had found himself saying, "I sure would like to go with you. Do you think the C.O. would let me?"

Alan Dunn

"Well, there you are. I guess all I needed was someone to draw me out."

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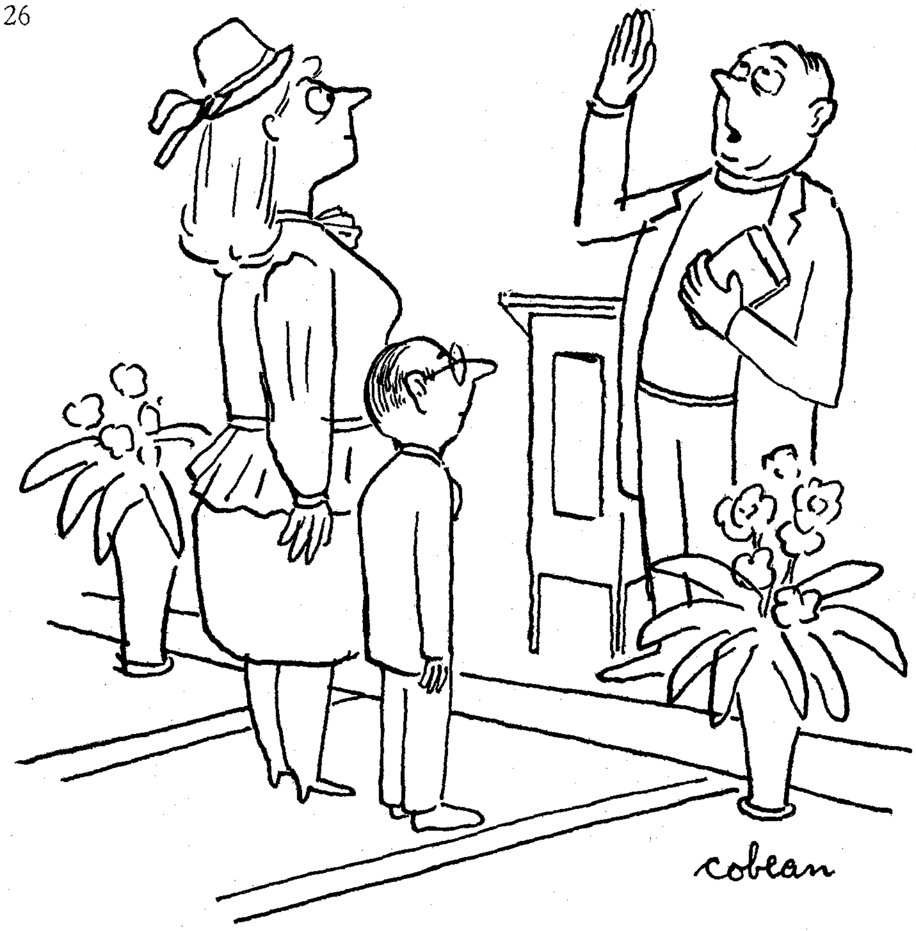
Barry had grinned and said, "Sure. We've flew lots of correspondents in our ship. It breaks the monotony." And they had shaken hands on it.

Meecham had slept in the hut a second and third night and each had been followed by a day of bad weather. Even in this brief time he had begun to think of himself as a member of the crew of the Typographical Error, the name Barry had given his B-26. He had gone through the preliminary processes of a Marauder mission, which at that time he had thought piquant rather than grim. The squadron intelligence officer had told him what to do if he had to bail out over France. He was to hide his parachute and then take cover and lie still until somebody found him. The French underground people would be pretty sure to find him, the intelligence officer said, and they would smuggle him across France and into a neutral country, although it might take months. The prospect had sounded alluring as the intelligence officer described it, and Meecham had been unable to stop daydreaming about adventures with admiring and sympathetic Frenchwomen. The one thing the officer had not said anything about was what to do if you were dead. So Meecham had not thought about it.

On the third bad morning he had begun to feel bored and had remembered the date with the woman officer in London. There was a train at noon and he had decided to leave by it. When he began packing his bag the boys were still in bed, and when he finished he went around to each cot and shook hands before he started for the jeep that was to take him to the railway station. Meecham could remember Barry's strong grip and Elkan's slender hand and Brownlea grinning and waving his clenched left fist. Brownlea's father, Meecham had learned, was president of a savings bank in Boston.

REMEMBERING, Meecham felt that the date with them was more binding than if they had survived and that he could never be pleased with himself again if he did not fly a mission now. But there was no exhilaration in the thought. He returned to Essex three days later. He found it easy to arrange, at Ninth Air Force Headquarters, for permission to go along on a bombardment. "The story has been done a lot of times before," a public-relations officer warned him. "There's nothing much to it." Meecham explained that he just wanted to see what it was like. He didn't say anything about the crew of the Typographical Error. It seemed to him for a moment, after they had said he could go, that he was doing a causeless thing. It isn't being brave, he told himself, because the mathe-



"I now pronounce you wife and man."

matical chance of getting hurt is no greater now than it was last week, and then it was very small. Barry and his ship just had bad luck. And there won't be any story in it either. Nobody at the field seemed astonished that he wanted to do it. The boys at the officers' club made him welcome with gin and Italian vermouth, and he was introduced to the officers he was now assigned to fly with. Their ship was named the Roll Me Over, and they were nice boys enough, Meecham thought, but it was like a widower's marriage; he could not get as interested in them as in the dead crew. Schifferdecker, the pilot, was a squat, broad-shouldered boy who had played football at Cornell, where he had taken a course in hotel management. He kept telling Meecham that after the war the British would have to build modern hotels all over England if they expected any Americans ever to come back there. Thurman, the co-pilot, a tall, handsome young man from someplace in Wisconsin, did not have much to say for himself. He had a girl in a show in London, his crewmates said, and he considered every hour he had to spend at the field time wasted. "Missions are the only chance he has to catch up on his sleep," Schifferdecker said. Muldowney, the bombardier-navigator, was a pale, gray-eyed young man who looked like a very youthful Franchot Tone and knew it, and who had played in a dance band in St. Paul before enlisting in the Air Corps. "It's a good deal, having a correspondent along," he told Meecham. "We'll be in a soft spot, right in the center of one of the middle elements, where nothing ever happens. Those flak gunners loose off at the first ships, and then, when the first elements drop their bombs, the gunners run like hell. We'll have a breeze. Same thing for fighters. We haven't been getting much fighter opposition. The Heinies keep most of that in Germany to use against the heavy bombers. But what we have been getting usually lays for the rear element, on the way home, hoping to knock off stragglers. We lost a ship that way yesterday. The boys in the middle have a soft touch." Muldowney had a wide, white grin. "An easy one is always all right with me," he went on. "I've had twenty-eight missions so far, and every easy one means that much better a chance to finish the fifty."

There was no cot for Meecham in the hutment where the Roll Me Overs slept, so he spent the night in a hut in another part of the field, about half a mile from the mess hall. The men in the hut with him were armament and engineering officers. Only two were in bed when Meecham got there. The rest were up most of the night preparing planes for the takeoff. They got in so late that they had just begun to snore when an orderly turned on the lights before dawn next morning. They stayed in bed, the blankets over their heads, while Meecham and the two men who had been in bed early began to dress. Meecham hated to get up early in the morning for any reason at all, and on this particular day he felt worse than usual. He dressed fast, for him, but he was not yet familiar with lace boots, and he had to fumble around in his musette bag to find toothpaste and a towel. Then he felt colicky and went out to look for a latrine. By the time he returned the two other men had gone to the mess hall, and he began to fear that he would lose his way in the dark. The buildings were, of course, blacked out, so he would have no lighted windows to guide him. It would sound like an implausible excuse for missing the raid. He went out of the hut and saw the silhouette of a jeep moving up the road past the hut. There were at least a dozen men on it, some sitting on the hood. He yelled, "Going up to mess?" Someone shouted to him to jump on. Awkwardly he ran along beside the slowly moving jeep, not knowing quite how to get aboard without knocking some other rider off his perch. The jeep stopped and somebody said, "Come along, Pop. You can sit in the back." One of the youngsters in the back seat scrambled out and found a few inches of space on a mudguard, and half a dozen hands grabbed Meecham and hoisted him into the place just vacated. He rode along to the mess hall oblivious of everything except his humiliation. At table he found Schifferdecker and Thurman. Muldowney came along a couple of minutes later, carrying a shiny brown quilted flying suit which he had drawn for Meecham. The breakfast was poor—an omelet badly made of powdered egg and bacon that was all rind and grease. The fruit juice was all gone and the coffee tasted metallic. He wondered if the breakfast was really that bad or if he was frightened. "This is pisspoor chow," Thurman said, and Meecham was reassured. The men in the mess hall straggled out in little groups, crewmates and fellows who knew each other, and climbed into weapons carriers for the ride out to the dispersal building for the briefing. Meecham, of course, rode with the Roll Me Overs.

The briefing reminded him of a lecture in a compulsory course at college. The hall was filled with fellows in flying gear who talked to each other and did not seem too attentive. The intelligence officer stood on a dais at one end of the hall and waved a pointer at various spots on a large map that was projected on a screen behind him. Meecham learned later that all the fliers had been to these particular targets several times and that the lecture had about the same interest for them as an explanation of how to reach New Rochelle. "Our primary target today will be the Montdidier airfield," the officer said. Montdidier sounded familiar and important to Meecham, but he couldn't think why. "There is a battery of six mediums on the approach to the Montdidier field. Six mediums." Somebody whistled. "All of you can go now except the bombardiers. Bombardiers stay a minute after the others leave."

Meecham went out with Schifferdecker and Thurman and three sergeants who had joined them in the briefing hall. The sergeants were the rest of the Roll Me Over's crew—radio-gunner, flight engineer, and tail gunner. They were named Mickiewicz, Klopstock, and Leopardi. Muldowney had to stay to get his detailed bombing map. When he came out they all got into a weapons carrier with perhaps twenty other fliers. The carrier rolled along on the cinder path that circled the field, stopping at each plane to let off the men who were going to fly in it. So Meecham found himself eventually standing under the shadow of the Roll Me Over. It was daylight now, but the sky was still pink with the embers of dawn. In the truck the boys had been singing a song of which Meecham had been able to distinguish only the first line, "How's your love life?" He put on the flying suit over his G.I. pants, his sweater, and his combat jacket. Muldowney was brisk and happy, although cold. He rubbed his gloved hands together furiously and stamped about in his flying boots. Schifferdecker was serious and conscientious, conferring with the sergeants. Thurman leaned against the fuselage and Meecham noticed that he looked sleepy. He wondered if Thurman could have got down to London on a late train and back in time to fly. Meecham nodded toward the ship and asked Muldowney if it was all right to get aboard. Muldowney said sure, and went ahead to show the way. This was a moment Meecham had anticipated with distaste, because he didn't know how to get into a B-26 and had a feeling it might call for some display of acrobacy. It was not so hard as he had feared. There were two metal stirrups, no higher than those on an English saddle, and when you got one foot up you reached up with your hands and caught two metal handles in the interior of the plane. Then you swung yourself up and in. He could see that it would be easy to get out when they returned—he would only have to swing himself out by the handles and drop. Somehow this was a major satisfaction. Muldowney motioned him into a compartment behind the nose of the plane. There was no need to kneel or crawl. "There's a hell of a lot of room in these things," Muldowney said. "More than in a Fort, for instance. You just sit over there at the side on that pile of chutes." The others came aboard one by one. Schifferdecker and Thurman went past Meecham and into the pilots' compartment, in the nose. The sergeants joined Meecham and Muldowney in the compartment behind the pilots' because Schifferdecker would want their weight up forward for the takeoff. "This is a place for the navigator to work," Muldowney told Meecham, "but there isn't any real navigating to do when we follow the leader in a big formation like today. Of course, if we got crippled or had to beat it off by ourselves for any reason, it would be different. I just wander around the ship when we get going, sometimes here and sometimes in the bomb bay. We're carrying frag bombs today, by the way. Thirty one-hundred-pound frag bombs. We drop them on the runway and dispersal area to take care of planes and personnel. Sometimes we carry a couple of big ones, but today frags." The motors were turning over. Other planes taxied by them on their way to the runway. Then the Roll Me Over began to roll, too. The motors made such a noise that conversation became impractical, although it was still possible to understand a shouted monosyllable. The compartment in which Meecham rode was comfortable, but there was only a view straight out to either side. There was nothing to see in either direction except other B-26s. The plane was swaying and slipping about and he could see Thurman turn and swear. Schifferdecker was running the ship. The pilots sat next to each other, in front of identical instrument panels. The backs of their seats were armor-plated, as a protection against pieces of flak. Meecham could see there was room for a man to crouch behind them, and he looked forward enviously because there was more to see from the nose of the plane. Thurman, as if reading his thoughts, waved to him to come forward, and he did, scrunching his torso and hams down behind Thurman's seat, while his legs extended over behind Schifferdecker's.

Now the sky was as blue as the Bay of Naples on the wall of a spaghetti joint, and it was full of B-26s. They flew in "loose fives," their favorite formation. Meecham started to count all those in sight; he made it sixty-seven, including the planes on the Roll Me Over's wings, but more appeared constantly and he stopped counting. He deduced that the B-26s were just circling while the groups assembled and that the serious part of the expedition had not begun yet. Then

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the course began to seem to him more purposeful. Almost before he was sure of this, Thurman was plucking at his elbow, waving an arm downward. They were over the coast, heading out over the Channel, which looked not blue but had, at its English edge, the color of a puddle of rain water glistening in sunlight. Then it became lead color. Meecham noticed for the first time that the motors were saying words. They were saying words, groaning, rather, "No, no, no, no." He had ridden in planes before but he had never recognized the words. When they got over the French coast, he thought, "I should be curious. I haven't seen France in nearly twenty years." He looked and it seemed quite like England. He leaned close to Thurman's ear and shouted, "How long to over target?" Thurman howled back, "Twenty minutes." Meecham went back to the pile of parachutes in the navigator's cabin and Muldowney appeared, probably from the bomb bay, and seemed to be saying something about "fighters." Meecham returned to his place behind the pilots and looked down. He saw a midget plane far below them. It was a Spitfire, but he did not know it; he could not tell Allied fighters from Germans. All the attention began to embarrass Meecham. He felt that Muldowney was treating him like a grandfather on a Sunday auto ride. Muldowney reached through the doorway to the pilots' compartment and tapped Meecham on the shoulder. He wanted to show him something dead ahead, a series of specks in the sky. Then Muldowney grinned and started back to the bomb bay. The specks were not fighters, Meecham saw as the plane drew up on them, but puffs of black smoke. They multiplied, as he watched, and hung in the air, little black balls of grime. He knew what they were from his sporadic attendance at newsreel theatres. The planes of the forward elements were flying through them now. The flak was at very nearly the right altitude, and Meecham began to hear a new sound over the motors—a sharp "Pak!" like a champagne cork popping and then "S-s-s" like half the wine in the bottle fizzing out. The "Pak!" was the shell bursting, and the fizz was the flight of the fragments. Once Thurman threw up a hand in front of his face and flattened himself against the back of his seat, but nothing happened. Meecham wondered if it had been a close one or if Thurman was just jumpy from too much tomcatting. The co-pilot was waving his hand now and Meecham, following his gesture, could see the bombs falling away from the planes up ahead of them, like chewing-gum nuggets out of a vending machine. Then there were no more puffs in the sky. He felt Muldowney's hand on his shoulder again. The boy had been away only an instant, it seemed. Muldowney was laughing and waving his hands palm upward. Thurman took off his earphones and put them on Meecham, so Meecham could listen to the intercom. Schifferdecker said to Meecham through the intercom, "How'd you like it?" Meecham tried to smile, and for all he knew succeeded. Then Schifferdecker made Thurman take the ship. Meecham understood from that that they were on the way home. He gave Thurman the earphones again. The motors said now, "Run, run, run, run." He said to himself, "I am not making this up, that is what they are saying." He listened again and they were indeed saying, "Run, run," instead of "No, no." Meecham looked at the air-speed indicator and it said "330," which pleased him. Then he went back to Muldowney's compartment and relaxed on the parachutes. Muldowney was grinning and waving his hands and shouting into Meecham's ear, and finally Meecham could understand what he was saying: "I told you that flak would stop as soon as the first planes got their bombs away!" Meecham succeeded in asking whether *he* had got his bombs away and Muldowney joined a thumb and forefinger in a circle to show he had put his bombs right on the bull's-eye. Sergeant Mickiewicz, a bulky blond with a red face, appeared in the compartment and grinned at Meecham. Nothing happened on the way back, but it seemed five times as long as it had going out.

When they got out of the plane, Schifferdecker started swearing. "The goddam wash nearly made me airsick," he said. "Those goddam cowboys in the ships on our wings must think they're driving taxicabs. Whoever checked them out in a bomber ought to have his head examined. What a ratfest!" He explained that a ratfest was "a rat race, but all bollixed up."

Thurman said, "If they don't keep us too long at the goddam interrogation I can catch the twelve-o'clock train to London."

Muldowney said, "Twenty-nine down and twenty-one to go. I hope they send us a correspondent on every trip! I wonder if any of those leading planes got flak in them."

Meecham felt unreasonably exalted. After all, he told himself reprovingly, he had only escaped from a danger that he had got himself into. And not a great danger, either, he thought. I didn't see one plane shot down. Still, he couldn't help thinking, pretty good for a dramatic critic. He had forgotten Barry and Elkan and Brownlea.

MEECHAM was still in the midst of his euphoria when he boarded the London train at Chelmsford in mid-afternoon. He had not been in as much haste to get away as Thurman, and had remained to eat a pretty good lunch of pork chops and canned pineapple at the field. The train was crowded, and although he had a first-class ticket, he had to stand in the corridor outside a compartment filled with American enlisted men who had got on further up the line. When they saw his war-correspondent shoulder flash they tapped on the glass and asked him in. They were all Fortress men who, it appeared, had been on dozens of twelve-hour missions over Germany, from almost all of which they had returned with their ships aflame and three engines out. Meecham was ashamed to tell them he had been only as far as France that morning. By the time the train arrived at Liverpool Street station his exuberance was waning. Coming out into Broad Street, he felt hungry again. He had had what for him was a phenomenally long day. He stopped in at a place called Gow's, a combination fishmonger's and restaurant, and ordered a dozen oysters at the counter. He ordered a second dozen, but the man behind the counter said that the Ministry of Food did not allow them to sell more than eight bob worth to a customer and he had had it. Meecham felt a certain resentment; he had half a mind to tell the man where he had been that morning. That would show him. But perhaps the man had a son in the R.A.F., so he would not be impressed. Or three R.A.F. sons, all killed in the Battle of Britain, so he would be pained by any reference to flying. The thought recalled Barry and Brownlea and Elkan for the first time that day. Meecham wondered why it had seemed essential that, because of them, he go on a mission after they were dead. He paid for his oysters and went out into the street to look for a taxi. He hoped his girl was in town and had no date for the evening. After all, this ought to impress her.

—A. J. LIEBLING

FAIRY TALES FOR OUR TIME

THE PRINCESS AND THE TIN BOX

ONCE upon a time, in a far country, there lived a king whose daughter was the prettiest princess in the world. Her eyes were like the cornflower, her hair was sweeter than the hyacinth, and her throat made the swan look dusty.

From the time she was a year old, the princess had been showered with presents. Her nursery looked like Cartier's window. Her toys were all made of gold or platinum or diamonds or emeralds. She was not permitted to have wooden blocks or china dolls or rubber dogs or linen books, because such materials were considered cheap for the daughter of a king.

When she was seven, she was allowed to attend the wedding of her brother and throw real pearls at the bride instead of rice. Only the nightingale, with his lyre of gold, was permitted to sing for the princess. The common blackbird, with his boxwood flute, was kept out of the palace grounds. She walked in silver-and-samite slippers to a sapphire-and-topaz bathroom and slept in an ivory bed inlaid with rubies.

On the day the princess was eighteen, the king sent a royal ambassador to the courts of five neighboring kingdoms to announce that he would give his daughter's hand in marriage to the prince who brought her the gift she liked the most.

The first prince to arrive at the palace rode a swift white stallion and laid at the feet of the princess an enormous apple made of solid gold which he had taken from a dragon who had guarded it for a thousand years. It was placed on a long ebony table set up to hold the gifts of the princess's suitors. The second prince, who came on a gray charger, brought her a nightingale made of a thousand diamonds, and it was placed beside the golden apple. The third prince, riding on a black horse, carried a great jewel box made of platinum and sapphires, and it was placed next to the diamond nightingale. The fourth prince, astride a fiery yellow horse, gave the princess a gigantic heart made of rubies and pierced by an emerald arrow. It was placed next to the platinum-and-sapphire jewel box.

Now the fifth prince was the strongest and handsomest of all the five suitors, but he was the son of a poor king whose realm had been overrun by mice and locusts and wizards and mining engineers so that there was nothing much of value left in it. He came plodding up to the palace of the princess on a plow horse and he brought her a small tin box filled with mica and feldspar and hornblende which he had picked up on the way.

The other princes roared with disdainful laughter when they saw the tawdry gift the fifth prince had brought to the princess. But she examined it with great interest and squealed with delight, for all her life she had been glutted with precious stones and priceless metals, but she had never seen tin before or mica or feldspar or hornblende. The tin box was placed next to the ruby heart pierced with an emerald arrow.

"Now," the king said to his daughter, "you must select the gift you like best and marry the prince that brought it."

The princess smiled and walked up to the table and picked up the present she liked the most. It was the platinum-and-sapphire jewel box, the gift of the third prince.

"The way I figure it," she said, "is this. It is a very large and expensive box, and when I am married, I will meet many admirers who will give me precious gems with which to fill it to the top. Therefore, it is the most valuable of all the gifts my suitors have brought me and I like it the best."

The princess married the third prince that very day in the midst of great merriment and high revelry. More than a hundred thousand pearls were thrown at her and she loved it.

Moral: All those who thought the princess was going to select the tin box filled with worthless stones instead of one of the other gifts will kindly stay after class and write one hundred times on the blackboard "I would rather have a hunk of aluminum silicate than a diamond necklace." —JAMES THURBER

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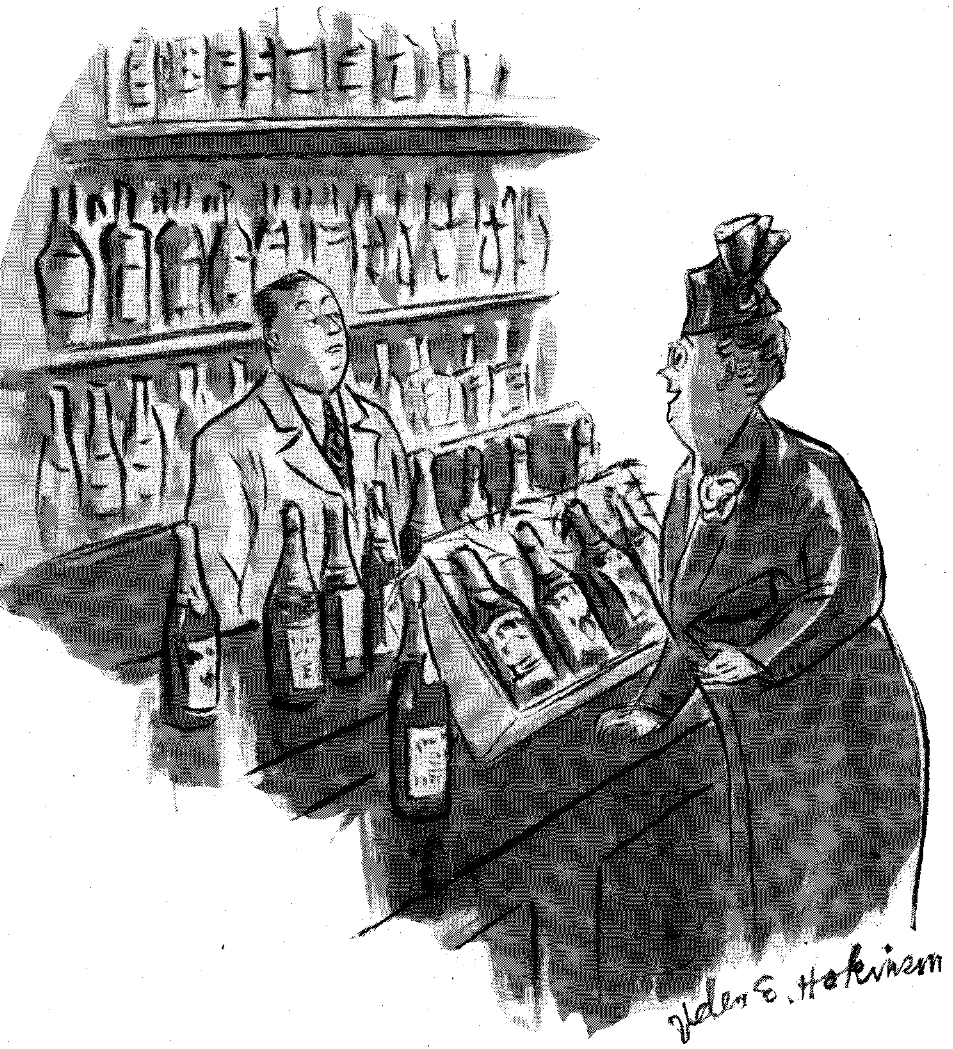
Writers should remember that we schedule the magazine seven weeks ahead of publication.—*Letter sent to writers by This Week.*

And readers should remember that "*This* Week" means "*That* Week."



"I just thought I'd stop in and tell you that the luncheon was a huge success."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE CROWN VERSUS WILLIAM JOYCE

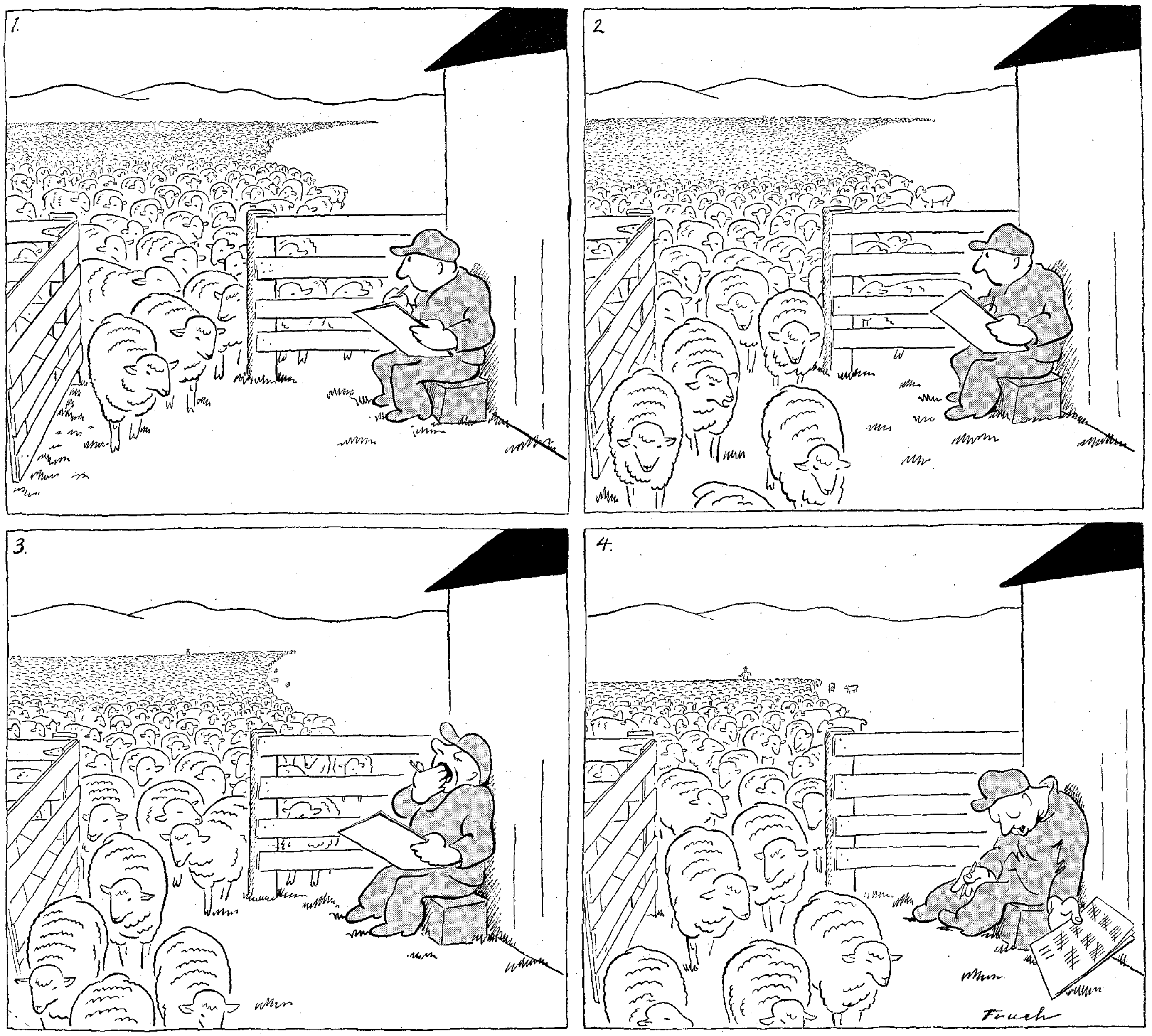
London, September 21
(by wireless)

EVERYBODY in London wanted to see William Joyce when he was brought to trial as a radio traitor, for he was something new in the history of the world. Not before have people known, as well as if he were a husband or a brother or a close friend, the voice of one they have never seen, and if ever they had imagined such a miracle it would not have occurred to them that the familiar unknown would speak to them only to prophesy death and ruin for them. All of us in England experienced this hideous novelty. It was very difficult not to come on Joyce's wave length when one was tuning in to the English stations, and there was an arresting quality about his voice that made it hard not to go on listening. It was a rasping yet rich voice, like Father Coughlin's, and it was convincing in its confidence. It seemed as if one had better hearken and take warning when he suggested that it was the destiny of the people he had left behind in England to die and the destiny of his new masters in Germany to live and conquer, and that, therefore, his listeners had better change sides and submit. This was often terrible to hear, for the news in the papers seemed to confirm it. He was not only alarming, he was ugly; he opened a vista into hell; he always spoke as if he were better fed and better clothed than we were, and so, we now know, he was. He went further than that smug mockery of our plight. He sinned that sin which is the dark travesty of legitimate hatred because it is felt for kindred, just as incest is the dark travesty of legitimate love. When the U-boats were sinking so many of our ships that to open the newspapers was to draw into one's nostrils the smell of drowned sailors, he rolled the figures of our shipping losses on his tongue. When we were facing the hazard of D Day, he rejoiced in the thought of the English dead that would soon lie under the Westwall.

So those who were at once robust and curious went off to the Central Criminal Court, which is an odd place to visit these days, for it stands in a district once congested with unlovely commercial buildings that the blitz has converted into a beautiful desert. Churches stand blackened but apparently intact. Birds, however, fly through the empty sockets of their windows and long grass grows around their altars. A red-brick Georgian mansion, hidden for a century behind mean streets, looks at the great Renaissance dome of St. Paul's across acres in which the yellow ragwort and the willow herb, its last purple flowers passing into silver clouds of seed dust, grow from the ground plan of a lost city drawn in rubble. The courts themselves startle the eye that knew them as they were. They were housed in a solid building built of gray stone in the neoclassical style. It has been sliced as if it were a cake. The walls of the slice are of new red brick. What with the sealing off of the damaged parts and the heavy blackout that cannot yet be removed, owing to the lack of labor, all the halls and passages and stairs are in perpetual dusk. The courtroom—that Court No. 1 where all the most famous modern criminal trials have taken place—is lit by electric light. Daylight used to stream in through a glass dome cold as justice itself, but that has long been shattered. Bare boards fill it in, giving an odd-come-short look to what used to be an austerely fine room.

Under the strong electric light, the various elements that had got William Joyce into trouble were fairly evident. His appearance was a surprise to all of us who had never seen him. His voice had suggested a large and flashy handsomeness. He was short and, though not very ugly, was exhaustively so. His hair was mouse-colored and grew thinly, particularly above his ears. His nose was joined to his face at an odd angle and its bridge and its point and its nostrils were all separately misshapen. Above his dark-blue eyes, which were hard and shiny, like pebbles, were thick and irregular and pale eyebrows. His neck was long and his narrow shoulders were sloping. His arms were very short and very thick, so that his sleeves were like small bolsters. His body looked flimsy yet coarse. There was nothing individual about him except a deep scar running across his right cheek from his lower lip to his ear. But this did not create the savage and marred distinction that it might suggest, for it gave a mincing immobility to his mouth, which was extremely small. His smile was pinched and governessy. He was dressed with a terrible, intent, ambitious spruceness that did not succeed in giving any impression of well-being. Rather, it reminded one of an eastern European peasant driven off the land by poverty into a factory town and there wearing his first suit of western clothes. His movements were of a jerky formality that would have been thought strange in any society. When he bowed to the judge, his bow seemed sincerely respectful but entirely inappropriate to the occasion, and it was difficult to think of any occasion to which it would have been appropriate.

At the side of the dock sat the jury, none of the members greatly blessed by nature, though there was one middle-aged woman, a slender, high-nosed woman of the colonel's-daughter kind, who had irresistible charm. Day by day, we became more and more convinced, for no reason at all, that she was a very good sort. But the members of the jury were all middle-aged, since the armies have not come home, and though they were drawn from different ranks of life, there is no rank of life in which middle-aged English people are other than puffy or haggard. They were all more pleasant to look at and more obviously trustworthy than this homely and eccentric little man on trial. Compared with the judicial bench that he faced, he was of course at an immense disadvantage, as we all would be against oak panels. Columns run up to a pediment framing the carved royal standard and the sword of justice, which is affixed to the wall in its jewelled scabbard. At the foot of this wall, in a high-backed chair, sat the judge, dressed in his scarlet robe, with its neckband of fine white linen and its deep cuffs and sash of purplish-black taffeta, and beside him, their chairs set further back as a sign of their inferiority to him, sat the Lord Mayor of London and some aldermen, in their medieval costume of black silk robes and flowing white cravats and gold chains hung with chased badges of office in precious



metals. This pomp is always given meaning by the faces of the men. Judges are chosen for a combination of intellect and character, city officials for competence and character and a love of onerous duty, all of a degree that usually leaves some sort of imprint on the features. Not in any sane state would William Joyce have had the ghost of a chance of holding such offices as these, but when he was asked to plead he said, "Not guilty," and those two words were the most impressive uttered during the trial. The famous voice was let loose. We heard its quality for a thousandth of a second. We remembered it as we had known it through the past six years. It reverberated with the desire for power. Never was there a more perfect voice for a demagogue, for its reverberations were so strong that they were certain to awaken echoes in every heart that was swelling with the same appetite. What could the little man do—since he so passionately desired to exercise authority and neither this nor any other sane state would give it to him—but use his trick of gathering together luckless fellows to overturn the state and substitute a mad one? That was the personal drama which had brought him into the dock, but there was another cause which presently became apparent.

This case, like the great treason case of the last war, the trial of Sir Roger Casement, was an Irish setup. There had long been rumors that Joyce was Irish, but they had never been officially confirmed and his accent was difficult to place. But there was no doubt about it when one saw him in the dock. He had a Donnybrook air. He was a not very fortunate example of the small, nippy, jig-dancing type of Irish peasant; and when one saw his brother, who attended the court every day in a state of great suffering, there was complete certainty. Quentin Joyce, who is twenty-eight, is eleven years William's junior. He is much better looking, with a sturdy body, a fresh color, thick and lustrous dark hair, and the soft brown eyes of a cow. Though he, too, was nervously neat in his dress, the effect was pleasing, suggestive of young vanity. Nobody in his senses could mistake him for anything but an Irish peasant. There were also strong traces of Irish origin in the followers of Joyce who every day attended the court. These were a singular crowd. There were some women who especially attracted attention by an almost unearthly physical repulsiveness. One of them, who was thin as a skeleton, had hair dyed a harsh chocolate brown and a face and hands studded all over with small warts set about an inch apart. Another was an aging and floozy blonde in a tight Air Force uniform, with swimmy eyes, a mottled skin, heavy pouches under her eyes, several chins, a swinging bosom, and ankles creased with fat. But these, I think, had been merely on the fringe of the British Fascist movement and were sympathizers with Joyce rather than associates of his. They gathered every day around Joyce's brother and two representatives of his solicitors, the oddest pair of figures I have ever seen in the law courts. One was a hunchback dwarf with blond hair and a pale, sensitive face; the other was a girl in her twenties with long, elaborately curled, but untidy hair, dressed as if for the beach walk of a summer resort, bareheaded and stockingless, with flowered frock, fleecy coat, and light shoes. These two seemed to have close personal ties with their client's friends, the chief of whom was a thin man with fierce black eyes blazing behind thick glasses, a tiny fuzz of black hair fancifully arranged on his prematurely bald head, and wrists and ankles as straight as lead piping in their emaciation. He was a Scotsman named Angus MacNab, the editor of a Fascist paper and Joyce's best friend. He was plainly a foredoomed eccentric, and a variation in chance might have found him quite contented to be among the more pacific ranks of the spiritualists or the believers in the lost tribes of Israel. As for the rest of the followers, men of violent and unhappy appearance, with a look of animal shyness and ferocity and, in some cases, of animal beauty, they were for the most part of darker complexion than one would expect in subscribers to the Aryan theory. One, especially, looked like a true gypsy. Most of them had an Irish cast of feature and some bore Irish names. It must be remembered that these men were not followers of Mosley, who picked a more varied and more cheerfully brutal type. Joyce had seceded from Mosley's movement some years before the war and started his own. This was his private army, part of his private hell.

REPENT YE AND BE RECONVERTED!

The prophets leap on the mountains,
  With whips they flagellate
Themselves and cry, "The time is nigh!
  Import, export, inflate, deflate, reflate, redeflate!"

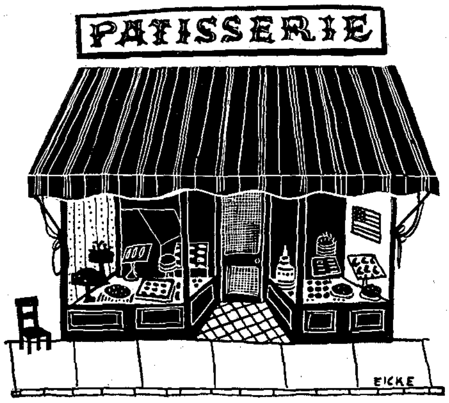
The prophets rend their garments,
  They rub their heads with dirt,
And shout, "Embrace the chance of grace!
  Import, export, increase, decrease, cut back, reconvert!"

Oh, this is cheerful doctrine,
  And good for you and me.
I leap and shriek and bravely squeak,
  "Import, export, inhale, exhale, inhume, exhume, whee!"

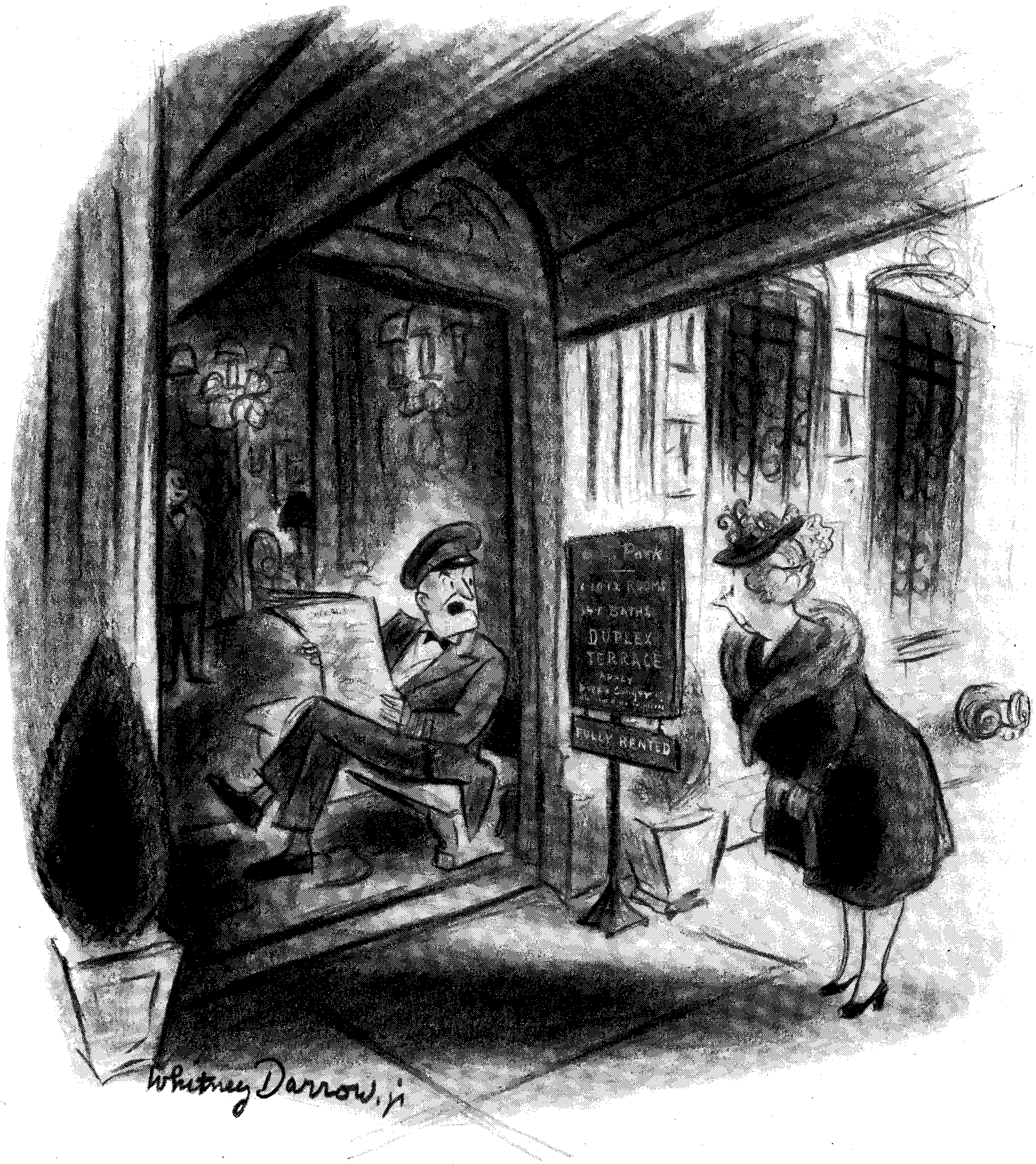
—Morris Bishop

• •

THE story developed during the first day and the morning of the second day and, yes, it was an Irish story. At first our attention strayed from Joyce's personality, because the counsel prosecuting for the Crown was Sir Hartley Shawcross, the Attorney General appointed by the new Labour Government. He is young for the post, charming in manner and voice, and he put up a beautifully lucid legal argument, and we were pleased, and pleased to be pleased. We are pathetically anxious over here to approve of whatever the new government does, for we are tired out by such excitements as have produced this trial, and what we want is to hear the machine ticking over. But as the trial went on, and the lawyers tried to prove and disprove that Joyce had adhered to the enemies of the King to whom he owed allegiance, according to the terms of the six-hundred-year-old statute that contains the fundamental law of treason, it became clearer that extraordinary things had gone on in the Joyce family. The prosecuting counsel naturally based his case on the fact that Joyce owed allegiance to the King of England because he was a British subject. He had again and again described himself as a British subject, and his father had done the same. The first evidence to this effect came from an elderly lady with marcelled gray hair and a spirited, bright-red straw hat, the kind of elderly lady who is photographed in women's magazines as having taken a prize for preserves at a country fair and who, oddly, turned out to be the assistant secretary of the Committee for Military Education in the University of London. When one thought of the blond and boarlike young man or the Brunhildlike young woman who would have held such a post in Berlin University, it became a better joke than ever that we had won the war. She was present because someone with a prodigious memory had recalled that in 1922 William Joyce, then a boy of sixteen, had sent a letter of application for entrance to the London University Officers' Training Corps, in which he described himself as a British citizen, a description that was supported by a letter from his father. The boy's letter threw a pathetic light on the ambition of the frustrated figure in the dock. He must have been connected with London University in some way at that time, but whatever the connection, he had never taken his degree, and if he had, he would certainly never have got the commission in the Regular Army that he said in his letter he hoped to get. His letter was a little too highfalutin, even for a boy of sixteen. Doubt would have crossed the mind of anybody who read it. And the letter from his father, the loving letter of a father eager to do his best for his son, was too illiterate. Both letters were full of passionate avowals of love for England. They boasted of distinguished ancestors in the British Army and willingness to shed blood for the defense of the King. The writers must have felt aggrieved when their ardor, which was probably sincere, brought them nothing.



But why, when William Joyce was making these declarations that he was a British subject, had he sometimes said that he was born in Ireland and sometimes said in America, when he had a birth certificate which gave his birthplace as Brooklyn? The answer came when Mr. Gerald Slade, K. C., counsel for the defense, got going with the case for Joyce and told—though without persuasiveness, for he spends all



"*Scram!*"

• •

his leisure advocating teetotalism, and for such pleasures one must pay—a story that would have charmed a snake if read to it at dictation speed. For it turned out that William Joyce's father, Michael Joyce, had been a naturalized American long before any of his children were born. Therefore, William Joyce was by birth an American citizen and owed the King of England no allegiance arising from British nationality. All his life he had described himself as a British subject and his father had done the like, and they had been lying. There was no doubt about it. The documents of naturalization were present, in good order, dated in the early nineties, and a torn certificate, printed in that type of the early nineteen-hundreds which we used to think hideous and now nostalgically think charming, proved that Michael Joyce and Gertrude Emily Brooke had been married in All Saints Church, at 129th Street and Madison Avenue, New York, by Roman Catholic rites just forty years ago.

Then, to confirm all this, came Mr. Frank Holland, who was a difficult witness—an old gentleman, white-haired and shrivelled and deaf and palsied and quavering, who stoutly gave evidence that he had been born in 1883, and there was apparently no mistake about it. Added to this, he was preternaturally Irish. He might have been one of the Dublin players taking part in a Sean O'Casey play. And, added to that, he had a mind which, while in one sense feeble, was in another vigorous. He did not fly off at a tangent—flying things can be brought down—but he crept off at tangents, and not the entire forces of the Central Criminal Court could bring him home. The defending counsel had announced that he was calling Mr. Holland so that Mr. Holland could relate that when Michael Joyce was leaving America for England, his passport had arrived after he had left his home, and Mr. Holland had waited to take it from the postman and had carried it down to his friend, who was waiting to embark at a Hoboken pier, and Mr. Holland had then seen that it was an American passport. But when the relevant questions were put to the old man, he bridled. They appeared to him to cast aspersions on his gentlemanliness. Yes, he had helped his friend by fetching him his passport, but how was he to know what kind of passport it was. His attitude sharply indicated to the counsel that other people might know no better than to be inquisitive, but he had his manners. As the examination went on, old age could be seen shifting itself from the shoulders of Mr. Holland to those of the examining counsel, but Mr. Holland contributed enough. He had long ago known a girl named Gertrude Emily Brooke. She was called Queenie, he told us, with a sudden, affectionate chuckle. She had married a man named Joyce, who was later connected with the building trades in America. On Joyce's advice, he had followed Joyce to America and had worked on the Pennsylvania Station tunnel. He and his wife had seen much of the Joyces in America. They had visited each other often. Then, with a burst of cynical candor, the old gentleman announced that he and his wife had visited the Joyces so often for the simple reason that they were the only people they knew. He went on to describe how Michael Joyce had told him he had become an American citizen and advised him to do the same. He took the advice but came home to England because of a sudden slump and long unemployment, and he was greatly inconvenienced by his American citizenship when the first World War broke out and he had to register. An alien at this time, he had visited Queenie, then settled in Lancashire, and had exchanged commiserations with her, because she was incommoded in the same way. His cracked old voice evoked two people grumbling together thirty years ago. That they had so grumbled could not be doubted.

That time in Lancashire was again recorded when a police official whose name was Woodmansay proved that in the last war Mr. and Mrs. Michael Joyce, oscillating between Galway and Lancashire with their family, had been registered as Americans. They had broken the rules by failing to report their movements and this had produced an illuminating correspondence between the police in Lancashire and the Royal Irish Constabulary in Galway. This revealed that Michael Joyce had told yet another lie about his nationality. He had declared that he was not really an alien, for, though he had taken his oath of allegiance to the United States, he had let his citizenship lapse by failing to register. This was, of course, nonsense, but the Galway constabulary, which must have known it was nonsense, since there was nothing an Irish policeman knew better than the American laws that affected Irish emigrants, recommended this preposterous story sympathetically to the Lancashire police, urging that Michael Joyce was one of the loyalest men in those parts and was much respected. The Galway constable who had attended to this matter came to give evidence—a thin, aged giant, white as the statue in "Don Giovanni," so disabled by blindness and partial paralysis that he had to be led to the witness box and propped up in it, a tall, blanched obelisk.

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Quentin Joyce then gave testimony. There passed between him and the man in the dock a nod and a smile of pure love. One realized that life in this strange family must have sometimes been great fun, but it evidently had not been fun lately. Quentin told the court that his father had died in 1941, shortly after his house in Dulwich had been destroyed by a bomb, and his mother had died within the last year. Out of the wreckage of the house there had been recovered a few boxes full of papers, but none had any bearing on the question of the family's nationality, and there was a reason for that. Michael Joyce had told young Quentin, when he was ten years old, that he and all the family were American citizens but had bade him never speak of it, and he had through the years often reiterated the warning. Finally, in 1934, in front of the boy, who was then sixteen, he had burned a number of papers, including what appeared to be an American passport. The date explained the motive for the action. By then the police knew William Joyce as a troublesome instigator of street fighting and attacks on Communists and Jews, and if they had had an inkling of the family secret, they would probably have deported him and perhaps the rest of the Joyces.

The courtroom was in a state that would have been puzzling to those Americans who think of the British as a comfortably homogeneous people, for some of the spectators could not make head or tail of this old story and some of them knew perfectly well where they were, even if they did not know exactly what was going on in that peculiar field. The people who knew where they were had two characteristics in common; they had Irish antecedents and they were not young. They knew what Ireland was before it was Eire and the dreary round by which men, often brave

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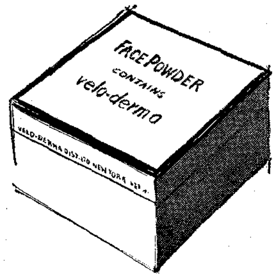
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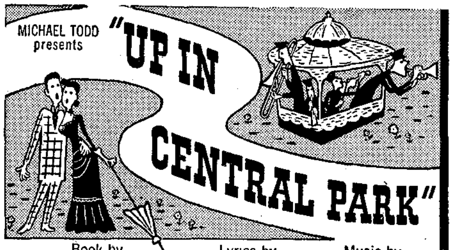

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and good men, kept in check, by a complicated mechanism of oppression and espionage, other men who, though often also brave and good, retorted by shooting them from behind stone walls. Michael Joyce had been married in the Roman Catholic Church of All Saints. He belonged, therefore, to the native Irish, the mass of whom were against the English and on the side of the people who shot the English from behind stone walls, but the Royal Irish Constabulary described him as one of the loyalest men in Galway and meant by that that he was loyal to England. There were many such native Irish who turned against their own kind and sided with the alien oppressor, and we forget now how many of them were passionately sincere. Doubtless it was the bribery of Dublin Castle and the reward of informers through the ages that were the prime nourishment of this queer community, but many were people who had a sincere love of law and order and preferred the soldierly bearing of the English garrisons and the Royal Irish Constabulary to the furtive slouching of a peasantry distracted with poverty and revolutionary fever. This attitude made the error of insufficient inquiry into first causes, but for simple natures who went by surface indications it was very natural, and it must have come very natural indeed to the Joyce family, who were obviously reared to cultivate military smartness and appreciate the ceremonial to the degree that they could appreciate it even when it was the ceremonial of a trial at which one of them stood charged with a capital offense. And these people often felt a love for England which struck English people as excessive and theatrical: such a love as the boy and his father had expressed in their letters when it was hoped to get him a commission in the Regular British Army, such a love as accounted for William Joyce's habit—which struck many of his English acquaintances as a sign of insanity—of insisting that any quiet social evening he spent with his friends should end with the singing of the national anthem, such a love as would feel entirely betrayed when England withdrew her armed forces from Ireland and gave her home rule.

There are a good many gaps in the story. It is difficult to see why Michael Joyce, loving England, went to America and stayed there for many years. At that time it was still economically advantageous to emigrate to England and emigration to America was more commonly the resort of the anti-English. It is still more difficult to see why, when he returned to England and found his American citizenship such a burden, he warned his children to keep it a deadly secret but never took the simple and not expensive steps that would have readmitted him to British nationality. His friend Mr. Holland did so. Was it the American or the British government he feared to remind of his existence? Had he once, in fulfilling some mission, failed and got a black mark against his name? Was he, so to speak, working his passage home when he gained the good opinion of the Royal Irish Constabulary? There is probably nobody alive now who knows. All that we can be sure of is that the story was probably incredibly complicated. Nothing was simple in that world of espionage and counter-espionage, treachery and counter-treachery, vengeance and vendetta. Anyway, the family stayed in Ireland until home rule was fully granted.

Afterward, in front of the Criminal Court, an old man from Galway was purporting to fill in some of the later gaps in the Joyce story. He illustrated the Irish conception of consistency by expressing to the crowd his hearty desire that William Joyce should be hanged for treason against the King of England, on the ground that before he left Ireland, when he was a boy in his early teens, he had worked for the Black and Tans in oppressing the Irish who were revolting against the English. The crowd, with that tolerance which foreigners, possibly rightly, suspect of being a form of smugness, was amused and sympathetic.

SO William Joyce, in his young manhood, found himself exiled from his real motherland, Ireland, which his blood must have loved, and confined in England, for love of which he had betrayed Ireland and which showed no gratitude for that sacrifice because of his personal limitations, that clownish extravagance which has left him, even after he has played a uniquely sinister

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part in history, with the comic nickname of Lord Haw Haw. He found no place for his talents in normal English life. The Fascist movement must have come as a godsend to him. It held out the hope that it would make England what Ireland had been to him and his family, a police state where spruce tyrants held down the unworthy and rewarded those who were on their side. It gave him an opportunity to use that superb courage which his people have wrung out of their terrible history and that itch for plotting and intrigue which is also a consequence of Irish history. It enabled him to use that voice, that really extraordinary voice, in which his discontents were fused into a power demon able to call other similar demons into comradeship. It gave him travel, a place in a hierarchy, and revenge on the liberal opinions that had led to home rule, and, if he never got what it promised as its ultimate gifts to him, at least he very nearly had to pay nothing at all for it, for he very nearly walked out of the court scot free, because he had certainly never been a British subject and that made nonsense of two of the three indictments which had been brought against him. The first had alleged that, on various dates between the beginning and the end of the war, he, being a person who owed allegiance to the King, did traitorously adhere to the King's enemies in Germany by broadcasting propaganda for them. The charge was made on the assumption that from the beginning to the end of the war he had been a British subject, and it fell to pieces as soon as it had to be admitted that he had not been. The second had charged him with adhering, on September 26, 1940, to the King's enemies by purporting to have been naturalized as a subject of Germany, and this, too, fell to pieces, for it was plainly no business of a British court if an American subject chose to become naturalized as a German citizen.

But the matter was not finished there. A British subject owes allegiance to the King of England for the simple reason that he is a British citizen, but there may be other reasons for owing allegiance to the King of England. It has been recognized for centuries that anybody who lives within the realm of the King and enjoys the benefits of his protection—that is, the law and order he establishes—owes him a temporary allegiance. This temporary allegiance does not expire when the person who owes it leaves the realm,

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MAX GORDON presents
THE LATE GEORGE APLEY
By JOHN P. MARQUAND & GEO. S. KAUFMAN
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Janet BEECHER Percy WARAM Margaret DALE
LYCEUM THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way. CH 4-4256
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Eddie Condon
Opens his 5th concert season presenting a typical Americondon group of famous jazz artists at Town Hall.
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6 AT 5:30

THE American Theatre Wing
Stage Door Canteen
at 106 West 43rd Street (E. of B'way) is open daily from 5 P.M. to Midnight, for service men in uniform only. Food, continuous entertainment and dancing are provided . . . it's all free!

CAFÉ LOUIS XIV
NEW YORK'S SMART FRENCH RESTAURANT
CUISINE CLASSIQUE · VINS FINS · BAR AMERICAIN
William Adler and his Violin nightly except Sunday
LUNCHEON Prix-Fixe 1.50
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A LA CARTE SPECIALTIES
JACQUES BONAUDI, MGR. CIRCLE 6-5899
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The Rescue: from "The Life of a New York Fireman," about 1877

"FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHE-ILD!"

Everybody trusts a fireman . . . whether he is expected to carry a child from a burning building or to rescue a cat from a tree top.

This universal faith is no accident. His character is built with the utmost care. Every applicant to the New York City Fire Department, for instance, must pass a rigid physical examination and maintain this physical standard throughout his career. He is subjected to aptitude tests to determine his latent abilities, and every detail of his personal life is thoroughly investigated.

He then spends 90 days in training school, where he is taught to use technical equipment, learns life saving, and is disciplined to efficiency and unselfish cooperation.

Yes, faith in our firemen is completely justified. But scarcely more than the faith with which competent insurance brokers and agents turn to Atlantic. Here they find policies that provide modern protection for business and personal properties, jewelry, yachts and other possessions against fire, damage and theft. They also recognize other advantages in the profit-participating, non-assessable policies issued by this 103-year-old company.

And so, we hope, will you.

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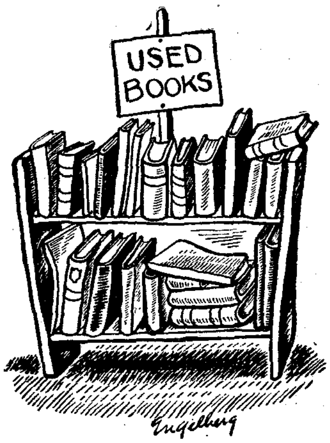
if he has the intention of continuing to enjoy the King's protection. Now, Joyce left England with a British passport that did not expire until July 2, 1940. The third indictment, made on the assumption that a passport was evidence of an intention to continue enjoying the King's protection, charged him with having adhered to the King's enemies, while owing him allegiance, by broadcasting from the time of his arrival in Germany until the time when his passport expired. But no ruling exists as to whether a passport is in fact such evidence, for no case of treason involving temporary allegiance has been tried during the comparatively recent period when passports have been in use, so the judge had to make the ruling on the point, and for one sultry afternoon and a sultrier morning the prosecuting and defending counsel bobbed up and down in front of the bench, putting the arguments for and against the new interpretation of the law. People with legal minds were entranced, and others slept. Joyce enjoyed this part of the trial and frequently passed down to his counsel notes that were characteristically odd. He was given octavo sheets to write on and could certainly have had as many as he wanted, but when he wrote a note he tore off irregularly shaped pieces and covered them with grotesquely large handwriting, handwriting so large that I could read some of it from my seat in the gallery. One ended with the words "but it is not important."

Nobody was surprised when the judge, after the luncheon interval on the third day of the trial, announced that a person owning a British passport owed allegiance to the King of England even if he were outside the realm. This was a reasonable enough ruling. The possession of a British passport, even in time of war, confers certain rights. If Joyce had been interned, he would have benefited by a certain arrangement made by the British government with other powers for the safety of British internees abroad. This ruling made it quite certain that Joyce was going to die, and his death will probably be recorded in legal history as the most completely unnecessary death that any criminal has ever died on the gallows. He was the victim of his own and his father's lifelong determination to lie about their American citizenship, for if he had left England for Germany on the American passport which was rightfully his, no power on earth could have touched him, because he became a German citizen by naturalization before America came into the war. He could never have been the subject of prosecution under the American laws of treason.



NOBODY in court felt any emotion when he knew that Joyce was going to die. That was what made this case more terrible than any other case I have ever seen in which a death sentence was given. People wanted Joyce to pay the proper legal penalty for his treason, but not because they felt any personal hatred against him. They wanted to be sure that in any other war this peculiarly odious form of treachery would be discouraged before it began, and that was about the limit of their interest in the matter. At no other such trial have I seen the spectators, as soon as the jury has gone out to consider their verdict and the judge has retired from the bench and the prisoner has gone down to the cells, get up from their seats and stroll about and chatter as if they were at a theatre between the acts. At no other such trial have I seen the jury come back from considering their verdict looking as if they had been out for a cup of tea. At no other such trial have I seen the judge assume the black cap, which is not a cap at all but a piece of black cloth that is laid across his wig, as if it were in fact just a piece of black cloth that was laid across his wig. The judge spoke the words of the sentence of death reverently, and they were awful, as they will always be. But I have never known the effect of them so soon dispersed. I felt some pity for Joyce when he was asked if he wanted to make a statement before sentence was passed on him and he shook his head, that hungry and inordinate voice within him at last defeated. I had felt some pity for him earlier, when the judge had warned the jury to consider very carefully their verdict because of the serious consequences of a verdict of guilty, for he then had put up his hand and touched his neck in a wondering sort of way. But the pity I felt for him was not very great.

And neither I, nor anybody else in

Main Cabin – Boeing Stratocruiser

BUY VICTORY BONDS

Chasing the sun

You left the East Coast at one o'clock after a good lunch. Now, stretched out in a big, cushioned easy chair, you watch cloud patterns shift on the green and gold checkerboard of Ohio farmland below.

You're flying high, where the air is smooth, yet the atmosphere in the big Boeing Stratocruiser is held at the same comfortable pressure as at low levels.

You and some 80 other passengers are traveling at 340 miles an hour—yet the sound of four 3500-horsepower engines is only a low hum in the insulated cabin.

The twisting ribbon of the Mississippi gleams beneath you and then you're over the wide prairie. You read a little, nap a little. Soon you're looking down on snow-capped mountains. "How about a rubber of bridge, down in the lounge?" your neighbor suggests.

At the foot of a spiral stairway you enter a roomy, comfortably furnished salon, where a congenial group has gathered. When the West Coast comes into view it's still afternoon. You've gained three hours on the sun that hangs high above the Pacific as the great plane lowers smoothly to a landing!

This is no Jules Verne fantasy. It may be your own experience before long—at a fare even lower than present rates, for the Stratocruiser is capable of carrying a greater payload at a lower operating cost than any previous transport.

The aerodynamic advancements built into the Stratocruiser have been thoroughly war-tested in the B-29 Superfortress and are the result of Boeing's long experience in the design and development of other four-engine aircraft such as the Flying Fortress, Stratoliner and Clipper. The C-97, military version of this first super-transport of the future, is proving itself in the air today!

With victory won, the same skill in design, engineering and manufacture which has established Boeing leadership in the big bomber field will bring you the Stratocruiser and other advances in air transport. You can be sure . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's out in front.

DESIGNERS OF THE B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW STRATOCRUISER
THE KAYDET TRAINER • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

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John Frederics, dist.
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court, apparently, was very much moved by the extreme courage with which he bore himself. He listened to the sentence with his head high, gave one of his absurd stiff bows, and ran briskly down to the cells, smiling and waving to his brother and his friends. The truth is that such trials are now quite different from what they were before the war. Then the spectators were living in a state of security and the prisoner was an exceptionally unfortunate person who had strayed into a district we had not visited, perhaps for lack of boldness. But probably every man and woman in court during Joyce's trial had at some time or other during the past six years been in danger of immediate death and had shown, or at least witnessed, great courage. The prisoner in the dock could not arouse our sympathy by his exceptional destiny; indeed, he was there by reason of his failure to acquit himself well in our common destiny. A woman said to me as we went along the passage, "I am glad his mother's dead. She lived near us in Dulwich. She was a sweet little lady. I often used to stand with her in the fish queue. In fact, that's how I met her. One day after the blitz had been very bad, I said something about that blasted Lord Haw Haw and someone said, 'Oh, hush, that's his mother right beside you,' and I felt dreadful. But she only said—only she was ever so Irish, and I can't speak like she did—'Never mind, my dear. I'm sure you didn't mean it unkindly.' "

I remembered, as we came out onto a twilight landing, the lift of affection in old Mr. Holland's voice when he had spoken of Queenie. The band of Fascists went down the staircase. Tears were shining on their astonished faces. Joyce's brother walked slowly, his eyes that were soft and brown like a cow's now narrowed and wet; and the little hunchback followed just behind him. There was a block for a minute and we all stood still. The hunchback plucked at the young man's jacket and said, "This is just what he expected, you know." "Yes," said Quentin Joyce. "I know it's just what he expected." We moved on, and after we had gone down a few steps the hunchback plucked at the young man's jacket again and said, "It's the appeal that matters, you know," and Quentin said, "Yes, I know. The appeal's everything."

At the counter where we had to collect our coats and umbrellas, I was temporarily detained by the spectacle of the charming woman on the jury saying goodbye to one of her colleagues. They were shaking hands warmly and smiling. They might have been people parting after a cruise. Then I found myself again among the Fascists, who were waiting for their raincoats, garments which they affect in all weathers, in imitation of Hitler. I stood beside the young man who looked like a gypsy and saw that heavy tears were hanging on his long black lashes. He and his friends still looked amazed. They had wanted people to die, but they had not expected that it would happen to any of them. Another dark and passionate young man standing beside us was accosted by a reporter, and he cried out in rage that he had been four years in Brixton Jail under our Security Regulation 18B, all for patriotism, and he had come out to see the persecution of the finest patriot of all. His black eyes rolled; he looked, blazingly, past the reporter and into my face. I was not the best person in the world to receive his complaint, as my name had been on the Gestapo list, recently discovered in Berlin, of persons who were to be arrested immediately when the Germans invaded this country, and I doubt whether, had this happened, it would have led to anything so comfortable as four years in Brixton Jail. But if I had wanted to blaze back at him, I could not have achieved his force. There was this new universality of horrible experience, these vast common martyrdoms, that made these unhappy egotists, insisting on their own peculiar revolts and heroisms, seem so pathetically obsolete. I could not with any degree of picturesque intensity have struck an attitude on the ground that I was on that Gestapo list, because I knew that about twenty-three hundred other people had also been on it.

The little band of Fascists gathered together in a knot by the door, and after they had wiped their faces and composed themselves, they went out into the street. In the open space in front of the building was a line of parked cars, and beside them stood a crowd of silent people. The Fascists walked away from this crowd, down a street that narrowed and lost itself in a network of alleys. Nobody followed them, but they began to hurry. By the time they got into the shelter of the alleys, they were almost running.

—Rebecca West

•

The responsibility for the Korean hodgepodge does not, of course, belong to General Hodge.—*Washington Post.*

Oh.

OF ALL THINGS

NOW that our occupation forces have taken over the control of the Japanese press and radio, it appears that Tokio is suffering from a serious case of technological unemployment. Many of the world's most skillful liars have been thrown out of work.

•

All things considered, the foreign and domestic affairs of the United States are by no means in the best possible shape at the moment. Some people feel that it is almost a pity that the Pasadena preacher's doomsday had to be called off.

•

Many congressmen have become keenly interested in the immediate return of all service men, the end of all government restrictions, and a drastic cut in taxes. It seems kind of a shame to have to awaken fellows who are having such beautiful dreams.

•

As far as Lewis B. Schwellenbach himself is personally concerned, the job situation is bright. Nobody could possibly be less unemployed than our busy new Secretary of Labor.

•

New Yorkers were sorry to hear that their excellent Police Commissioner, Lewis J. Valentine, had resigned after all these years to take a radio job. No one blamed him, however, because the wages are higher and he will meet a better class of people.

•

Recent surveys indicate that there is a grave shortage of teachers throughout the nation. The many splendid openings in the field of education should be brought to the attention of all earnest young men and women with small appetites.

•

The New York State Commission Against Discrimination reports that it has received only a few complaints about racial or religious prejudice in the hiring of workers. The Rankin-Bilbo Axis will no doubt be shocked to hear about our flagrant display of broad-mindedness.

•

Stock-market prices recently reached the highest point in eight years. Wall Street is very plainly of the opinion that the horrors of peace have been greatly exaggerated. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

What! No shower?

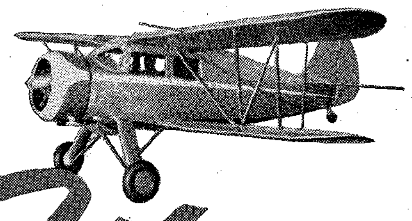
"Damnation!" snorted Mr. Smith. He sat down irritably on the edge of the built-in bathtub and glared gloomily about the cabin of the postwar plane.

"But look, Mr. Smith," soothed the bright young salesman, "this Airborne Chateau Model doesn't need a shower. Just see here: built-in bar . . . two-way radiophone with video screen . . . complete kitchen and bath facilities . . ."

"Except for shower!" broke in Mr. Smith. "Listen, young man. I don't care if this plane *will* sit down on my badminton court, or carry the whole family non-stop to Nassau. I still want a shower!"

"But Mr. Smith," placated the salesman, "we can't have everything, you know."*

*That's right, Mr. Smith, you can't have everything. The beautiful, beautiful postwar plane you've set your heart on is still a long way off. For a year or two, after the war, there's bound to be a shortage of miracles. For example, the first postwar WACO you see, won't be essentially different from the prewar WACO you owned or envied. But don't be discouraged . . . postwar or prewar, WACO means comfort and stability . . . speed and safety for all-weather flying. WACO means *better* planes . . . for *better* flying! THE WACO AIRCRAFT COMPANY, 69 Peters Avenue, Troy, Ohio, U. S. A.



Waco

WACO AIRPLANES

ALL ARMY CARGO-TRANSPORT GLIDERS ARE WACO DESIGNED

LISTEN: SEPTEMBER 29, 1945

On the first of her Saturday series on CBS at 7 p.m. ET Helen Hayes became Eve Curie. Here's what *Variety* said:

"...If the premier performance of this...dramatic series is any criterion this is one of the top treats in radio. The First Lady of legit in abandoning the stage completely for the 1945-46 season to devote her full time to radio is now vesting the airlanes with a charm and brilliant display of acting that qualifies the show as a must."

★

Please don't ask us why this happened, but it did. A young mother in Moultrieville, S. C. sent a letter 713 miles to KMOX (CBS in St. Louis, Mo.) averring that she could not get the home wash done because she couldn't buy clothespins in Moultrieville. KMOX reported her dilemma on the air as a sort of curiosity. Five days later a letter from her reached KMOX; she wanted KMOX to tell its audience to stop sending clothespins because she already had received 1584.

★

Now it can be told that Kate Smith and Frank Sinatra were innocent parties to the rescue of a crippled B-29 returning from a raid over Japan. With its navigational equipment smashed the Superfort tuned in an OWI transmitter broadcasting Kate's and Frank's songs on Saipan, rode the transmitter's beam to a safe landing.

★

Nobody knows exactly how many stringed instruments came out of the Cremona shop of Antonio Stradivarius, but there are only 602 in the world with registered pedigrees. The music you hear every Sunday afternoon at 2 p.m. ET on CBS comes from 10 of them, owned by members of the Stradivari Orchestra. Nearly every day Paul Lavalle, the conductor, gets a letter from an excited listener who wants to show him the genuine Strad he picked up in a second-hand shop. Lavalle keeps calm. The last time a real one unregistered turned up was 20 years ago.

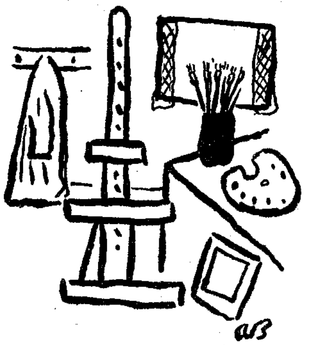
This is CBS

...THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

THE ART GALLERIES

Fresh Start

THE publicity releases from the galleries have a certain rather recondite interest of their own, and I have been struck by the number of anniversaries that have been played up in the notices recently. There are at least three that come to mind. At the Wildenstein, the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors is holding its fifth, or wooden, anniversary. Associated American Artists are celebrating their eleventh year as a gallery, and the A.C.A. its thirteenth, and a doubling in size of its quarters as well.



All this gives a touch of the gala to the opening of the season, but an odd one too, for under ordinary circumstances I'm sure that none of the establishments just mentioned would go to such lengths to stress such relatively unimportant landmarks in their careers. I think the end of the war has something to do with what has happened. The very year is a landmark. It's a turning point, and, with the uncertainties of peace before us, I suppose that what everyone, the galleries included, wants is to get as firm a grip on the past as possible, to use as leverage against the unpredictable future.

All three anniversary exhibitions are group shows, and of the three, I found the one at the Wildenstein the most interesting. Both the Associated American Artists and the A.C.A. have arrived, by quite different routes, at the point where they're close to being modern department stores of art, though in the case of the A.C.A. it is on a far more modest scale—say, more that of the general store—than is its opulent rival. Both, however, deny the old-fashioned idea that a dealer should stand or fall with a small group of artists, all more or less allied in style and viewpoint. The A.C.A. has thirty-eight artists on its register, and the Associated American, I'm sure, has at least as many, and since both, in their current collections, have all, or almost all, their men represented, the result is, as may be expected, heterogeneous.

The Modern Painters and Sculptors has at least a certain organizational solidarity, and though here, too, the range of styles is wide—from Ann Eisner's fairly conventional "Monhegan Landscape" to Alice Mason's completely abstract "Black Division"—there is nevertheless a basic effect of homogeneity. Apart from such pieces as Charles G. Shaw's grave, firmly composed abstraction called "Plastic Planes," Arnold Friedman's slightly Kleelike "Sawtooth Falls," Hans Foy's strongly Expressionist landscape called "Painting," and some others, the oils are in general slightly on the sweet side.

They are all in extremely good taste, but they are also a little empty, and it is the sculpture, less genteel in tone but far more spirited, that carries the show. Best of all, perhaps, is Herbert Ferber's Picassoesque reclining figure called "Femme Inconnue," which beneath its apparent grotesquerie contains both excellent modelling and a moving conception. I'd note, too, Franc Epping's smoothly finished "Earthling," Marion Walton's "Thoughtful Messiah," in black marble, and T. Trajan's perhaps overdramatic but powerful "Il Poverello." At the A.C.A., I liked best Abram Tromka's sketchy but vigorous "Steel Town," Jan Matulka's "The Owl," and Robert Gwathmey's sombre, dignified picture of a Negro woman called "Shelling Peas." At the Associated American, I liked Aaron Bohrod's small "Tuileries Gardens," Nicolai Cikovsky's sunny seascape, "White Cliff," and Howard Baer's two tiny, meticulously handled Chinese scenes called "Planting Rice" and "Kunming Night." All three exhibitions close this Saturday.

THE biggest show of the week—a fourth annual, of five hundred-odd oils, water colors, prints, and sculptures by the Audubon Artists, at the National Academy—is also a group one. The Audubon Artists is a new organization, with nothing ornithological about it except its title, and it represents, I think, a wistful feeling on the part of the academicians that, darn it, they ought to have an informal group of their own, just as lively and up-and-coming as the Sculptors Guild, An American Group, the American Abstract Artists, and all the other ones the liberals have.

At any rate, the collection of work

is as conservative in style as the average Academy showing. It was also, when I visited it on the preview day, still in a state of considerable confusion, and such remarks as I make about it will have to be conditioned by the fact that no catalogues or check lists were as yet available and that information about who painted the pictures and what they had titled them required more research than at times I felt was really worth undertaking. Out of the welter, I did manage to isolate a few canvases and other pieces that I found appealing—notably Leo Manso's dark "Bridge of the Night" and James Penney's lively "Cornfield" among the oils, and, among the water colors and prints, Ann Poor's delicately handled "LaGuardia, A.T.C.," "New York Nocturne," by Stow Wengenroth, and "The Swimming Hole," by Jane Oliver.

AT the Perls, they are showing new paintings by Frederick Papsdorf, the Detroit milkman and "modern primitive" who had his first exhibition here two years ago. Papsdorf is, of course, an authentic primitive in the sense that he has never had any formal training, and in his figure pieces and landscapes there are little awkwardnesses, both in the general design and the handling of detail, that reveal his technical naïveté. In his flower pieces, though, his meticulousness and his extraordinary skill with the brush have more scope, and such paintings as his "Clematis," "Lady's-Slipper Orchids," and "Fall Flowers" have an innocence and joyousness about them that is wholly delightful.

THERE are some brisk, brightly colored, and immensely cheerful new gouaches by Alexander Calder at the newly opened Samuel M. Kootz Gallery. . . . At the Buchholz, there is a collection of pen-and-wash drawings, done as illustrations for a book by the poet Georges Duthuit, by André Masson. They are small and in their way unpretentious, but they reveal him again as one of the ablest men in the technique of black-and-white in the whole modern group. —ROBERT M. COATES

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UP125

STOCKHOLM—(UP)—THE AMERICAN NEWSPRINT COMMISSION OPENED DISCUSSIONS WITH SWEDISH OFFICIALS TODAY. THE COMMISSION ARRIVED BY PHONE LAST NIGHT FROM FRANKFORT-ON-MAIN.—*U.P. dispatch.*

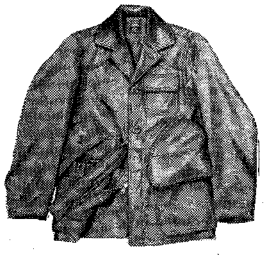
Damn the atom.

THE A&F GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

Dressed for it!

Much of the pleasure of outdoor sport depends upon the right clothes which means they should provide full comfort and convenience in any weather and under all circumstances.

Send for free booklet "Men's Outdoor Clothing"



HUNTING COAT . . $15.00
Featherweight, water-repellent olive green twill. Storm collar for neck and head protection. Game pocket drops down for dry seat or leg cover.

PENDLETON SHIRT . $9.50
Lightweight, 9 oz. virgin wool in Scotch tartan plaids. Black Watch (green, black and blue), Royal Stewart (red, blue and white), Wemyss (red and black).

BOOT TROUSERS, to match (knitted bottoms) $7.40
CANUCK HUNTING CAP $2.25

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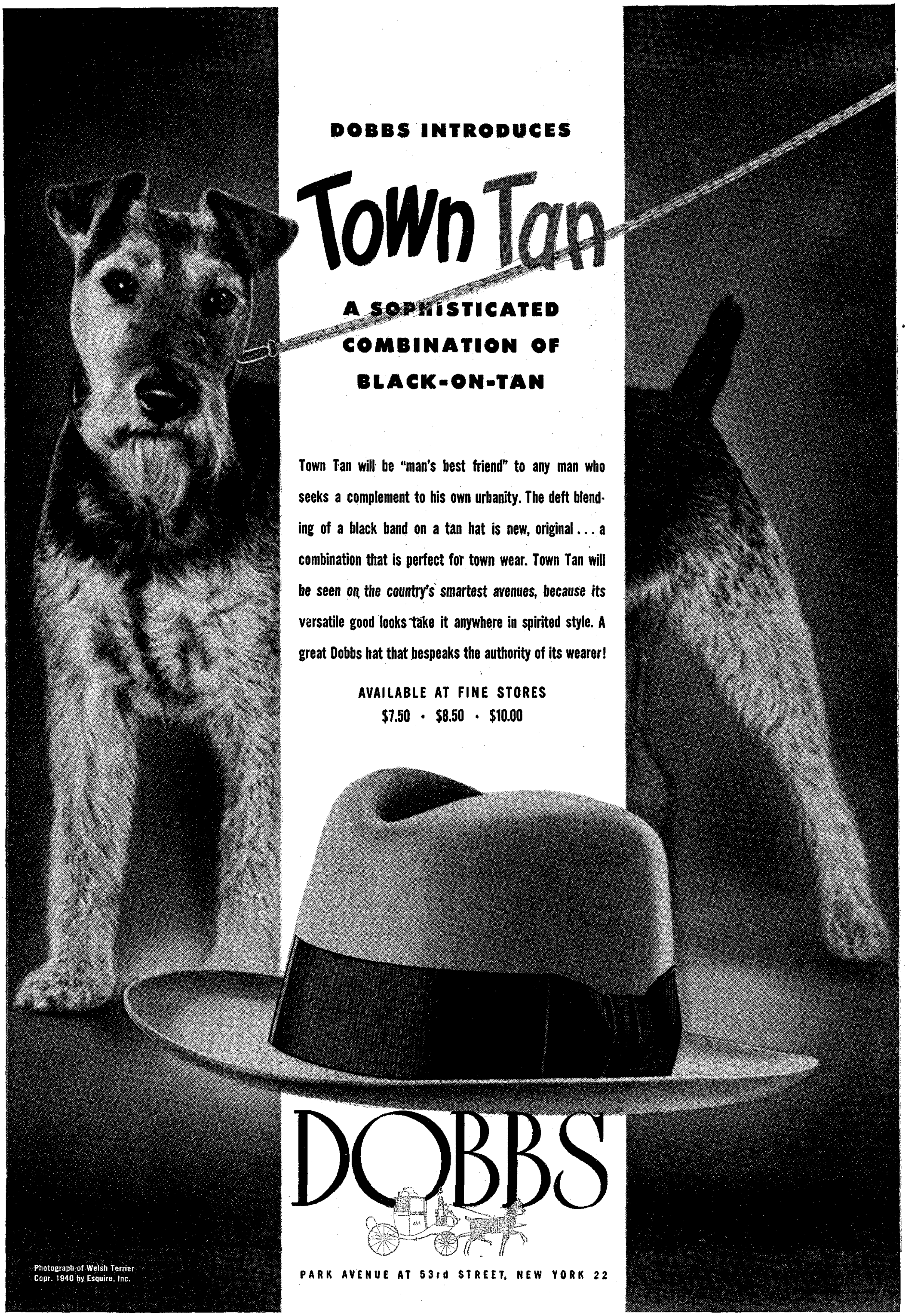
For you who seek gracious living, Plaza Circle acclaims four excellent hotels of international fame. Their true greatness rests not alone in the beauty and quietude of this distinguished location, but in the rare individuality of atmosphere and charm which characterize each hotel.

Plaza Circle

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

(QUICK WORK DIVISION)

[From an article in the issue of The New Yorker that was distributed to New York newsstands Thursday, August 30, 1945]	*[From an article by Newell Rogers, New York correspondent for the London Daily Express, in the Express of Friday, August 31, 1945]*
Tokio is the third largest city in the world . . . and its population almost equals London's. . . . Tokio is ninety per cent paper and lath.	NEW YORK, Thursday.—All America got out atlases, histories and travel books to see what their conquering general has on his hands. For one thing he has 3,938 Geisha girls; for another what was the third largest city—nearly as large as London and 90 per cent. of it paper and lath.
Japan's one skyscraper, fourteen stories and a penthouse, housed the First Mutual Life Insurance Company of Japan.	Japan's one skyscraper, 14 stories and penthouse, housed an insurance company.
Four hundred and eleven rats are killed each day in Tokio, on the average, but the rat population remains stable at around seven million. . . . Tokio also has 1,776 pawnbrokers.	Before the bombing Tokyo's population included 7,000,000 rats and 1,776 pawnbrokers.
In the Tokio hotels patronized by Japanese, the guest has to bring his own soap and towels, but the management supplies slippers and a toothbrush. Liquor is sold in the city only between 5 and 10 P.M. . . . When Japanese workers decide to strike, they make known their irritation by tearing down the manager's house. . . . The army of occupation will find its alternative to field rations interesting, at least: eels roasted in sugar, rice with pickled seaweed, grilled ape, stewed octopus, wild boar, and so on.	In accordance with Japanese hotel rules, when MacArthur registered at the Grand, in Yokohama, he should have brought his own soap and towels. But if custom is followed the management provided toothbrush and slippers. The G.I.s will find the pubs open only from 5 p.m. to 10 p.m. If native food supplies are not all gone they can supplement field rations with eels roasted in sugar, grilled ape, rice with pickled seaweed, stewed octopus and wild boar. MacArthur probably will have to forbid strikes. When Jap workers walk out the custom is to tear down the manager's house.
A high percentage of all currency circulating in Japan is counterfeit, and the faking of objets d'art is considered a desirable career. In one year during the twenties, ninety per cent of all the art objects sold in Osaka turned out to be fakes. . . . The best way to get around in Tokio is to walk, and the modern Japanese word for walk is "texi."	The G.I.s will probably spend thousands of dollars on faked art objects for souvenirs. In one pre-war year 90 per cent. of all art items sold in Osaka turned out to be phoney. Allied soldiers will have to walk if jeeps are scarce. The modern word for walk is texi.
One of the liveliest national festivals comes on December 22nd, when everybody takes a bath in hot water containing sour oranges. On December 31st, everybody eats noodles. . . . Shakespeare, Bernard Shaw, Washington Irving, and Yeats are favorite English-language authors.	On a bank holiday, December 22, everyone takes a bath in hot water flavoured with sour oranges. On December 31 everyone eats noodles. The Japanese like to read Shakespeare and Bernard Shaw.



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DOBBS

PARK AVENUE AT 53rd STREET, NEW YORK 22

Photograph of Welsh Terrier
Copr. 1940 by Esquire, Inc.

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

THE ATOMIC CITY

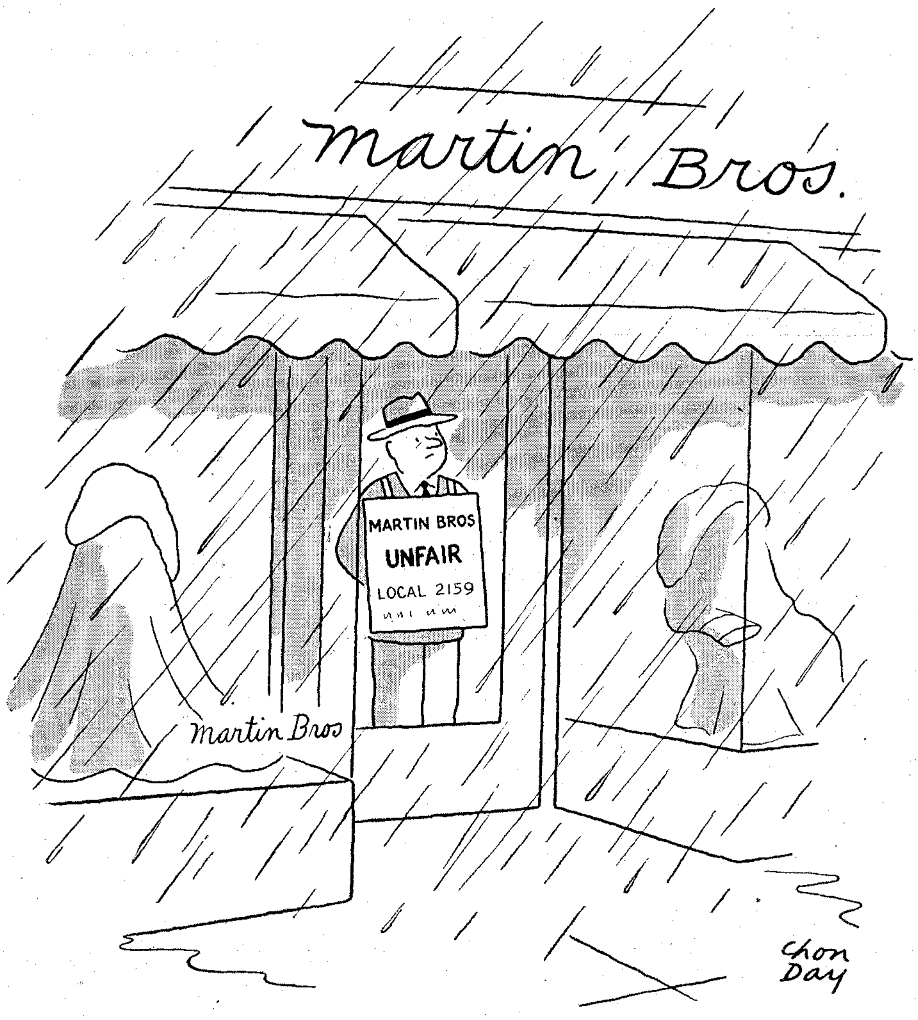
OAK RIDGE, SEPTEMBER 20

THE community of Oak Ridge, Tennessee, is less than three years old, but it already has a tradition: secretiveness. Even now, a stranger in town like myself, casually mentioning U-235 or plutonium or any of the other obnoxious terms I never heard of until this summer, is likely to receive a stare fit for an Axis agent. I recently got acquainted with one of the more persistent starers, a physicist, and, after pointing out that the atom bomb had become a widely known matter, asked him to explain his suspicious looks. "Two years' worth of being told and warned and ordered not to talk about the project," he said. "I remember I was working the night shift August fifth, and the next day a friend of mine woke me up with a phone call. 'President Truman says it's an atom,' he told me. I hung up quick. I thought my friend had cracked." The physicist gave what seemed a slightly demented giggle. "I still don't see how my job ties up with the bomb," he said, "and I certainly don't know any more than you do just from reading the papers. I wouldn't know what to say even if I did open my mouth, but I'm going around not talking."

The higher-ranking Army officers here are cautious, too, but, being in positions of authority, they will unbend to the extent of reminiscing and imparting scattered, unrelated information. Unlike the science columnists, these officers say they haven't any idea how close our race with the Axis was, but they suspect that we got off to a later start than the Germans. The Manhattan Engineer District, I was told, set up, back in 1942, a long-range timetable for the production of the bomb, and kept so close to schedule that its horrible product was dropped practically on time; that is, only a few weeks late. Looking back on the project, the officers regard it as quite a calculated risk, to use the Army term, and one hell of a nervous strain, to use plain English. In addition to the distracting knowledge that Goebbels wasn't necessarily just yapping propaganda when he talked about a secret weapon, there were other worries. For one thing, the scientists weren't certain that they would be able to split atoms on a large enough scale to use in the war. However, at any given moment, a majority of the men in charge—the majority wasn't always the same men—were in a sufficiently confident mood to keep things going full tilt. But their uncertainty dogged them right into 1945, when they were well over the hump and knew that they could soon turn out atom bombs. "That was the period," an anonymous colonel recalled, "when we began to sweat out the idea that the Germans might develop a terrific short cut. Maybe, we thought, one of those Nazis would wake up one morning and produce U-235 or plutonium right in his bathtub." Even after the Germans, who seem to have worried the Army much more than the Japs, surrendered, one fear remained. "Supposing," the colonel said, "we hadn't been able to make the bomb before the war ended. Why, we'd have been called a two-billion-dollar boondoggle."

It is still impossible to learn from the authorities how many bombs we've manufactured or just how they are stored. However, the officers will go as far as to say that the Manhattan Engineer District is still turning out U-235 and plutonium to make atomic bombs. Also, they will disclose that we are still trying to figure out whether U-235 or plutonium is the more effective, and a few of them will venture the guess that the final form atomic power will take may be a blend of the two. Whatever the form, a certain amount of it will probably be available for limited public use, according to these cautious gentlemen, by 1960. There is no restriction, either, on the information that the entire processing, measured from the time the ore is dug out of the earth, takes a matter of many months. The preliminary refining of the ore is done in various spots outside Oak Ridge, but well over half the processing goes on here. The Army, incidentally, is holding on to its accumulating store of uranium from which U-235 and plutonium have been extracted and is going to give the stuff a second going-over sometime in the future in an effort to determine possible additional uses. After the uranium, which is brought into Oak Ridge in cardboard boxes and cylindrical metal containers, is refined, it is sent to New Mexico for what the Army calls "the utilization phase."

There are several plants in Oak Ridge, and they are widely separated. It takes thirty-five miles of circuitous driving—a trip I made in the company



of a civilian official and a young Tennessee country girl, who was our chauffeur—to see what they all look like. The names of the plants sound like the combination to a safe—X-10, Y-12, S-50, and K-25. All the plants except X-10, a plutonium research laboratory, perform the same function—extracting U-235 from U-238—but each unit has its own method. At S-50, what is termed a liquid thermal-diffusion process is employed. "Before Hiroshima," the official told me, "we called that place the Fox Farm—a cover term. A colonel by the name of Fox was in charge." At Y-12 an electromagnetic process is applied, and at K-25—for all the difference it makes to a layman—the process is gaseous diffusion.

Each plant consists of a number of buildings. K-25, while not the biggest plant, does include the biggest building in Oak Ridge. Twelve thousand employees work in it day and night seven days a week. There are three shifts, starting at 7 A.M., 3 P.M., and 11 P.M. The night shift was on when we got there. A high ridge forms a backdrop for K-25, and beside the plant there is a small hill. We drove up the hill to look down at its immense, sprawling structure. The windows were brilliantly lit by thousands of bulbs, and its white cement-asbestos exterior added to the brightness. I listened closely for any sounds, but I could hear nothing. I mentioned this to the official, and he said, "Oh, there's one floor where you can hear motors turning over if you're inside, but it's really a pretty quiet place. No big compressors stamping anything. Nice and clean, too. No grease to speak of. An awful lot of piping. Just miles of pipes. The equipment's like nothing you've ever seen. Right out of Rube Goldberg. Nothing standard about it one bit. Nothing like it ever built before."

"Who's in there?" I asked.

"Mechanics to keep equipment in condition," he said. "Electrical and chemical and other kinds of engineers. Foremen who ride bikes to get from one part of a floor to another to check operations. Fitters and men who bring in uranium to feed the apparatus. Girls out of college supervising girls out of high school who stand in front of a dial watching to see if a needle jumps from zero to ten. Ph.D.s who turn knobs."

We hung around a few minutes staring at the silent, glowing mass below us. "Doesn't anything come out of that place?" I asked the official after a while. "Man," he said pleasantly, "they're not making anything in there. They're just extracting." Several hun-

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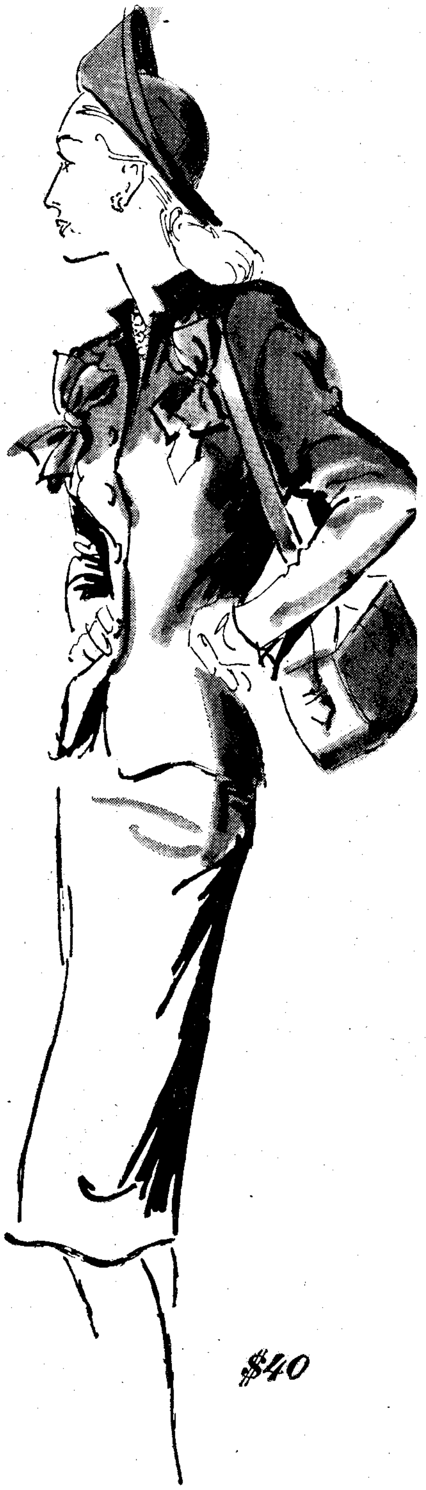

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dred lights suddenly and inexplicably illuminated a corner of the building that I hadn't noticed was dark. The girl chauffeur ah'd at that. "Bright lights," she said in her slow Southern voice. "Tennessee's got the bright lights now, just like Broadway."

TO set in motion the mystifying manufacture of a mystifying product, the sudden town of Oak Ridge, population seventy-five thousand, has come into being. It takes up fifty-nine thousand acres of Roane and Anderson Counties, and is completely fenced in. The plants are off by themselves, in doubly restricted zones, anywhere from three to eleven miles from the center of town, and away from residential districts. The houses are scattered, too, but at intervals there are clusters of shops, movie houses, and ice-cream parlors that the people here like to refer to as "neighborhoods." Villages disappeared to make way for Oak Ridge. Scarboro, Wheat, and Robertsville are the names of vanished places where the hill folk of this region went in for what amounted to non-profit farming—some tobacco planting, a couple of hogs, some poultry, perhaps a head or two of cattle, and a little moonshine-making. The Army forced them to sell their land, and they hated to do it. A small percentage of them have taken jobs with the project, but most of them have migrated to new farms. However, the Army lets them return, whenever they want, to visit their cemeteries. It was the second time some of them had become displaced persons; they had been evicted from other sites several years ago by the T. V. A., when it bought up land not far from Oak Ridge. One tough old gentleman, whose farm was in a particularly remote corner of this great acreage, decided to stay where he was as long as he could. He managed to hide out on the Army's top-secret reservation for a full year before a Piper Cub pilot, on patrol duty, spotted him feeding his chickens.

The natives of this Bible Belt country maintain that God is responsible for the picking of this particular spot as the setting for the Army's diabolical factories. The Manhattan Engineer District, however, offers some man-made reasons. Electric power, which is used in large quantities, is supplied by T. V. A. The Clinch River, which skirts the area, provides water for the inhabitants of Oak Ridge. The land was low-priced, selling, on the average, at forty dollars an acre. Knoxville, only eighteen miles east, was considered an uncritical labor area by the War Manpower Commission and the Army figured it could hire a fair amount of civilian personnel there. Transportation facilities in Knoxville, both rail and air, were adequate for bringing in supplies. High ridges surrounding the plants made things hard for snoopers. Finally, the Luftwaffe would have had to penetrate well past the Atlantic coast to raid the plants.

The Army engineers and contractors arrived on the scene late in 1942 and went to work on the scrubby, unattractive, practically roadless terrain. Quail roamed the place then, and the guards picked off skunks with their rifles. The guards also had to shoo away curious people who turned up at the entrance gates. Among them was a bearded old fellow, a religious fanatic, who said he understood that a Vatican was being built here. He told the guards he wanted to have a go at being the American Pope and asked them where to apply for the job. "Beat it," the guards told him. "We don't know what's getting built here." The old man couldn't be brushed off that easily. "Well," he asked the watchmen, "if you don't know what's being built, how do you know it isn't a Vatican?"

One of the things that complicated the project was that the Army frequently changed its plans. The first blueprints didn't provide for the mammoth plants that have since been erected. As for housing, no more than three hundred dwellings were planned at the start, though eventually there were over fifteen thousand. "All we wanted to do," an Army lieutenant told me, "was take care of the long-hairs. You can't expect a high-powered scientific joe like Dr. Compton to sleep with ants." The approach to atom-splitting was to try every conceivable method that might work, and to try it in a hurry. The scientists kept thinking up new ideas, with the result that Oak Ridge went through a series of expansions. The summer of 1944, when construction reached its peak, must have been something. Last Christmas the children here didn't ask for electric trains but wanted toy bulldozers and roadscrapers. A certain amount of building is still going on, but no one thinks about it much; by now it is perfectly clear that another of those American construction feats that most of us are tired of marvelling at has been brought off. Today there are good roads, bus lines, taxicabs, and lots of neon lights here. You can play pin ball, roller-skate in a rink, and watch night baseball games. According to a mimeographed Army handout, Oak Ridge has thirteen supermarkets, seven movie houses, and nine drugstores, and I have no reason to doubt that these counts are entirely accurate.

The dominant architectural note of the town is something that might be called Early Alphabetical Cemesto. Thousands of the houses here are of Cemesto Board, a trade name for a mixture of cement and asbestos rolled into sheets that can be thrown together in a great hurry. There are six types of Cemesto homes—"A-House," "B-House," and so on. "F-House," the largest of the models, has six rooms and rents for seventy-three dollars a month. Many people live in prefabricated plywood houses (they're called "A-1," "B-1," and so on), and even more live in trailers which the Army scrounged from the T. V. A., the Federal Public Housing Authority, and other government agencies. There is also a gadget known as the "Efficiency Apartment," but I won't go into that. Visitors permitted on the reservation, such as scientists and journalists, are put up at the Guest House, a rudimentary but comfortable enough hostelry. Most of the trade at the Guest House, where I have been staying, seems quite definitely to be scientists. I have been addressed as Dr. Lang by the lady desk clerks since the afternoon I checked in. A few days ago I asked one of them to forget the "Dr." She took to my suggestion at once. "O.K., Doc," she said.

THE city, for all its newness, is fairly cosmopolitan in character. People with all sorts of backgrounds have come from every state to work for the Manhattan Engineer District. There are men here who come from towns in which it is perfectly all right to hold crap games in the street, and they have continued to roll the dice openly here, too, amazed that anyone should stop and stare at them. And there are fellows who have been boosters all their lives and are now boosting Oak Ridge. They have attached small metal signs to their automobile license plates that say, "Oak Ridge: The Atomic City." A man named Bill Feldman has organized a Junior Chamber of Commerce. "I want to see this town beautified," he told me. "I see the day when the Lions, the Elks, Rotary, and Kiwanis will be holding luncheons in Oak Ridge." There is also quite a concentration of Ph.D.s, as well as other educated folk, who in their off hours play chamber

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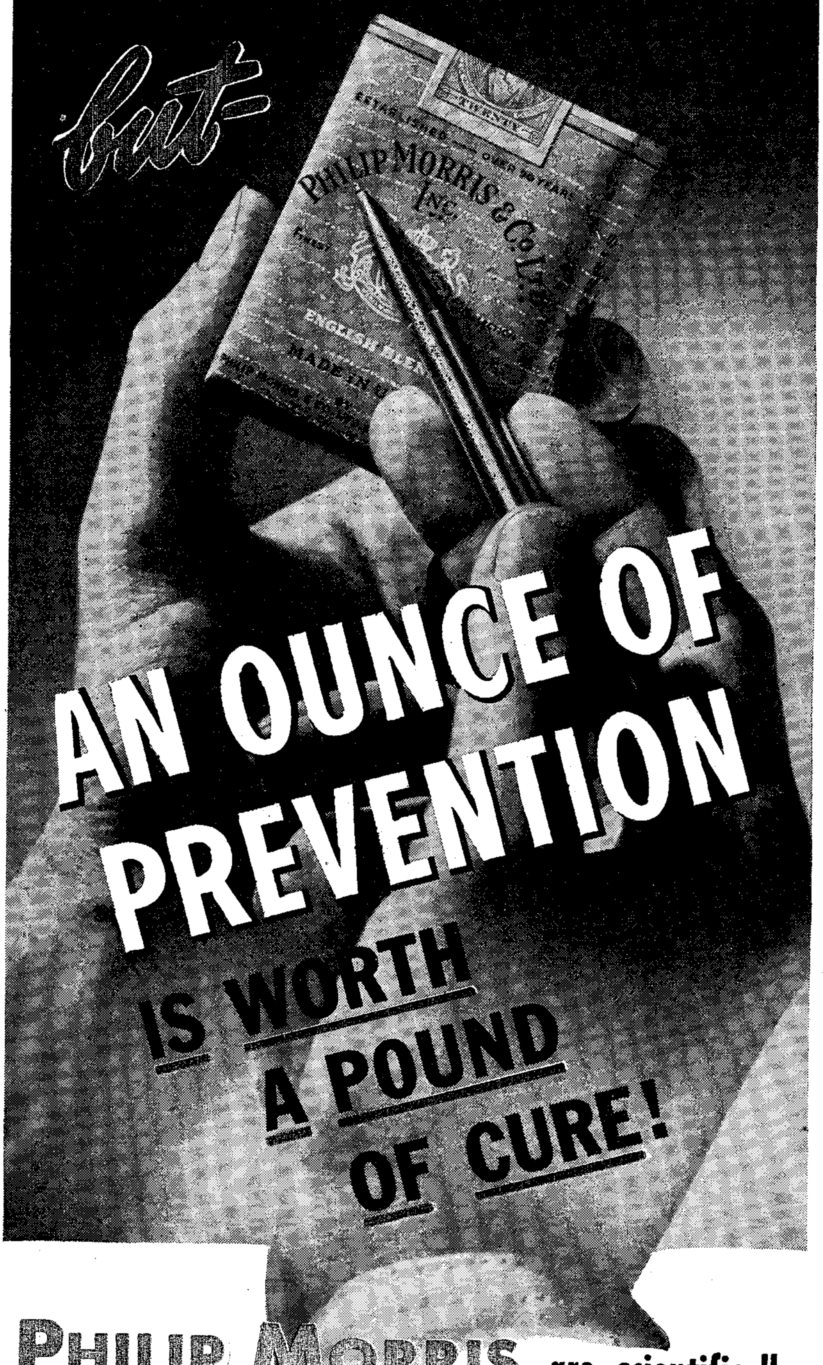
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music, study foreign languages, and sit around their B-Houses discussing the more technical aspects of nuclear energy. These different groups keep pretty much to themselves, but their offspring are thrown together in school. There the children from rural districts blink with bewilderment when precocious metropolitan brats, fresh from progressive education, agitate for more student control over this or that and tell their teachers, "That's not the way we learned long division at Dalton."

The residents of Oak Ridge have no voting say about how their town is run. The Army runs it. This isn't quite as bad as it may sound; at least for the moment, the Army doesn't want its civilian employees, who were assembled with great difficulty, to pick up and return to the more comfortable communities from which they came, so its policy is one of considerable solicitude. The lieutenant colonel who administers the community, a pleasant, unwarlike individual, thinks it is probably a simpler proposition to be mayor of an ordinary city. "Then," he says, "all you have to do, if you want to be reëlected, is to try and please fifty-one per cent of the people. But I have to worry about one hundred per cent. If somebody complains that her neighbor's dog barks too much, I have to go out and ask the dog to stop barking."

THE Army may not know it, but it is operating Oak Ridge on a downright radical principle. Only Manhattan Engineer District employees, and their families, are allowed to live in the area. Consequently, Oak Ridge is possibly the one American city in which there is full employment, a situation that ought to bring Senator Taft charging down here with an investigating committee. I've done a little investigating myself, and I herewith submit a few findings. The Oak Ridge crime rate is one of the lowest in the country. There have been only three homicides since the project was started. There hasn't been one decent robbery, and what thieving goes on involves shirts, cigarette lighters, and Parker 51s. Needless to say, there are no panhandlers. Everybody has enough money to invest in a group medical plan, and it is excellently managed. For an annual forty-eight dollars, a worker and his family can count on thirty days' hospitalization, if necessary, and the worker himself can get medical treatment any time he feels like visiting his doctor. As a result, the population, despite the somewhat elementary nature of living conditions, is extraordinarily healthy. The schoolteachers here have had to work hard to get their educational system under way, but there is one thing they haven't had to worry about. "This is the first place I've taught," a primary schoolteacher told me, "where I haven't had to handle relief cases—youngsters who have to be helped out financially to buy their books and pencils and lunches. You try to keep the other kids from finding out such matters, but they always do and then you have a problem on your hands to stop them from teasing their classmates who aren't well off. Conditions here make teaching a little easier."

Some of the people around here who are up on their Lenin say that Oak Ridge is one of the better tries at a classless society. Both extreme wealth and poverty are non-existent. A number of construction workers live in crowded trailer camps, but the issue is blurred because a good many of these workers are among the highest-paid men on the reservation. Certain members of the community have private incomes and are therefore better-heeled than others, but money can't buy much here. "Supposing you decide to splurge and get yourself a mansion to live in," an electrician transplanted from Chicago said to me. "So you look around and discover that an F-House is the best they've got in stock. And you can't get that unless you apply to the Housing Section and prove that you have a big enough family to fill up the rooms. And if you have, they tell you a lot of other people who can also afford seventy-three dollars a month are already in line in front of you."

Nobody knows what lies ahead for Oak Ridge. The city is waiting to see what Congress decides. Some people, confident that the project will be made permanent, have started small flower gardens in front of their homes. Others, more dubious, have let the weeds grow tall. In the meantime, K-25 and the other plants continue to produce U-235 and to ship the stuff out to New Mexico to increase America's stockpile of atomic bombs, now that peace has come. —DANIEL LANG

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—R. L.

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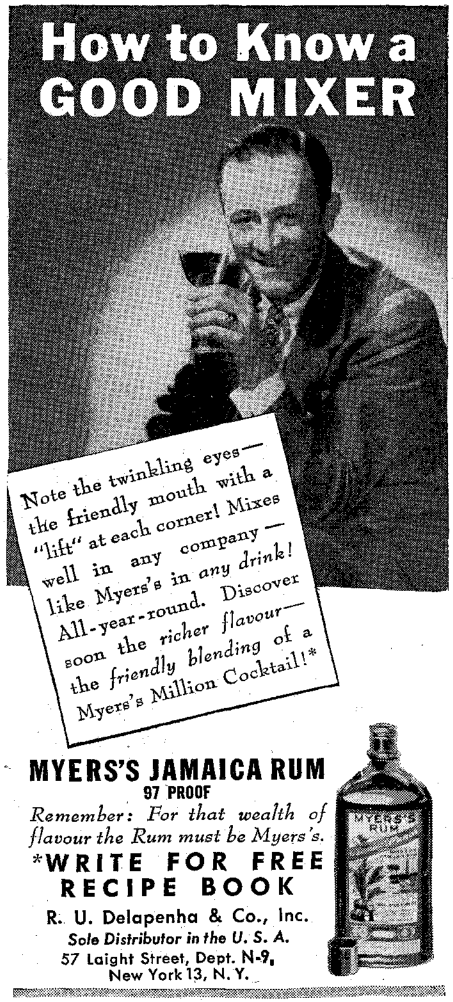

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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UNTIL the atomic bomb fell upon Japan, "The House on 92nd Street" could not be released for general scrutiny. That, at least, is what we are told in the solemn notice that serves to introduce the film, which purports to describe how the F.B.I. frustrated the attempts of enemy agents to learn about the Army's secret weapon. Leaving aside the fact that there is nothing whatever in the picture that could conceivably help any spy bright enough to read a daily newspaper, the foreword of the picture is a depressing example of Hollywood's fond faith in the gullibility of its public. Even a backward child could hardly be expected to believe that a government in its right mind would permit the officials of a film company, a host of technicians, and a cast of twenty-two actors to kick around among the arcane details of the development of the atomic bomb. It turns out, of course, that there is no mention whatever of the atomic bomb in "The House on 92nd Street." There is some muttering about a mysterious Process 97, which might be a new method of recapping tires for all the information that is supplied about it, and there are a few standard shots of a war plant surrounded by a high wire fence. However, these, together with some charts that look about as complicated as something you might find in *Popular Mechanics*, provide practically all the inside stuff you're going to discover in "The House on 92nd Street."

The reverence with which the film approaches the activities of the F.B.I. might lead one to suspect that the cameramen took off their shoes before moving in on J. Edgar Hoover, who turns up briefly in one of the early reels. But the story, I'm afraid, is frequently too preposterous to show off the G-men to best advantage. It is evidently based on some actual occurrences, but I can't imagine that any set of real German spies ever looked and acted as much like spies as those here. One of them, for instance, is a colonel with an English accent who carries a cane and dresses as inconspicuously as Grover Whalen. Another, a lady who is allegedly the head of the Gestapo in New York, bears a frightening resemblance to Gravel Gertie. And yet another is a character who looks so furtive that he would undoubtedly be picked up on suspicion even in one of the gamier Brownsville neighborhoods. The hero of the piece is a young American, played by William Eythe, who manages to get himself invited to attend a Nazi school for spies, and emerges, after graduation, a prize undercover man for the F.B.I. Unfortunately, the film often leaves Mr. Eythe high and dry in order to describe, with appropriate breathlessness, the work of the F.B.I., which seems to have an air of inhuman efficiency about it. Included in the Bureau's armamentarium are spectroscopes to analyze lipsticks, mirrors that look O.K. to crooks but serve as windows for G-men planted on the reverse side of them, and an identification department that occupies an area roughly equivalent to that of Madison Square Garden. It seems a shame to waste such impressive stuff on spies working under a leader who doesn't know enough to substitute a pair of American shoes for a pair of suède-and-patent-leathers of European design when skulking around New York. Besides Mr. Eythe and assorted genuine G-men, the cast includes Lloyd Nolan and Signe Hasso.

"THE FALL OF BERLIN," a Russian film, is as terrifying to watch as anything you are likely to come upon in a long while. Starting out as a somewhat discursive documentary on the war in general, it suddenly focusses its attention on the battle of Berlin and the overpowering noise and flashes of the Russian artillery as it commences to pulverize the German defenses with twenty-two thousand guns. It follows the Russians past the Oder, through the suburbs of the city, and finally into the streets of Berlin proper—streets full of rubble and outlined in flames. It is not the battle photography, however, that makes "The Fall of Berlin" memorable; it is, rather, the glimpses of homeless civilians, wandering like bewildered animals among the debris. With relentless irony, the film keeps comparing the Germans in triumph and the Germans in defeat. A forest of arms extended in a salute to the Führer dissolves into a forest of arms extended to beg bread from the conqueror. An army of smart troops goosestepping through the Brandenburg Gate dissolves into a bedraggled horde shuffling to surrender. The fanatically proud smiles of Berliners watching a victory parade become the wild grimaces of looters, fighting for bits of clothing as their homes come tumbling down. "The Fall of Berlin" emphasizes the Russians' contempt for all Nazis, whatever their station, and savagely mocks General Weidling, commander of the defenses of Berlin, as he reënacts in pantomime his last meeting with Hitler for the benefit of the Russian intelligence. As the General shows him, Hitler was bent and shaky before the collapse of the capital, which seems likely, all things considered.

There is too much footage on the surrender ceremonies, and a little too much of Marshal Zhukov throughout. But the big drawback of the film is the English commentary of William S. Gailmor. Mr. Gailmor's remarks not only are largely superfluous but are usually made in a loud, sarcastic tone that is not at all in keeping with the picture. However, you'll probably forget all about him when "The Fall of Berlin" hits its high spots.

—JOHN McCARTEN

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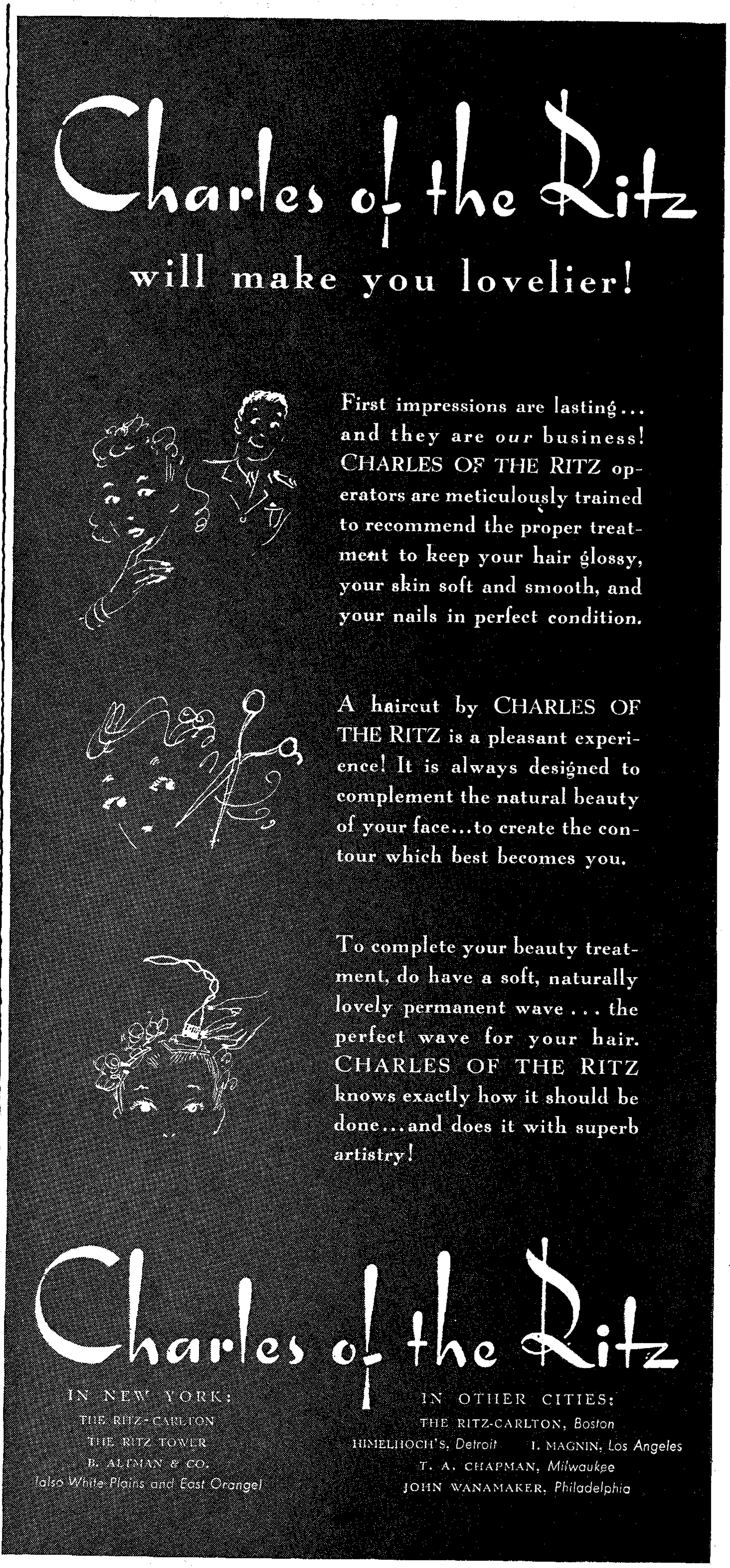

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JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia*

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

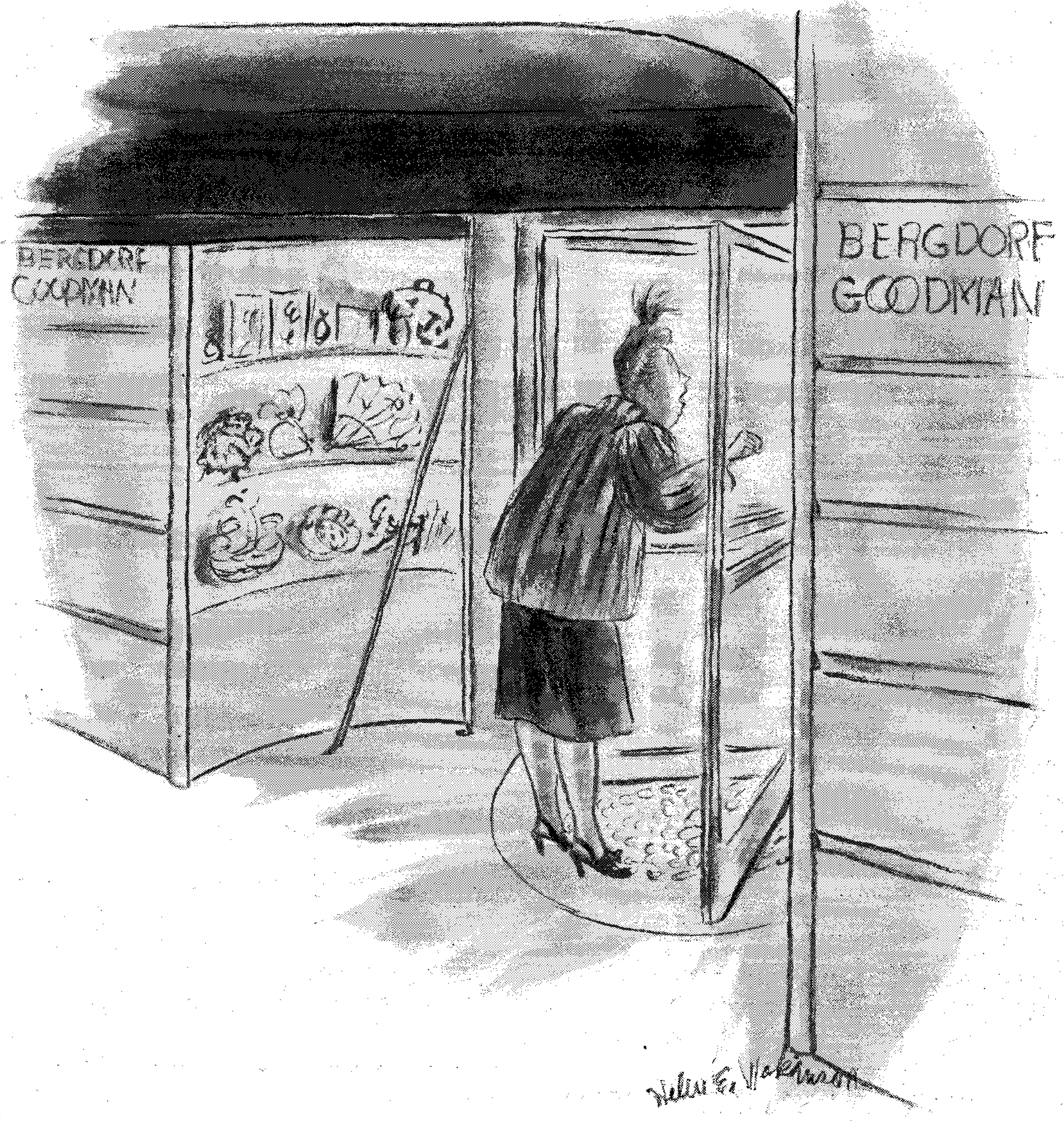
ABOUT THE HOUSE

THE glowing vision of postwar home life on the push-button plan, in houses of glass and plastics and airplane cloth (or do I mean parachute silk?), has so far resulted in little more than a few exhibitions of things for which the American housewife is supposed to be pining, such as tablecloths that don't ever have to be laundered, and Apartments of the Future in which the bedroom walls are made of plexiglas. Fortunately, perhaps, the American housewife can't really *have* such things yet; she can merely look at them and dream. My own guess is that she'd actually rather do her dreaming over some good washing machines, electric irons, deep freezers, vacuum cleaners, refrigerators, and pressure cookers, and that she won't care whether they're made of plexiglas or secondhand cast iron, as long as she has a chance of being able to buy them. As it happens, the appliances that are now appearing sporadically in the stores (watch the ads and go early, or ask to be notified when a shipment is expected) look remarkably like the ones we used to know back in the pre-war, pre-atomic era, or World of Yesterday. Well, when you come right down to it, that wasn't such a bad world, and there must be plenty of people who look forward to a completely mechanized future with breath that is something less than bated.

One item does seem like what we'd been led to expect would start leaping off the assembly lines the minute the war was over. This is a new type of radiator for hot-water and steam-heating systems—a hollow metal baseboard to be installed along the length of the outside wall, or walls, of a room, at floor level, and painted to match the baseboards on the other walls. The Burnham Boiler people, who make it, say it can be hooked up to an existing heating system's pipe lines without tearing a house apart, that delivering heat at ankle height along an outside wall makes the best of sense (I'm no expert on thermodynamics myself), and that they'll be able to deliver this winter.

Meanwhile, the really avid panters for postwar wonders may be able to console themselves with something clearly New in Christmas-tree ornaments—sets of fluorescent bulbs, as round as apples and of conventional Christmas-ball size, to bathe the tree in a soft, pastel glow, undoubtedly just the thing for a White Christmas. These are on their way to stores all around town, and should be there in quantity by the time the probably frenzied rush for them begins. No one, up to now, has put a fluorescent crèche on the market, but it will come, it will come.

AS if they had never heard that everybody is supposed to be in a fever this year over strictly modern marvels (or as if they flatly didn't believe it), Lord & Taylor have come out with a collection of fabric designs from Folly Cove, the Massachusetts town that is home for a group of American artists who work, expertly and with taste, in what the world of commerce loves to describe as the provincial vein and the primitive manner. Half a dozen or so of their best linoleum-block designs have been printed for Lord & Taylor in assorted colorings on cotton twill, which you can buy by the yard, at $1.75, or in ready-made curtains, dressing-table petticoats, bed flounces and spreads, ruffled pillow shams, comforters, and Du-ettes,



"Yoohoo, Bergdorf! My watch says it's only five forty-two."

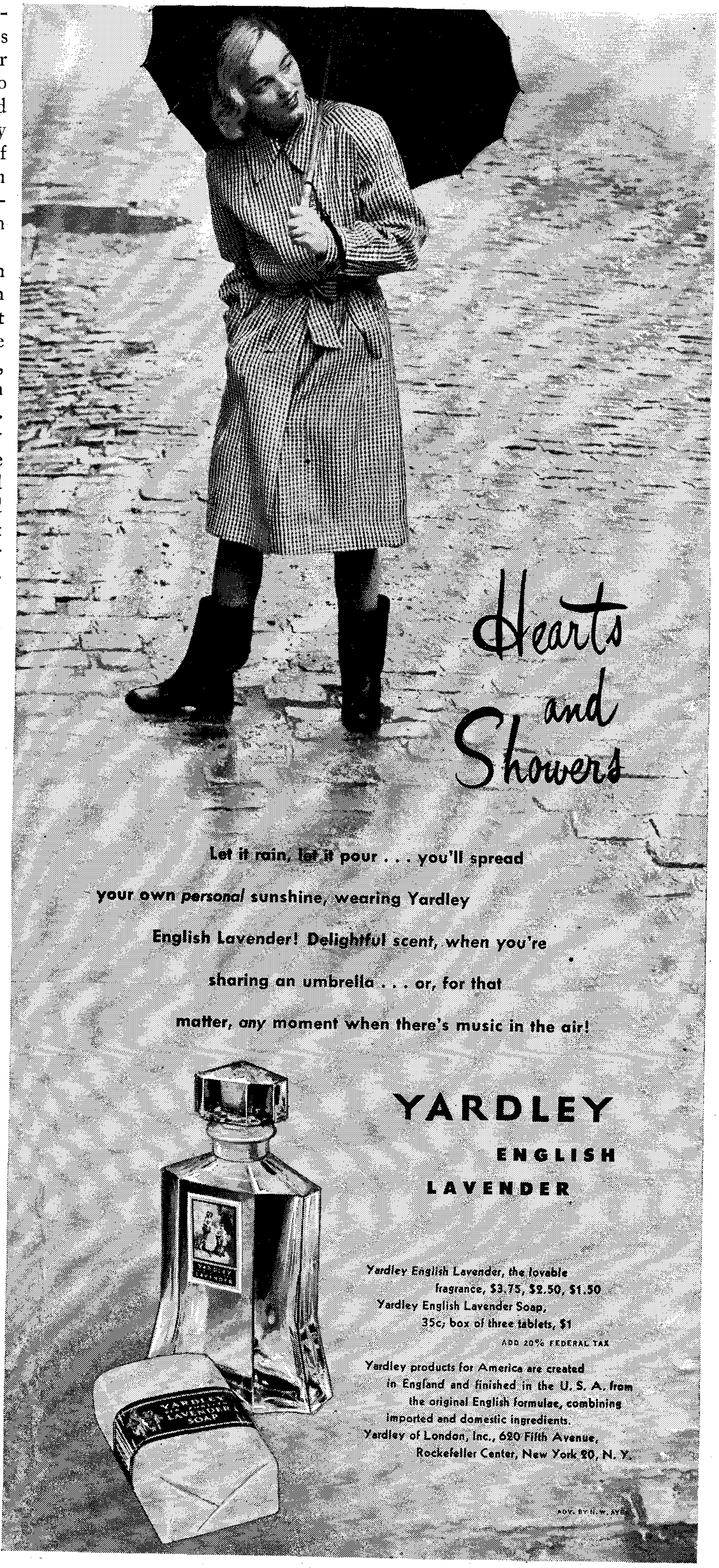
those wool-filled coverlets that are bedspread and quilt all in one. In a series of twenty room settings, Lord & Taylor have tried to prove (and *have* proved to me) that it wouldn't be easy to find more attractive fittings than these Folly Cove fabrics for the cottagey sort of room and—in the case of the design called Gossips, printed in black-and-white—for informal decorating with modern furniture.

Of course, people who have been going to America House, 485 Madison Avenue (52nd), already know a lot about Folly Cove fabrics. Over there you can find them in their original, hand-blocked version, several of them made up in place-mat and napkin sets. One of the patterns is called New England Flowers (Lord & Taylor have this one, too, in the yard goods and the made-up bedroom ensembles), and others are Fern and Haying. A set of four hand-blocked mats and four napkins in a solid color on a beige background is $5.

A craftsman who, they tell me, is a lawyer on the side—or maybe it's vice versa—has designed for America House some curtain hold-backs in which gold-framed tinsel blossoms-and-butterflies pictures have been embedded under glass. Very pretty, and $8.50 a pair. They're made to order and take about a month. The man also makes trays, using more formal tinsel decorations—for instance, a large, tea-size black tray, bearing a medallion showing a Greek figure in gold tinsel and looking rather Empire. This handsome object is $75.

ALICE H. MARKS, after almost a quarter century on East 52nd Street, has gone to West 57th and established herself on two floors of the building at No. 9. Don't worry, though. This is Expansion, but it doesn't mean any great amount of change, for Miss Marks is one who knows that she should let well enough alone. All the old departments (the antique furniture and china, the miniature decorations, the party things and tablewares, the gift packages, the candy and fancy foods) are still there; the stockroom door is still open to those who like to get excelsior in their hair when they shop; and I can't see that anything new except space and some very fine fresh merchandise has been added.

A chairside table, long, narrow, and done in pine or mahogany, has a lidded double compartment for cigarettes that's let down into its center and is flanked by two set-in tiles, hand-painted with either a scattering of trout flies or



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GIFT CLUES—Dept. N
337 E. 42nd St. New York 17, N.Y.

of wild ducks. This is $18.50. The artist, Lynn Bogue Hunt, has done more of the same ducks on cocktail and highball glasses. The creatures are, in fact, something of a theme bird for Alice Marks this year, since they also appear in color on saddle leather, in chunky bookends ($27.50), the covers of glass cigarette boxes ($8), and in a boxlike case in which a big, squat whiskey bottle is sunk ($26). There is also the head of a duck (made of iron, not feathers), small enough to nestle neatly in the palm of a normal hand and painted in wild-duck colors, that seems to me one of the more efficient bottle openers of our times. It's $4. Pheasant-head and horse-head openers are the same price; a full-figure English setter, designed for the same sort of work, is $4.50. Then there is a handsome pipe rack, of carved mahogany, for $12.50. Among the mat-and-napkin sets, always nicely done here, there are now linen ones, self-fringed, in brown hand-painted with daffodils, deep green with white narcissus sprays, etc. ($40 for a service for eight). Lucite dish domes are back again, painted as before with flowers and butterflies and in both breakfast and tea sizes. And the miniatures department has chintz-lined shadow boxes, faced with old picture frames, for around $125. —B. B.

•

Betty Hutton telephoned from New York and I talked to her and the boy friend, Ted Briskin, who was visiting her. He was there on Government business and spent all his time with her.—*Louella Parsons in the Philadelphia Inquirer.*

No taskmaster like Old Uncle Sammy!

•

After Swiss authorities had arrested three Russian civilian internees in a restaurant, comrades of the arrested men presented themselves and asked for their release. Several shots were fired against the aggressors; one Russian was killed and three wounded. The report was heard in New York by the New York News listening post.—*Washington Times-Herald.*

Which can hear a pin drop.

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

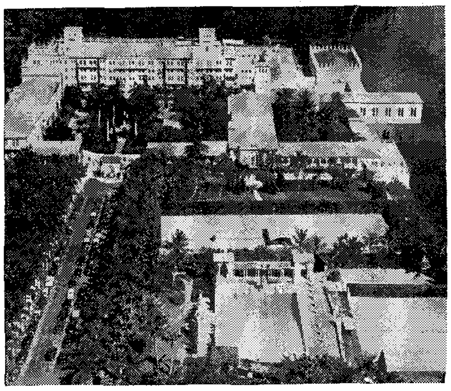
[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the San Diego Union*]

SANTA MONICA, (AP)—Military procedure has crept into the home life of Capt. Bernard J. Dennison, dental officer at the A.A.F. redistribution center.

Returning home late one night he knocked at his door and said, "It's me, honey."

THE Boca Raton

FLORIDA'S "SECRET PARADISE"
OPENS DECEMBER 10th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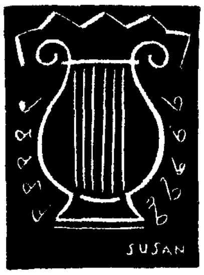
MUSICAL EVENTS

Dancing in Fifty-fifth Street

THE Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo opened the new music season with a fortnight of dancing at the City Center, on Fifty-fifth Street. The repertory included such reliable friends as "Les Sylphides," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Rodeo," and two ballets new to this group, "Concerto Barocco" and "Comedia Balletica." "Concerto Barocco," with choreography by George Balanchine and Bach's double concerto in D-minor for music, was an ingenious exercise in abstract dance patterns. Many of the evolutions were somewhat calisthenic, and so were the costumes. In fact, nobody would have been greatly surprised if the piece had been called "Gym Class." Anyhow, it was brightly devised and well danced, and seemed a convincing complement to the sturdy rhythms of the Bach concerto. The orchestra, which was considerably more efficient than lots of ballet bands that you have heard, was especially effective in the Bach music. The audience was unusually enthusiastic and demonstrative, even for a ballet audience. The other novelty, "Comedia Balletica," set to items from Stravinsky's "Pulcinella" suite, was the first showing by the Ballet Russe of choreography by Todd Bolender, who is obviously a talented young man. I didn't think that his comedia jelled completely, though. The solos and the ensemble sections, which were worked out by a group of five dancers, were unified by having the participants begin and end each segment on chairs, and there was a rather pleasant harlequinade atmosphere about the enterprise, but it seemed to me that the activities on the stage weren't entirely consistent with the Stravinsky music, which consists of fairly modern treatments of Pergolesi melodies. Possibly a less sophisticated score would have served the ballet better. The dancing itself was smart and nimble, at least, and the members of the group managed the humorous touches without batting you over the head with them.



JOHN McCORMACK, the great tenor, was not only a distinguished singer but also an artist whose work had unusual influence in several directions. He achieved his widest popularity, of course, as a singer of ballads. However, he always gave his audiences a generous sampling of classic airs and representative concert songs and many listeners became acquainted with the work of such composers as Mozart and Handel at McCormack concerts. They heard it under the best auspices, too, because McCormack was a superb singer of this sort of music. On the other hand, those who went to his musicales also discovered that the singing of sweet trivia could be something of a work of art.

Now McCormack is dead, and this is a good time to remind you of an unconventional and almost autobiographical biography of him published four years ago—"John McCormack, the Story of a Singer," written by L. A. G. Strong, with a sort of commentary interpolated by the singer. It covers McCormack's career thoroughly. In addition to being good reading, the book contains a shrewd study of his singing. It also includes a list of his numerous important phonograph recordings. I need hardly add, as a warning to those who may wish to pick up some of their old favorites for sentiment's sake, that many of the most interesting early McCormack records became collectors' items long ago. —ROBERT A. SIMON

•

Attached to the Ninth Army, the 35th hit Omaha Beach July 7, 1944, fought at St. Lo, broke the counter-offensive at Mortain, swept across France, cracked into Germany's Saar Valley Dec. 12, and then whipped into Belgium and Luxembourg to wither Von Runstedt's Ardennes bulge. After a shift to the Vosges Mountains, the division dashed 300 miles north through Holland to jump the Roer and Rhine Rivers, crush the Siegfried Line defenses and scoop up more than 30,000 prisoners by V-E Day.—*Mt. Vernon (N.Y.) Daily Argus.*

V-E, meaning Verb Exhaustion.

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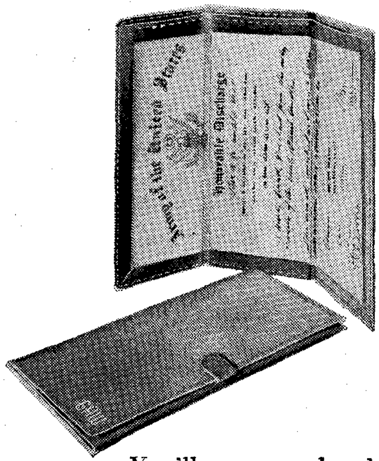
LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT

[*From the Spartanburg (S. C.) Journal*]

EAST NEW PORTLAND, ME. (UP)—When Miss Shirley Howes of this town and Edward Le Grande of Worcester, Mass., were married recently, it climaxed a 2-year engagement which was arranged by V-mail when the principals had never met.

Hysterical people sometimes lose their sense of smell.

LEAVING THE SERVICE?



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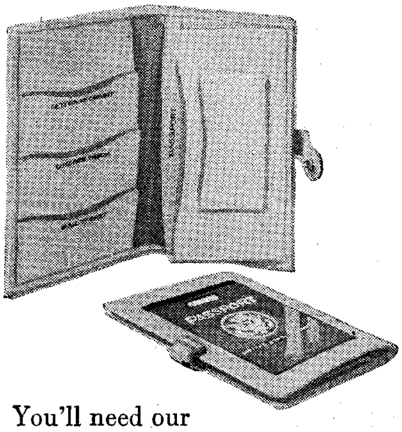

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MARK CROSS

FIFTH AVENUE AT 52ND

Oh, can we change a conversation!

PEOPLE ACCUSE us of having a one-track mind.

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Or mention bridge. We switch the conversation off the game to what comes *after*—Liederkranz with crackers and beer. (And incidentally, does anybody know a *better* way to end an evening?)

Yes, mention anything at all—taxes, taxis, beefsteaks, women's hats. Then watch us leap to Liederkranz!

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THERAPY IS INDICATED

"YOU shouldn't take what I say for gospel," said the psychiatrist, but she didn't mean it.

They never do, Mrs. Macaulay reflected, and she replied, just as insincerely, "Oh, of course not. It was only a sort of game, a quiz. You needn't be afraid of worrying me and, after all, you're a friend of mine. Come on. Let's have the verdict."

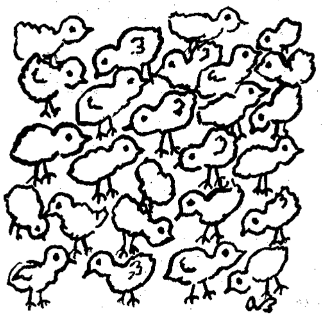
The psychiatrist still hesitated. "I don't quite like to do it," she said. "Do please promise you won't tell it around too much, because I'm not qualified yet and only qualified practitioners ought to give these tests. Yet it's fairly foolproof. Certain reactions indicate certain characteristics, and I can interpret those as well as the next person, I'm sure."

"I quite understand. Go ahead."

The psychiatrist consulted her notes. "It shows here," she said, "that your imagination is constricted, not as free as it should be. Also, you show a pronounced tendency to avoid people; you shrink from their company. This may not be obvious. You keep it hidden. But you are not completely adjusted to society."

Mrs. Macaulay kept her hands folded in her lap and watched her friend with an expression calculated to be bright, calm, and intelligent. In reality, however, she was taking every word for gospel.

"Now," the psychiatrist continued, "we approach the chief problem—the only grave one, I should think, in the whole interpretation of your personality. It shows here that you are extremely egocentric. You may hide it; I think you do manage to conceal it very well. But there it is. You're egocentric to a high degree. In the ordinary way that's all right. But you have a child and a problem's going to arise in regard to her, especially now when her father is overseas. She's egocentric, too, because she's a child. Children are egocentric by nature and by right. Someday you and Martha will clash. That's inevitable. It may be disastrous for her. So what are you going to do about it?"



Mrs. Macaulay felt her cheeks burning, but she answered calmly. "I'll take a back seat, that's all. Parents usually do, don't they?"

The psychiatrist's expression indicated that something foolish had been said. Mrs. Macaulay tried again. "If it comes to that, we can go on as we're doing now. She's in nursery school, I'm in my office, and we get along fine when we do meet. Why can't we carry on like that?"

The psychiatrist shook her head and smiled. It is at this point, when they smile, thought Mrs. Macaulay, that I always get mad at analysts. "Here it comes," she said to herself.

"That's simply evading the issue," the psychiatrist said indulgently.

Mrs. Macaulay spoke crisply as she took hold of her bag and gloves and stood up. "Personally," she said, "I can think of no better way to deal with an insoluble problem than to evade it. What would you suggest?"

"I wouldn't call it insoluble," the psychiatrist said cheerfully. At last she had got around to it. "Therapy is indicated," she said.

Of course, mused Mrs. Macaulay, fuming on the bus, of course therapy is indicated. They're calling it therapy now, but any way you slice it, it's still analysis. Nonsense. As for Martha's ego, I'd back it to survive under any circumstances, even under me. It's a fine, flourishing ego for its age. Therapy indeed! Anyway, Mrs. Macaulay said to herself viciously, she isn't qualified.

"WOULD you believe it?" said the woman in the hat shop. "I sold this model yesterday to a lady seventy years old. Seventy. She told me so herself. It looked lovely, too, on her hair, just as it does on Modom's."

Mrs. Macaulay's mother, Mrs. Prentiss, turned her head sideways and looked in the hand mirror. "Well," said Mrs. Macaulay at the right moment, "let's take that one, then. It's really nice with your white hair. You can wear it now, on the train. Surprise the family with it when you get to Chicago."

"I wouldn't think of it," said her mother, shocked. "That filthy train. Are you sure it's not too bright?"

"Oh, not a bit," the salesgirl assured her. "This other lady I was telling you about, her husband came along with her and he fell in love right away with this model. 'You wear that,' he says, 'when we have a date.' I thought that was cute. What I mean, if a lady seventy years old can wear it, why should Moddom hesitate?" Mrs. Prentiss's eyes met her daughter's in the mirror.

Out on the street, they giggled together comfortably, though like conspirators, and Mrs. Prentiss said, "I didn't quite dare ask her how old she thought I was."

"Nobody ever guesses," said Mrs. Macaulay proudly.

"I hope you're satisfied now," her mother said. "It's really a waste buying so much, but you're so insistent. I never wear my things out."

"If you lived here, you would," Mrs. Macaulay said. The old lady didn't answer and her daughter persisted. "There's so much for you to do here. You would have a much better time."

Mrs. Prentiss said, "We'd better start thinking about catching my train."

"Oh, Mother, we have hours." Mrs. Prentiss looked unconvinced and stubborn and Mrs. Macaulay added hastily, "Let's stop in here and look at drapes. You have that sample, haven't you?"

"Are you sure we have time, dear?"

"Now, listen to me," Mrs. Macaulay said. "The train doesn't leave until five o'clock. Do you get that? It's only two-twenty now. You can look at my watch if you don't believe me."

Mrs. Prentiss never quite believed watches, but she came along into the shop. There it took a while to capture a salesgirl and the old lady began to fret audibly. Then there was a delay because she couldn't find the sample in her handbag. She shuffled through the things that stuffed the bag—the compartment full of special letters, the pocket with photographs of grandchildren, the ration books, the little leather key case, the change purse, the crocheting.

"I know I had it here," she said, her voice growing agitated. "It was here this morning at breakfast. I looked. Oh, dear."

"Here," said Mrs. Macaulay, masterfully, "let me look."

For some reason the whole matter began to seem serious. Everyone was tense. The salesgirl, insecurely poised and ready to fly away at any minute, assumed a carefully patient expression. Mrs. Macaulay turned everything out on the counter and went through it with scientific care.

"You wouldn't think you could get such a lot into this bag," she muttered, working away like a digging animal.

"Let me look again," said her mother, and her voice was tragic.

The salesgirl disappeared, tactfully

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and vaguely, as if she were evaporating. The two women found the sample just afterward, wrapped in a dollar bill. Then they composed themselves to wait for another salesgirl.

Half an hour later, without drapes, they left the shop. "One can't find anything nowadays," Mrs. Prentiss was saying. "It's possible, perhaps, to get the right color in Chicago. I'll try, dear. Which room are they intended for?"

"Yours."

"Now, listen, dear," said Mrs. Prentiss, "you're being very foolish. I don't come to New York often enough to warrant—"

"But why not? Why don't you plan to live here with me?"

Mrs. Prentiss pursed her lips and said shortly, "It wouldn't work out."

"I don't know why not," Mrs. Macaulay said.

"We'd better be getting on to the station," Mrs. Prentiss said.

Her daughter sighed. "It's only three o'clock, Mother. You'll drive me nuts. We have two hours. Why wouldn't it work out to live here?"

Mrs. Prentiss said, "I'd feel much better if you would let me go to the station."

"But I keep telling you we've got two *hours!*" Noticing that her voice had risen to an unseemly pitch, Mrs. Macaulay made an effort and moderated it. "Now, listen," she said, "please listen, Mother. The taxi takes twenty minutes from our house, twenty minutes at the outside. You have everything ready. We pick up the bags and go straight to the station. You have your tickets—or have you?"

"Certainly, right here," said Mrs. Prentiss. She opened her bag and triumphantly produced the tickets. "It's only that I like to have plenty of time. You never know what might happen in New York. It's much better in Winnetka—not so much rush, rush, rush all the time."

"But you like rushing," her daughter said. "You know you do. You love concerts and theatres and shopping and all that. You've never yet really lived here with me, either. You've had a turn with all the others but not with me. And I have the house now. I don't see why you won't, unless you really don't want to."

"It's not that at all, dear. You know perfectly well I feel the same toward all of you. It's not that."

"I know you like being with the baby."

"The precious. Of course I do." Mrs. Prentiss's voice warmed. "I hate leaving that baby. I'll be back for a visit as soon as— It's only that with Rose having her operation and all her children growing up, they need me so much out there."

"Oh, just now, of course, I realize. But later, when things have settled down, why can't you—"

"I want to go to the station," Mrs. Prentiss said plaintively.

"Oh, my God!" Mrs. Macaulay exclaimed.

They tried to get a taxi at four-fifteen in front of Bonwit's, after a little more uneasy shopping. The first few that they signalled, having passengers, went by without stopping. This worried and annoyed Mrs. Prentiss, and she kept making impatient remarks on the subject while she stood there. "They don't even look at us. There goes another. I really don't know what's the matter with those drivers."

"You're too impatient," Mrs. Macaulay said, under the mistaken impression that she was just trying to explain. "Everything's overworked, everybody's understaffed. There aren't as many taxis as there used to be and they're not simply trying to insult us when they don't stop, Mother. That's the trouble in the shops when we have to wait and you get so angry. They're—"

"I'm sorry," Mrs. Prentiss said, "that I never do anything to suit my daughter."

There was justification for this remark, Mrs. Macaulay realized. She said, "Oh, Mother, I didn't mean it that way. I was just—" Then an empty taxi stopped for them and it was all right again. One can tell without speaking, Mrs. Macaulay thought, when there is a residue of resentment and when there isn't. It was all right.

"Plenty of time, isn't there, to catch a five-o'clock train?" she asked the driver, and he said there was plenty of time.

"I hope so," Mrs. Prentiss said. "I'll have to check that heavy suitcase through and that will take a few minutes."

They picked up the bags at Mrs. Macaulay's house. The taxi rolled down Park Avenue and Mrs. Macaulay sat back and relaxed. The driver poked his head around the front window and said something out of the corner of his mouth. Dreaming, Mrs. Macaulay assumed, foolishly of course, that he was asking about the entrance—Vanderbilt or Forty-second. She always took it for granted that trains left from Grand Central and she supposed that cab drivers took it for granted too. "Yes," she said absently, "all right."

The taxi rolled down Park Avenue. It rolled through the arch and out the other side, past Fortieth Street. By this time both ladies were squawking indignantly. "Where are you going?" they cried. "Where do you think you're going?" Mrs. Prentiss added, "Well, I must say!"

"You told me Penn Station," said the driver in hurt tones. It rushed over Mrs. Macaulay, in that awful moment, that she had. She still didn't know. Maybe it *was* Penn Station.

"The tickets!" she cried. "Quick, let's look at the tickets!"

In the ensuing agitated minutes, they managed somehow to figure out that it was Grand Central, after all. It was all perfectly terrible. The driver, in a pregnant silence, took them north on Madison to Forty-fourth and over to Vanderbilt. Passing Forty-third was very painful, because Mrs. Prentiss thought he ought to turn there. She started to tell him so, and, because she thought she was missing her train, her tone was very indignant indeed. So Mrs. Macaulay explained, again using that manner which somehow was not so much explanatory as peeved, that New York streets are nearly always one-way streets, and her mother subsided in a fury. Mrs. Macaulay's observation that they still had twenty minutes just seemed to make matters worse. The driver relented and was nice to them when they parted, though. Everything was calm and bright again as they walked into the station after the redcap. There was no residue of resentment; they were starting out all over again.

"We're checking this suitcase through," Mrs. Macaulay told the redcap, and he said, "Yes'm." He had already acquired another set of luggage from some people who had directed him to leave it in the parcel room, and they all stopped there first. This worried Mrs. Prentiss.

"Well, I'd like to know when we're going to have a chance to do our checking," she said loudly. "What on earth—"

"Sssh," Mrs. Macaulay said. "Calm yourself. It's going to be all right."

Everything went fine until they got to the checkroom. Then, for quite a while, they couldn't locate Mrs. Prentiss's tickets, but they did turn up at last, in a photograph folder. The attendant calmly wrote out a baggage check and tied it to the suitcase. They were turning away when Mrs. Pren-

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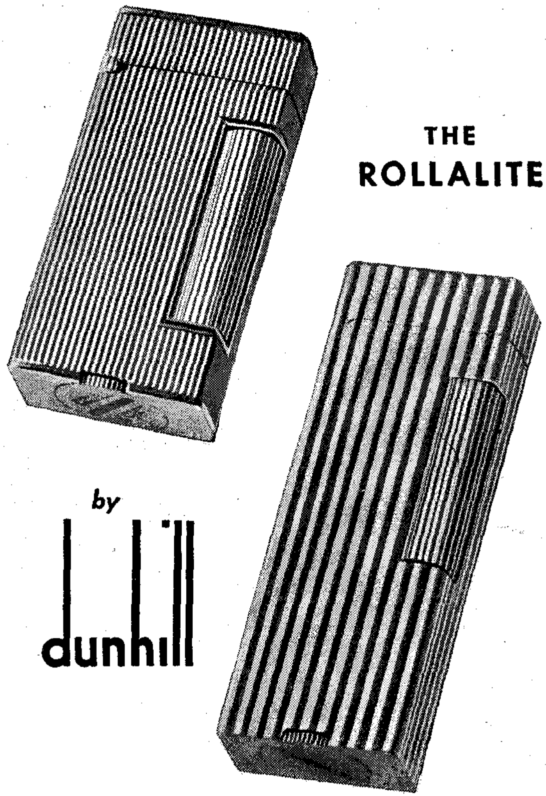
THE ROLLALITE

by dunhill



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tiss said, "Oh, by the way, will this be put on the five-o'clock train?"

The baggage man, glancing at the clock, shook his head slowly. "It'll make the six-thirty, most likely," he said.

"Oh, dear." Mrs. Prentiss thought it over. "That won't do at all," she told him. "That would mean that my son-in-law would have to come all the way back to the station to get it, and he wouldn't like making an extra trip. You see, we live in Winnetka."

"I'm sorry, Ma'am," said the baggage man.

"You could take it with you," Mrs. Macaulay suggested. "The porter can put it somewhere and you won't have to bother."

Upon due consideration, Mrs. Prentiss agreed to this. The suitcase was unchecked, the baggage ticket removed, the machinery unwound. The redcap, who was turning out, in Mrs. Macaulay's estimation, to be a very nice man, packed everything back on his gocart and they all started out for the train.

"We still have nine minutes," Mrs. Macaulay said quickly, seeing her mother look toward the clock. Mrs. Prentiss never believed her daughter, though, or clocks, and she trotted briskly.

At the gate, the redcap had already stepped inside the grating when Mrs. Prentiss reached for her tickets. She couldn't find them.

Mrs. Macaulay tried to check a dismayed exclamation, but she let part of it get through in spite of herself. Immediately everything was much, much worse. Everybody was tense. Mrs. Prentiss hunted wildly through her bag. Photographs fell to the floor and crocheting, swatches, theatre-ticket stubs kept for the children, and ration books all got in the way of her searching fingers. She wailed as she worked.

"I must have lost them somewhere! That man who checks bags may have forgotten to give them back. The train is going. Oh, *darn!*"

Mrs. Macaulay now took over and made everything worse, just as she had done at the shop. Suddenly the redcap, who must have had a mother himself, dashed off to the checkroom to see if the tickets were there. Or perhaps it was a daughter he had, Mrs. Macaulay thought remorsefully. Anyway, he was an understanding sort of man. People rushed past the ladies toward the train. It seemed to Mrs. Macaulay that somehow the ordinary businesses of life, all the small activities which protect people from the truth, had ceased to exist. Her mother and she stood lonely in a howling universe of darkness, of shooting stars and whistling winds from the infinite, rocking crazily, trying to lean on space, still wrangling over tickets.

Mrs. Prentiss suddenly found the tickets in her change purse. Everything was quiet again; everything was all right. They saw the redcap running back and they waved vigorously to indicate that all was well. All *was* well, too; there was no residue.

"You'd better give him a dollar," said Mrs. Macaulay. "He's been perfectly wonderful through it all."

"A dollar?" her mother asked in horror. She had not kept pace with tipping inflation. "Oh, that's too much, dear. I have only the two bags."

Mrs. Macaulay grabbed a dollar from her purse, crumpled it savagely, and shoved it at the redcap as he came up, panting. He must have wondered why she looked so fierce. She didn't really know, herself.

It was time to say goodbye. Mrs. Prentiss and her daughter stood looking at each other. Mrs. Macaulay wanted to say she was sorry, but she didn't know what she was sorry about. Her mother, too, looked rather rueful. There was nothing to say. Anyway, there was no time to say it. It is always that way when trains are leaving, Mrs. Macaulay thought; I never notice until she is getting on a train alone that my mother is smaller than I am.

"Take care of yourself," she said aloud, "and come back soon. You promised."

They kissed fondly.

"Do try to get your sleep, dear," her mother said, and was gone.

At the corner of Forty-second and Vanderbilt, Mrs. Macaulay stopped walking and took a deep breath. Her legs were limp, she was shaking, and her forehead was wet.

"Now, how in God's name," she asked herself, "do we do that to each other?" —EMILY HAHN

•

Hill's 2-year-old brother, Borman, swam the Niagara River midway between American Falls and Rainbow Bridge, "just for practice." He made the feat more difficult by towing a rowboat by a rope held between his teeth.—*Washington Daily News.*

As a sort of pacifier?

•

RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[*Marriage-license notice in the Fayetteville (N.C.) Observer*]

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"I did. Me. Mrs. Brown. The Little Woman.

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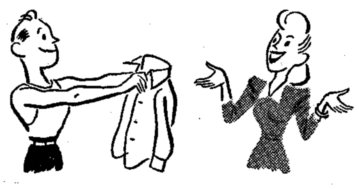

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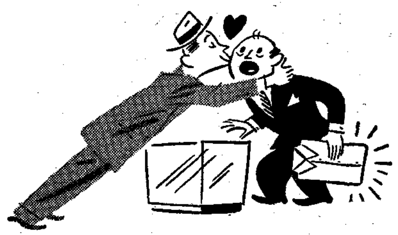

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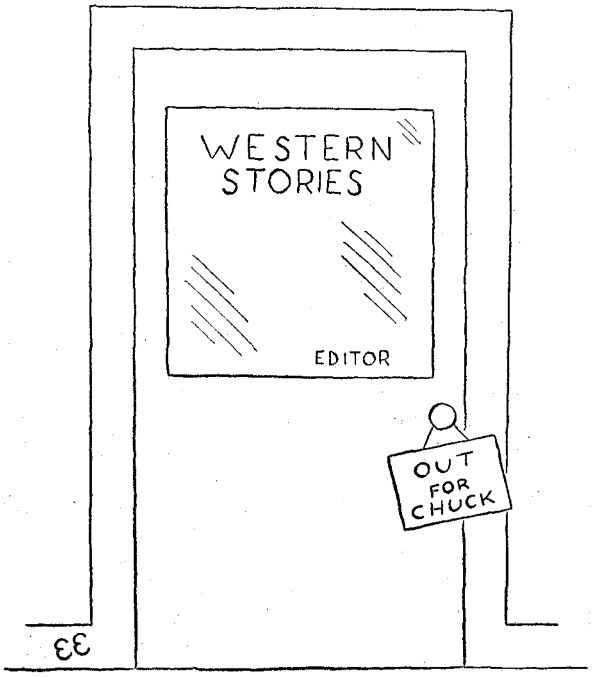
WHAT TIME IS IT?

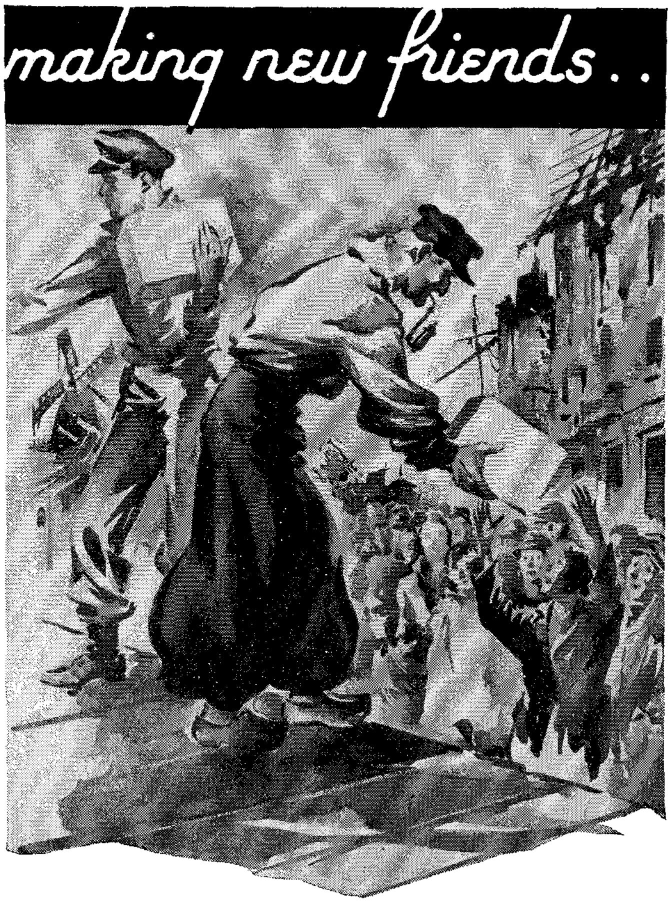
By and large, American soldiers are wristwatch-crazy. Cuckoo clocks and alarm clocks attract them, pocket watches bring a gleam to their eyes, but wristwatches drive them mad, especially if the dials are like the instrument panel of a B-29 and tell not only the time of day but the day of the month, the month of the year, and the aspect of the moon. Watch craziness may be an occupational disease of all armies; Russian troops are reported to be paying their American colleagues in Berlin and Vienna five hundred dollars for drugstore Ingersolls and a thousand dollars for watches with Mickey Mouse dials. (What happens when one watch-crazy soldier sells his watch to another watch-crazy soldier is clearly a problem for the advanced seminar.) This horological phenomenon has had a lot to do with the opinions the American soldiers now hold about Europe. Next to wanting to go home, our troops want to go where the watches are, and the watches are in Switzerland. There are apparently millions of watches in Switzerland, a good many of them with dials like the instrument panel of a B-29, and Switzerland, to our soldiers, is becoming the most popular country on the Continent. Before the Army is through over here, at least three hundred thousand members of it will have had a chance to find out about it at first hand. Every week, some six thousand American soldiers—three thousand from the Mediterranean Theatre, three thousand from the European Theatre—are visiting Switzerland on seven-day tours under the auspices of its government. Moralists may feel that a nation whose wartime philosophy appears to have been that every country has the right to be an island unto itself does not deserve such attention, but moralists have probably never heard of watch craziness. Furthermore, Switzerland is the first European country the American soldier has had a chance to see whose cities do not lie in ruins and whose population has not been beaten down by war. A veteran of the Salerno landings said to me one day in Interlaken, pulling up a sleeve and exhibiting an intricate piece of machinery with two second hands and a bell, "Even if I couldn't have bought this, I'd still be enjoying myself. The place has railroads and milk!"

I found out exactly how this craving for watches and unbombed cities operates when I went on one of the tours last week with a group from the Mediterranean Theatre. The point of departure is a Special Services building in Milan, covered with Swiss posters showing cable cars dangling from mountain tops, obviously contented cows on hilltops, and electric trains whizzing into tunnels. Every day about four hundred enlisted men and officers (the proportion is about ten enlisted men to an officer) on leave from units in Italy turn up in Milan and are assigned to one of three set tours—through eastern Switzerland, including Davos; through central Switzerland, including the Jungfrau, Bern, and Zurich; or through southwestern Switzerland, including Montreux and Geneva. So many men have shown a preference for the second route—bigger cities, more watches—that lots are drawn to see who goes where. Before they start off, the tourists deposit thirty-five dollars to cover expenses, pay thirty-four dollars and ninety-seven cents for a hundred and fifty Swiss francs (the maximum allowed), have a temporary Swiss visa stamped on the back of their travel orders, and are addressed briefly by a Special Services corporal who informs them that they are among the first foreign soldiers in uniform to enter Switzerland in this war. "Even though the war is over, make no mention of troop movements," he says, and adds, "And take no towels from Swiss hotels."



A HUNDRED and thirty-nine soldiers and I drew the popular Tour No. 2. We left next morning in comfortable third-class coaches, passed through a cursory Swiss customs examination at Chiasso (the St. Gotthard tunnel is the only route currently open between Italy and Switzerland, the Simplon tunnel being closed while mines are being removed), and stopped for lunch at Lugano, a lakeside resort with huge, empty hotels, delicatessens piled with cold meats and cheeses, and shop windows full of watches, to say nothing of cuckoo clocks. Later, on our way to Lucerne, practically the only topics of conversation were watches and the physical condition of Switzerland compared to that of Italy. A tall, lanky sergeant from Texas who sat opposite me was amazed that any country in Europe was still able to present what he considered a civilized appearance. "A clean country!" he said. "Did you see that station in Milan this morning, with all those people scrambling around in all that dirt? No, sir, nothing like that here in Switzerland. And the scenery! I'm coming here on my honeymoon." I asked him if he had bought anything in Lugano. "Hell, yes," he said. "Spent a hundred and forty-eight francs on a wristwatch that would have cost about five hundred bucks in Italy. I've got two francs left." I suggested that he might find himself a little short before the journey was over. "Don't *you* worry," he said. "*I'm* not worried."

For the next few days, the enthusiasm remained high. Every place seemed more enticing than the one before—Lucerne and the Lake of the Four Cantons; Interlaken and the Alpine foothills; the snow-covered Jungfrau, with its astonishing cog railroad, which climbs more than eleven thousand feet and runs through four miles of tunnels; the village of Grindelwald, in the valley below the Wetterhorn. We rode to all points on tiny, swift electric trains with big open windows, and everywhere there were the immaculate hotels, the cool milk, the cool beer, and the good cheeses. There were walks



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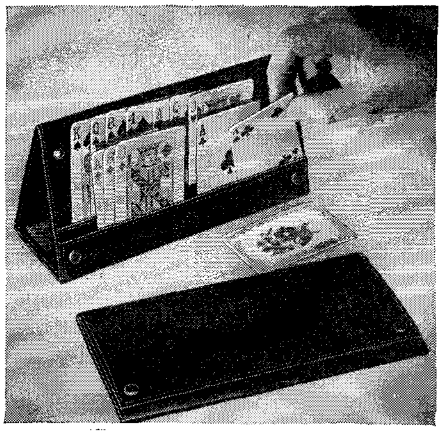

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through the countryside, bicycle trips around lakes, lighted shop windows, clean streets lined with brightly painted houses, and all the hundreds of gimmicks and gewgaws that Switzerland puts on display for the tourist trade. Switzerland seemed the most beautiful of all possible places, with the exception of home. Money ran short, of course. A hundred and fifty Swiss francs can't get a man much more than one wristwatch. But lack of cash only temporarily deters a man who is watch-crazy. Cash can be raised in all sorts of ways—a package of American cigarettes will bring one franc thirty centimes, a field jacket twenty-eight francs—and commodities can always be acquired by old-fashioned barter. Most of the soldiers' baggage turned out to be disproportionately full of razor blades and fountain pens that the tourists, evidently tipped off in advance, had lugged in from Italy. In the matter of trading, colonels were no less interested than sergeants and were often sharper. One middle-aged colonel swapped all his woollen clothing for three wristwatches for his wife and a toilet-paper holder with a music-box attachment that played part of "The Blue Danube." "I had to get it," he said. "I just had to get it." On top of the Jungfrau, I saw the Texas sergeant, in his shirtsleeves, shivering as he gazed down at the beginnings of the Grosser Aletsch-Gletscher. "Mighty pretty glacier," he said, "but I certainly would appreciate it more if I hadn't sold my blouse and my underwear." His musette bag by now contained not only watches but innumerable bottle corks surmounted by carved figurines.

American tourists are American tourists, whether they are rich civilians or soldiers on leave. Today, as ever, there are the cliques: the inseparable three sergeants from Colorado, for example, who look with contempt on even the biggest Alps, reducing them to mere hillocks in comparison with their native Rockies. There are the incidents, momentarily so important and hilarious, that are recounted ad infinitum at the dinner table: the story of the pfc who bought eight music boxes during his first fifteen minutes in Switzerland and spent the rest of his tour in hotel rooms, with the boxes spread about him, all playing at once. Or the one about the night the party slept in a hotel halfway up the Jungfrau. A lieutenant had rather liked one of the girls at the hotel, had spent the evening dancing with her and buying drinks, and toward midnight had offered to escort her to her room. "That would be wonderful," said the girl. "I live in the next village, just down the mountain." So the lieutenant spent fifty minutes going down the mountain and three hours scrambling back up. Besides all this, there are snowball fights in the middle of summer (always good for a laugh), rides in sleds drawn by Eskimo dogs, and the luxurious sense of eating, sleeping, and being treated like civilians.

I CANNOT say exactly when the change in attitude took place, but it seemed to me, along about the fifth day, that there was a stiffening among the soldiers I was with, a reawakening of the critical faculties, less of a tendency to praise everything Swiss indiscriminately, whether a mountain, a hotel, a main street, or a girl. There was certainly no slackening of hospitality; everywhere the tourists were made welcome, were given free drinks, were met at railroad stations by townsfolk who invited them to their homes. It was not a matter of food or accommodations, which were better than satisfactory throughout the trip. It was not a matter of the weather, which was glorious—cool and crisp in the mountains, sunny and warm in the valleys. It had something to do, I guess, with the Swiss themselves and their conversations about neutrality. Neutrality seems to have left the Swiss in an unsettled frame of mind: they have their homes and their cities, their industries and their public utilities—in short, the fruits of their neutrality—but something appears to be lacking. You are not aware of this at first, for the Swiss appear at ease with themselves and the world, as comfortable and well ordered as their houses. It was an Air Forces captain, a pilot with a record of many missions, who was the first to piece together his scattered impressions of Switzerland and draw some conclusions. We were in a compartment on our way back to Italy. "You know," he said to a group of officers and men, as the train rolled south, "every magazine I've picked up this week has been filled with war pictures—*Swiss* war pictures. Maneuvers in the mountains, maneuvers in the valleys, Swiss soldiers leaving home for training, soldiers creeping out of foxholes or throwing grenades. And every street was so filled with soldiers it looked like San Antonio back in '43. And every Swiss I've talked to has told me how they planned to retreat to the Alps and how all the big tunnels were mined and what a fight they would have put up. I'm beginning to think they think they actually were in the war."

A sergeant laughed. "I've been noticing that, too," he said. "But they sure make certain you know they were neutral, whatever that is. The owner of that hotel where we stayed last night—he talked and talked about neutrality and what a tough spot the Swiss were in, alone in the middle of Europe, and I kept saying, 'Did you help the Germans?,' and he said, 'Well, we had to haul German coal through Switzerland to the German armies in Italy or we wouldn't have got any coal for ourselves,' and I said, 'Did you help them in any other way?,' and he said, 'Well, we had a rest camp for German soldiers, but you must never forget that we took care of the American fliers who crashed on our soil.' "

Another Air Forces officer, who had been peering out a window, turned around. "That's the bunk," he said. "I did some looking around while we were in Bern, and I got a little sick of that guide on the walking tour through town. On one corner he was delivering speeches about Swiss gratitude to Americans for saving them from tyranny and on the next corner he was asking us for American supplies. I ran into some American friends of mine who lived in Switzerland during the war and I asked them about the American fliers who had been interned. It's a hell of a story. When the first crews crashed in Switzerland, the Swiss wanted to put them on road gangs. It was only after the American government made strong protests that they got sent to those big hotels you hear so much about. And when some of our fliers escaped and were captured by the Swiss before they could get across the border, they were tossed into lousy jails as common criminals and held there, incommunicado, for as long as two months. Maybe our Minister was afraid to offend the Swiss, but he finally got off his tail and registered a loud complaint."

"Let me tell you something," said a short, stocky major. "It's a matter of money. I'm a fellow likes to trade. I brought a knapsack full of stuff in here and I'm taking two knapsacks full of stuff out, so I know what it means to make a dollar. But these people are dollar-nuts in a different way. With them, a dollar is like two dollars, they want it so much. I was talking with a fellow this morning in Locarno, a merchant type who I was doing a little business with, and he was giving me the line about neutrality, so I said, 'Tell me the truth,' and he said,

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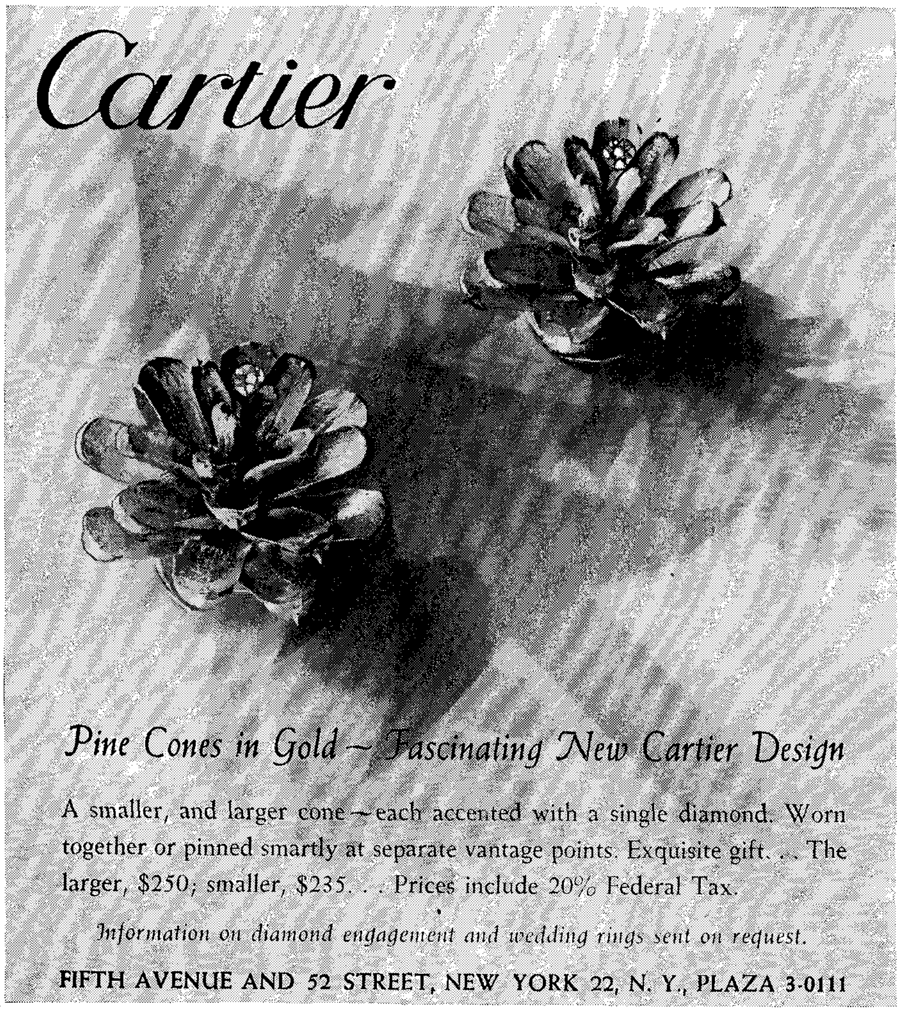

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'The war's over, so you might as well know—we sold everything we could to the Germans, including munitions, but we put our foot down on one thing.' I asked what, and he said, 'The Germans shipped hundreds of tons of stolen goods from northern Italy through Switzerland to Germany and they asked us to carry so much that we finally protested. We said we couldn't take the stuff unless it had certificates of ownership. So the Germans set up a big office down in Como, made out certificates of ownership for every bit of stolen property, and sent it through. Those Germans are bad, but you must admit we maintained our neutrality. After all, a franc is a franc and what happens to other countries is none of our concern.' That's what he said."

The officer who had been staring out the window turned around again. "Look," he said, "one thing you should remember—the Swiss people wanted us to win. At least, that's what I think. Most of them don't even know what their government did during the war, the censorship was so bad. Our government has got wise and won't unfreeze Swiss funds until the Swiss tell us about all the German dough that's hidden in Swiss banks under false names. We've got them on the hot spot and they know it, and they're worried and that's one reason why they've asked us on these tours."

The lanky sergeant from Texas was present. He crossed one long leg over the other. "Well," he said, "I guess maybe we'll be glad to get back to Italy again. A little honest-to-God dirt never hurt anybody." He stared lovingly at his wrist. "My, my, what a beautiful watch," he said.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

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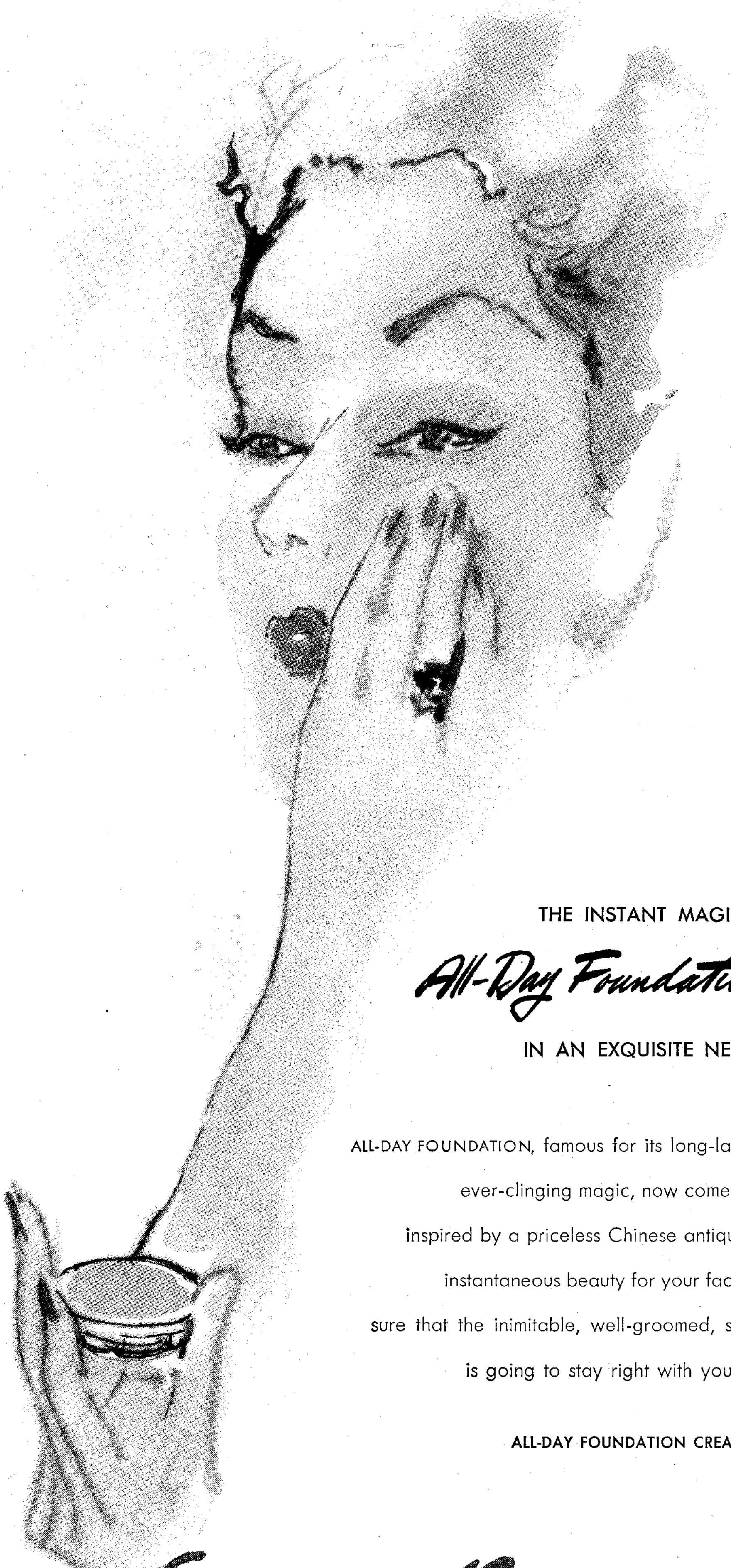

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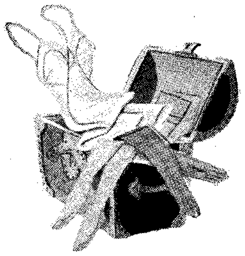

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THE RACE TRACK

Dollar Princess

I WON'T swear that Beaugay's performance in the Matron Stakes at Belmont last Saturday was the best I've seen all season, but at the moment it seems to be. When Beaugay was only a furlong from home she looked hopelessly beaten by Enfilade and Athene. Then, in a few breathless seconds, she came on and won by a head. Even horseplayers who have never been pushovers for her agreed that it was quite an achievement for such a graceful, beautifully made filly. I must say, too, that Kirkland rode her well, showing unexpected coolness and restraint and laying his whip on at exactly the right instant. Beaugay, who, I hardly need remind you, is the foremost member of Mrs. Elizabeth Graham's very successful stable, has won all of her six starts, and $106,000 in prize money. However, she is still behind my old pet, Top Flight, who, in 1931, won all of her seven starts, one of which was the Futurity, and picked up $219,000. By the way, the Matron was a hard race for Beaugay, so don't bet that she is going to try for the Futurity, on Saturday.

If Beaugay is the best two-year-old filly (a lot of horsemen even insist that she is better than any of the colts), C. V. Whitney's Enfilade must be next best. After all, she has finished second to Beaugay each of the four times they have met. Enfilade led for most of the way in the Matron, and Arcaro, who rode her, said later that if she had lasted just one jump more she would have won. Another brave try was made by Lieutenant Edward Lasker's Athene, not to be confused (but don't think she wasn't) with Hal Price Headley's Athenia, who also ran in the Matron. Athene, who earlier in the week did a quarter of a mile in 21⅘ seconds, as fast as horses run even with a tail wind, finished third. Everyone who ever tried to christen a racer is wondering how the Registrar of the Jockey Club, who has a list of taboos as long as your arm, happened to approve two names so similar as Athene and Athenia.

SINCE it was fairly inevitable that five million dollars would be wagered in the tote one of these days, we should doubtless be thankful that it happened at Belmont, where there is elbow room to do it. How long the new mark is going to stand, I wouldn't risk a timid guess. I am sure, however, that horseplayers don't care greatly what they bet on as long as it has four legs and Arcaro. They wagered $706,474 on the Matron Stakes (a $700,000 *day* was worth talking about five years ago) and then, later in the same afternoon, they showered down $760,171, a world's record for a single race, on a collection of Class D animals. What racing needs is reconversion to two-dollar betting.

ONE of the odd things about this season is that the three-year-old colts have found it almost impossible to win more than one of the important sweepstakes. None of them had turned the trick until Pot o' Luck, who took the Classic in Chicago last month, came home a comfortable winner in the Lawrence Realization at Belmont. He had had a good windup for it in the Jerome Handicap, at a mile, which was won by Buzfuz earlier in the week, so the mile and five furlongs was just his dish. If he doesn't win the Jockey Club Gold Cup or the New York Handicap—he could win both—I'm going to be surprised. As for Pavot, months ago I said that he was only a sprinter, and his performances in the Jerome and the Realization bear me out. As for sprinters, I'll give you a good one: True North, who seems to love running on the Widener Course. On Monday of last week he won the Fall Highweight Handicap, at six furlongs, under 140 pounds in 1:08⅘, and on Saturday he won the Harmonicon Handicap, at the same distance, under 132 pounds in 1:09⅗. How many horseplayers remember Henrietta Wildair, who also was practically unbeatable over the Widener Course?

FUTURITY TIP: I haven't changed my mind—it's still Revoked.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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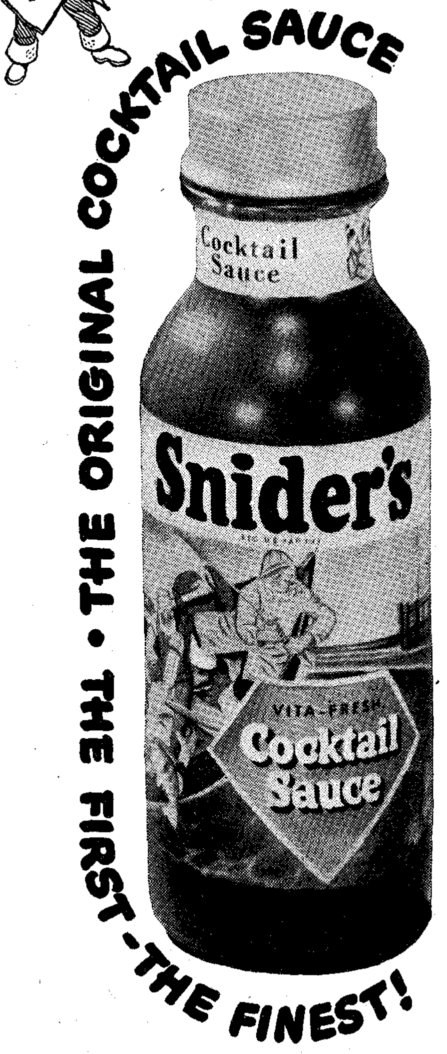

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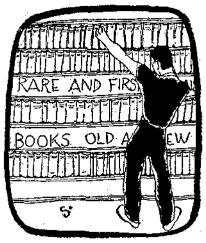
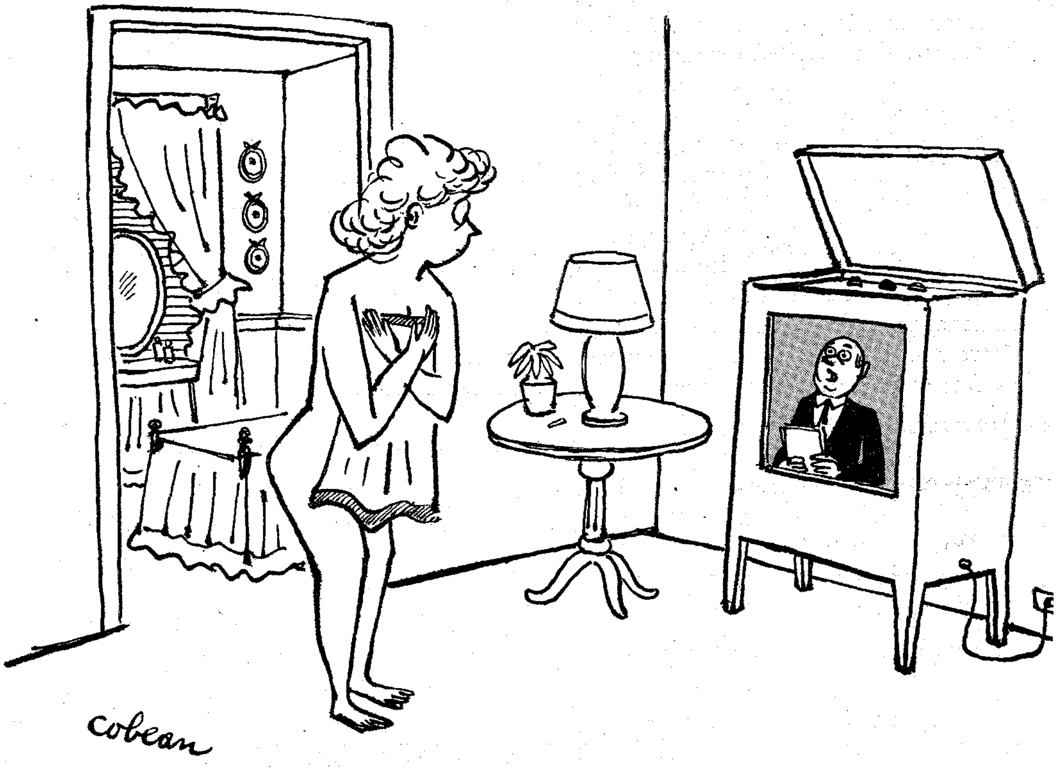


I'VE just finished reading my way through five new novels one after another and, while I'll undoubtedly recover, I won't be that foolhardy soon again. I feel rather ungrateful in saying this, for the authors did everything they could to reward me with pleasure and profit. James Ramsey Ullman, in "The White Tower" (Lippincott), provided me with all the equipment necessary for mountain climbing, tied a rope about my waist, and hauled me to the top of an extremely difficult Alpine peak. Josephine Pinckney, in "Three O'Clock Dinner" (Viking), invited me to sit at table with one of the first families of Charleston and watch, between the dessert and the Madeira, a young woman from the wrong side of town set that family back on its heels. Victor Wolfson, in "The Lonely Steeple" (Simon & Schuster), took me into an insane asylum and permitted me to observe the anguished unfolding of a shattered mind. Josiah E. Greene, in "Not in Our Stars" (Macmillan), introduced me to the dairy industry. And Nicholas Monsarrat, in "Leave Cancelled" (Knopf), enabled me to spend twenty-four hours, containing more conversation than anything else, with a young English soldier and his bride. Spread out in this way, it seems quite a treat—adventure, social comedy, abnormal psychology, information, a love affair—but I found it, I'm sorry to report, very thin pickings indeed.

MR. ULLMAN'S "The White Tower," which the Book-of-the-Month has just sent out to its faithful, has been extravagantly praised. Some of this praise, hailing the author's ability to turn out a good adventure story, is not altogether undeserved. Mr. Ullman knows how to get drama and tension into a book, and if what is wanted is an adventure story, along with an ungodly amount of trash, this is one of the best in some time.

Mr. Ullman brings together, in a Swiss village during the war, an American aviator, a German officer, an English scientist, a Swiss guide, a French exquisite, and a Viennese girl. He has a hard time explaining why they happen to be where they are (there are times, in the early part of the book, when every sentence gives the impression of having sweat on its brow), but once they are assembled, it doesn't take him long to get them started up a mountain which, on the side they are tackling, has never been climbed before. The part of the book devoted to climbing is excellent. I know of no other piece of fiction, with the exception of a fine short story called "Forty-third Division," by Ralph Bates, that gets the exertion and exhilaration of that sport so well. These six characters in search of a foothold, however, are much more than a mere climbing expedition. They want to get to the top of the mountain, of course, but they are driven to the effort by various inner compulsions so deep and obscure that even Mr. Ullman can't make them clear. He works overtime trying to (this is where his sentences begin to get beady again), but, while he's a good man with a piton, the thin, high air of philosophy and mysticism does strange things to him. All I can say is that he ought to thank his stars for that adventure story; I hate to think what would have happened to his book without it. There's no point in unravelling Mr. Ullman's tale, since I don't want to spoil anybody's fun, but I'm sure I won't be giving away any secrets by saying that the climb resolves into a duel between the German and the American and that the American, who also conducts a love affair with the Viennese girl under weather conditions that might well daunt an Eskimo, wins out. There is absolutely no telling where the democratic way of life is going to triumph these days.

DROPPING down to sea level and the Carolina low country, we come to Charleston and to Miss Pinckney's "Three O'Clock Dinner," which the Literary Guild is sending out this month. Charleston has of late provided the locale for a great many books, but Miss Pinckney has lived there long enough not to be overly impressed by the lushness of the local atmosphere. She might have been writing about Atlanta, Georgia, or Demopolis, Alabama, for all the real difference her local color makes, and, local color being what it is, I suppose it's just as well. Miss Pinckney, who uses the English language with respect and consideration (sometimes, though, she seems slightly afraid of it, as if it might bite), has written a novel of manners which, according to an advertisement I happened to see, has the apparently unique ad-



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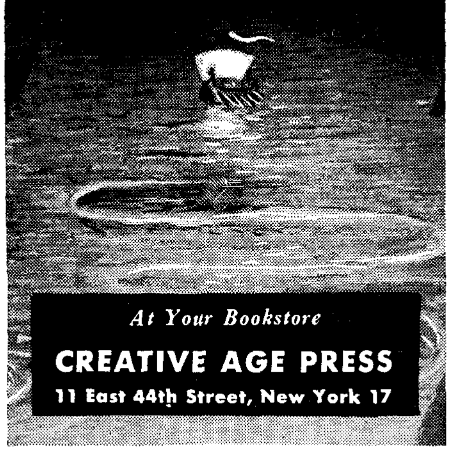

vantage of being "a woman's novel." At first I wasn't sure what this was intended to convey. Miss Pinckney, as the photograph on the jacket of her book makes clear, is plainly a woman (the possibility of her being a female impersonator could, I felt, be safely eliminated), and it wasn't until I had finished her novel that I began to understand what her publishers were driving at. What they meant, I decided, was that the theme of decay which runs through Miss Pinckney's book, and which has been used by practically every author who has written about the contemporary South, from Ellen Glasgow to William Faulkner, isn't quite as emphatic as usual.

Using what might be called the Galsworthy gambit, Miss Pinckney arranges on one side of her board the old, established Redcliffs, and on the other the new, unestablished Hessenwinkles. We meet the Redcliffs first—Judith, a sensitive young woman haunted by the memory of her dead husband; Tat, her brother-in-law, a young man of advanced views in whom the confusion of contemporary liberalism would seem to be approaching the outermost limits of chaos; and various others. We then get to know the Hessenwinkles, who, before we are quite able to sort them out properly, start moving in on the Redcliffs. The spearhead of their attack is a girl named Lorena, who makes up in heartiness (let's call it that, anyway) what she lacks in family background. Lorena has no use for Judith, and not much more for Tat. This doesn't keep her from marrying Tat, however—I've forgotten just why—and the Redcliffs give a three-o'clock Sunday dinner to introduce her and her folks to the other members of the family. Lorena, flushed with success, isn't able to keep it from going to her head. She lets her dislike of Judith get so much the better of her that she boasts, before Tat, Judith, and a few other Redcliffs, of having had an affair with Judith's dead husband and having borne him a child. This unorthodox after-dinner speech naturally disorganizes the Redcliffs no end, but they pull themselves together in time to get the situation back in hand. The book ends with a wiser, but no sadder, Lorena leaving for Detroit, where she thinks she has prospects, while Judith remains in Charleston to bring up the child.

Miss Pinckney arranges all this with quiet competence. I got a certain pleasure out of watching her tactics, and admired the way she moved her major pieces at times, but she never convinced

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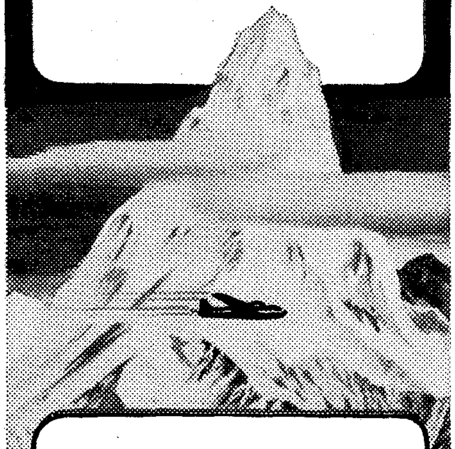
—FANNY BUTCHER, *Chicago Tribune*

THE WHITE TOWER

by James Ramsey Ullman



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me that she was doing anything more than playing a game.

NOBODY, I feel sure, is ever going to call "The Lonely Steeple," by Victor Wolfson, "a woman's novel." His publishers, as if they were determined to frighten off the trade, insist that "it is not a novel for escapists" and that it is "thoroughly tragic in the deepest sense," and then quote Louis Untermeyer as saying that, besides having the intensity of a Greek play, it is written in a hypnotic style. I dissent. There is nothing in Mr. Wolfson's novel that case-hardened escapists shouldn't be able to take in the same stride with which they took Eugene O'Neill (I'm proceeding on the theory that it is just as easy to escape into a bleak world as into a rock-candy one, and I'll be waiting to be proved wrong), its tragedy depends too completely on artifice to be thorough in any sense, and its style is not so hypnotic that anybody can't look it straight in the eye.

Mr. Wolfson, in his story, permits one of the inmates of a New England asylum to identify herself and then lets her set down the story of her life. It isn't a very pretty story, beginning with incest and ending with murder, and Mr. Wolfson, with one eye on Boston and the other on Freud and Krafft-Ebing, has her tell it plain. There is considerable vigor and power in the telling, along with more fancy writing than even a crazy woman has a right to indulge in. The white steeple of a church, to Mr. Wolfson's central character, "looked like a gasp, like someone had shrieked in the night;" she speaks in "a steady flow like a rope was being pulled steadily out of my mouth not curling not falling, but coming out straight;" and she wishes she had time "to study what makes an eye work. There's the pupil and the white part, I know, and there's nerves, but the other thing, the part of the eye that isn't there really, the part that rushes forward to another eye, that pushes open like a boat dividing the water, that dives down, that swims around underneath and looks and enters inside, that part of the eye that Halsey and I were using like something apart from ourselves, that's the part I want to know about."

It could be that an insane woman might write this way and that it is a hypnotic way of writing, but I am inclined to dismiss both these notions. I also think we can dismiss Mr. Wolfson's elaborate pretense that an insane woman could sit down and write a book, even so disjointed and erratic a volume as this. The way a mentally ill person really writes (I'm quoting a transcript from Karl Menninger's "The Human Mind") is like this: "Have just been to supper. Did not knowing what the woodchuck sent me here. How when the blue blue blue on the said anyone can do it that tries. Such is the presidential candidate." No gasps, no ropes, and no swimming, diving, underwater eyes.

"LEAVE CANCELLED," by Nicholas Monsarrat, needn't take up too much of our time. Slight in size, bound in a pink jacket (bearing a chubby cupid) that might have been better wrapped around a jar of bath salts, it is even slighter in content. A young English soldier, in London to meet his bride for a two-week holiday, is suddenly notified that his leave has been cancelled. His wife arrives at the hotel where they are to stay and he breaks the bad news. They have a few cocktails, go to dinner, take in Congreve's "Love for Love," return to the hotel, and spend the rest of the night in bed. They also talk, both being of the intellectual type to whom no experience is valid until it is put into words. They talk over cocktails, they talk during dinner, they talk at the play, and they especially talk during their most intimate moments in bed. I felt damned embarrassed and I got no enjoyment out of listening in.

IF anyone happens to want to know what makes the wheels go round in the dairy industry, all he need do is read "Not in Our Stars," by Josiah E. Greene. Mr. Greene's book, which would have been called a proletarian novel a few years ago, may be called a proletarian novel still. It is about a group of people who work at an establishment called Weyland Meadows, and when last I saw them, they weren't having too happy a time of it. Not enough democracy. Mr. Greene, whose book won the Macmillan Century Award for the best novel submitted by a member of the armed forces, writes with enough dullness and doggedness to suggest that he wants to become another Theodore Dreiser. I can think of worse ambitions.

—HAMILTON BASSO

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE PEACOCK SHEDS HIS TAIL, by Alice Tisdale Hobart (Bobbs-Merrill). Here is just a hint of what you get in this soundly constructed, high-

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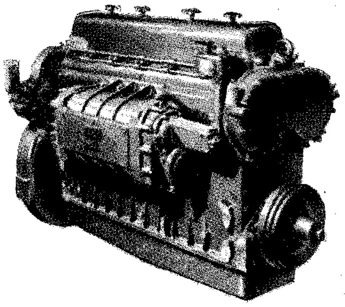

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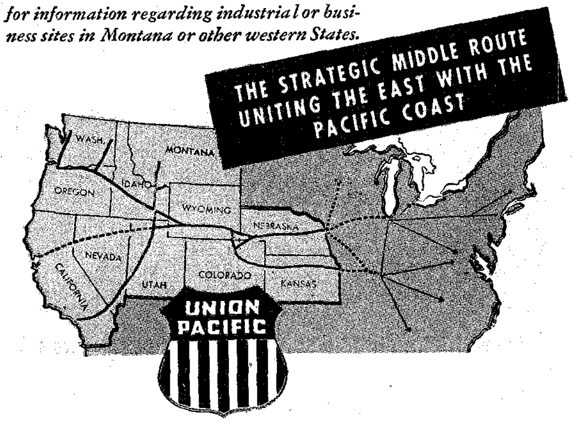
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Woman without Love, by André Maurois, translated by Joan Charles (Harper). An egocentric and sexually cold Frenchwoman makes a mess of two brilliant marriages. When her second husband dies, she finds, in the dedication of her life to his memory, a satisfactory substitute for love and the only real outlet for her emotions she has ever known. A smoothly urbane study, done with all the author's old deftness, charm, and superficiality.

The Perfect Round, by Henry Morton Robinson (Harcourt, Brace). A love story made into a little parable so explicit that even the dullest must get the idea that goodness will prevail in the end. A returned soldier has been sustained through a slow convalescence by an ambition to operate an abandoned carrousel he once saw, many years before, in an idyllic spot in the Catskills. He finds there not only the merry-go-round but a lovely girl, a crusty old hermit with a heart of gold, and an unhappy little boy. Together they fight the good fight against the cruelty and decadence they discover in the community. Mr. Robinson starts off gaily enough and his dialogue is often extremely entertaining, but the story gets so bogged down in sentimentality, whimsy, and just plain foolishness that it comes to no good end. Evidently there is something about a merry-go-round that brings out the worst in a writer.

Twilight Bar, by Arthur Koestler (Macmillan). Mr. Koestler's venture into fantasy, done in the form of a play, is a distinct disappointment. He finds this world of ours a sad place, he doubts whether there is much hope for it, and, turning to the psychoanalytical gospel for salvation, suggests that what might save the day is a casting off of all our inhibitions. Mr. Koestler's play has its moments, but, since fancy depends largely on wit and subtle writing and the author is not especially at home with either,

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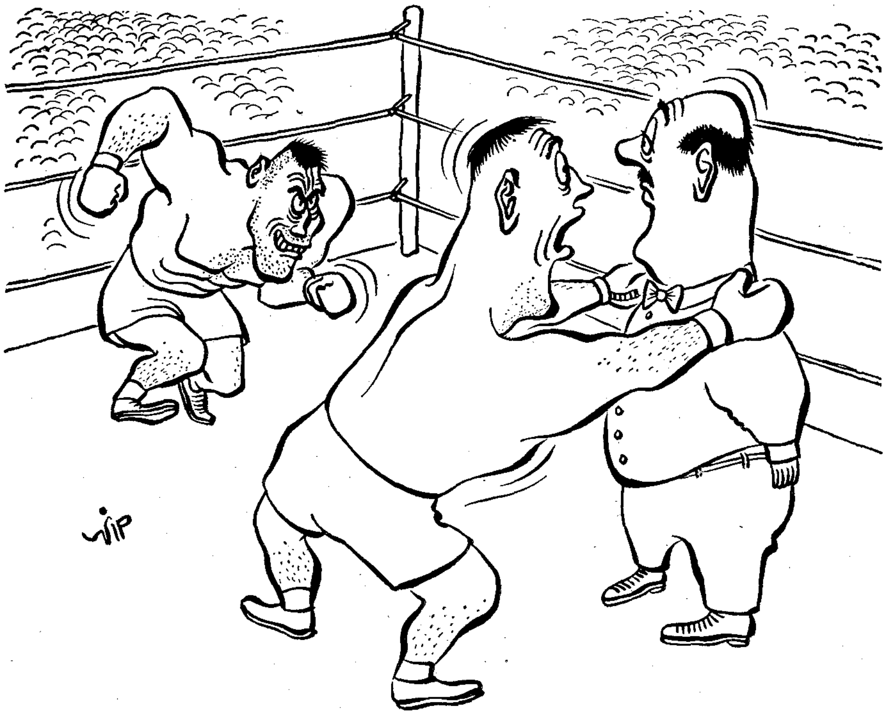

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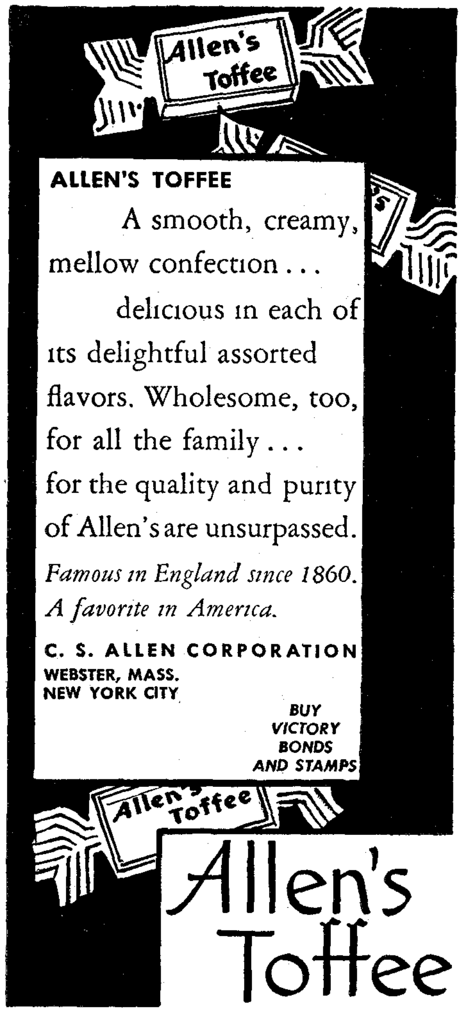

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these moments are rather few. The piece may, of course, play better than it reads, but even that seems questionable.

THE PORTABLE F. SCOTT FITZGERALD, selected by Dorothy Parker, introduction by John O'Hara (Viking). The latest contribution to what future literary historians may call the second flowering of Scott Fitzgerald. Two complete novels, "The Great Gatsby" and "Tender Is the Night," and nine short stories, among them such old faithfuls as "The Rich Boy," "Crazy Sunday," and "Babylon Revisited," are included. John O'Hara, in a pugnacious, bare-knuckled introduction, is intelligent and amusing, but Mrs. Parker, who has picked out eleven of the most obvious titles in Fitzgerald's work, must have done her job in something of a hurry.

GENERAL

WAR YEARS WITH JEB STUART, by Lieutenant Colonel W. W. Blackford (Scribner). The memoirs of a member of Stuart's staff, written during the years of meditation that followed the Civil War, are now being published for the first time. Colonel Blackford, like practically every man of his class and station in the South in those days, thinks like a soldier, writes like a lawyer, and philosophizes like a Confederate. Both the thinking and the philosophizing are interesting—the first for its straightforwardness and the last for the illumination it sheds on an outmoded way of life—and the writing, which tells of some rousing, hard-riding adventures, is more than adequate for the purpose at hand. The author, among other things, says that General Lee would probably have won the battle of Gettysburg if he hadn't had an attack of diarrhea, but, as Douglas Southall Freeman says in his foreword, we needn't take this too seriously. Illustrated.

THE PERENNIAL PHILOSOPHY, by Aldous Huxley (Harper). An anthology of religious and mystical writings, slightly weighted on the Hindu side, having to do with "the metaphysic that recognizes a divine Reality substantial to the world of things and lives and minds; the psychology that finds in the soul something similar to, or even identical with, divine Reality; the ethic that places man's final end in the knowledge and of the immanent and transcendent Ground of all being."

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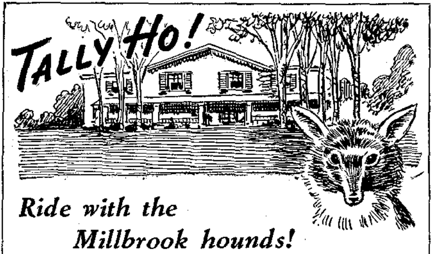

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Mr. Huxley, grouping his selections under the headings "Charity," "Truth," "Silence," "Good and Evil," and so on, illustrates and connects them with a commentary. He writes as well as ever, occasionally with brilliance and wit, but now and then, in his absorption with otherworldliness, he soars clean out of sight.

VIRGINIA WOOLF, by Joan Bennett (Harcourt, Brace). An unusually perceptive and sensitive study of the novelist and essayist who, despite preciousness, obscurity, and narrowness of range, was one of the chief adornments of English literature between the two great wars. Miss Bennett (not to be confused with the pretty lady who acts in the films) is totally immersed in her subject, has no preconceived theories, and employs a clean, clear style. Admirers of Mrs. Woolf, it would seem, could hardly afford to be without this one.

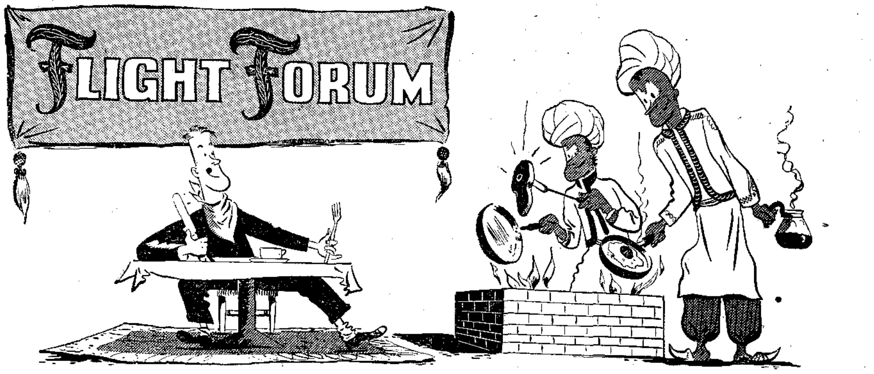
VERSE

SEVENTEEN POEMS, by Francis Meynell (Nonesuch Press). Alice Meynell's son, one of the founders of the Nonesuch Press, brings together light and serious verse written over a period of thirty years. Civilized charm and insight, in a beautifully produced volume.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE NOOSE IS DRAWN, by Willetta Ann Barber and R. F. Schabelitz (Scribner). Christopher Storm, an artist whose sketches have already solved a couple of murders, is now working for the F.B.I. and is married to the chatty young lady who collaborated with him on those cases. The Storms find a corpse on the terrace of their New York apartment and get right into another mystery involving, in the way of novelty, a group of people who are raising money for the Red Cross. Storm's sketches are of course incorporated in the narrative, which is the work of his bride, a lady overfond of the exclamation point. Nicely done, though, in its breathless way.

THE CASE OF THE HALF-WAKENED WIFE, by Erle Stanley Gardner (Mill). Perry Mason, that very active Californian, is sued for defamation of character in the course of defending a Mrs. Shelby, who is said by the police to have shot Mr. Shelby on a yacht and then dumped his remains overboard. Mason handles these and other legal difficulties in the



If you are one of those Americans whose appetite for ham and eggs suddenly develops when away from home, you might like to know there are now 473 spots around the world where your order will produce eggs cooked as you want them, instead of bewildered stares or inedible oological oddities.

• • •

Those spots are the 473 airports controlled by the United States, on routes across the Atlantic, Africa, the Near East and India. Or in Alaska, Iceland, South America or the Pacific. Non-existent a few years ago, they cost a pretty penny, some $820,000,000, but were worth it as stops on supply routes. As wartime construction, they're expendable, but since you can't lug an airport into a bargain basement surplus sale, most will go into commercial use. And with much benefit to world travel and trade, no matter who owns them.

• • •

Most serious travel drawback for years has been lack of personal comfort. Steamships carried comfort along coasts but were clumsy about getting inland. In four years, Americans have changed travel routes into straight lines and brought in American standards by air, regardless of coast lines.

• • •

Fly to one of these airports in a Wright Cyclone-powered plane and you will find American food, American drinks (including pure water — with ice), American beds, bathrooms, cars, jeeps, air-conditioning, the American language and American-introduced ideas on soap and water. Also DDT.

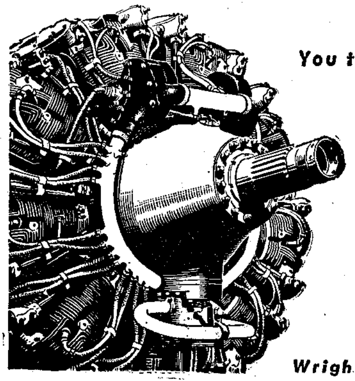
• • •

In the Near East and Asia, many a local boniface has gaped at the traffic and American innovations. Then he has had a quiet talk with his banker about using such ideas to attract peace-time visitors. They quickly notice that even the most notable visitors prefer American comforts to the more primitive local hotels.

A few of these war-built airfields may never be used, unless you want to study the way civilized war affected head hunters. But the majority will remain in use and will accomplish two things for your benefit.

• • •

First, they will make travel available to you in *all* the world. Second, they will act as sales display rooms for American equipment. A Near East potentate who ordered twelve complete bathrooms after visiting an American field is an example. And it's just one more example of the way air travel with Wright Cyclone engines is adding to world trade and passenger comfort.



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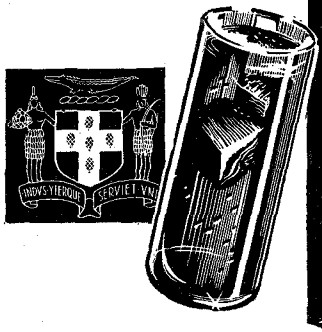

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manner to which his admirers should certainly be accustomed. Any deviations from the formula are probably purely accidental.

THE GIRL WITH THE FRIGHTENED EYES, by Lawrence Lariar (Dodd, Mead). Jeff Keye, a cartoonist recently discharged from the Army, tries to look up the sister of a friend killed in France and discovers that she has disappeared from her Greenwich Village boarding house. Enlisting the help of Homer Bull, a private detective you may recall, he tours the art galleries and night clubs frequented by artists and discovers a number of sinister goings on. The solution, having to do with the copying of famous paintings, is logical enough, but on the whole, this book isn't up to its predecessor, "The Man with the Lumpy Nose."

DEATH SAILS IN A HIGH WIND, by Theodora Du Bois (Doubleday, Doran). Young Dr. McNeil and his wife, Anne, who have built up quite a reputation for themselves as detectives, have bought a sloop, which means, naturally, that as soon as they take it out on the Sound a young lady is going to get murdered in the vicinity. The suspects include the owner of a catboat and the occupants of a fair-sized yawl, who are investigated by the McNeils and the district attorney. Rather haphazard plotting but lots of nautical atmosphere designed to entrance the yacht-club set.

•

HOUSEKEEPER to take charge in horse-loving Prot. home; excel. refs. S 476. —*Position-wanted adv. in the Boston Globe.*

Wait until after Belmont and we'll think about it.

•

The above GI has a manicurist digging out some of the dirt and mud he picked up on the drive to Berlin. It took 19,207 permanent military personnel to accomplish the task, and some 12,714 German prisoners were used on the job.—*Picture caption in the Dayton Journal.*

There's nothing too good for our boys.

•

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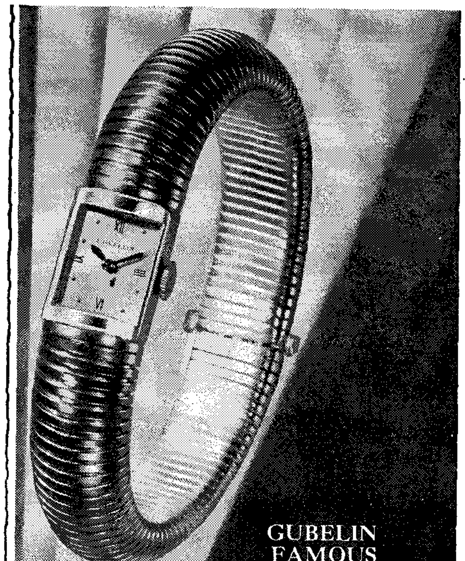
(LINGUISTIC PROGRESS DIVISION)

[*From the Iowa State College Daily Student*]

At Syracuse, Michigan State, and the University of Wisconsin she found that modern languages are being stressed. At Syracuse 30 members of the faculty speak English.



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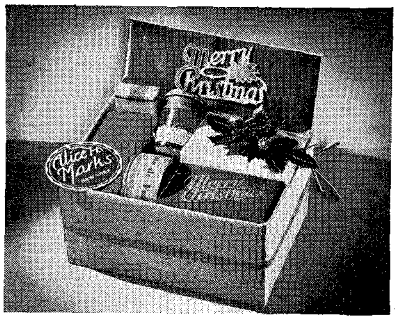

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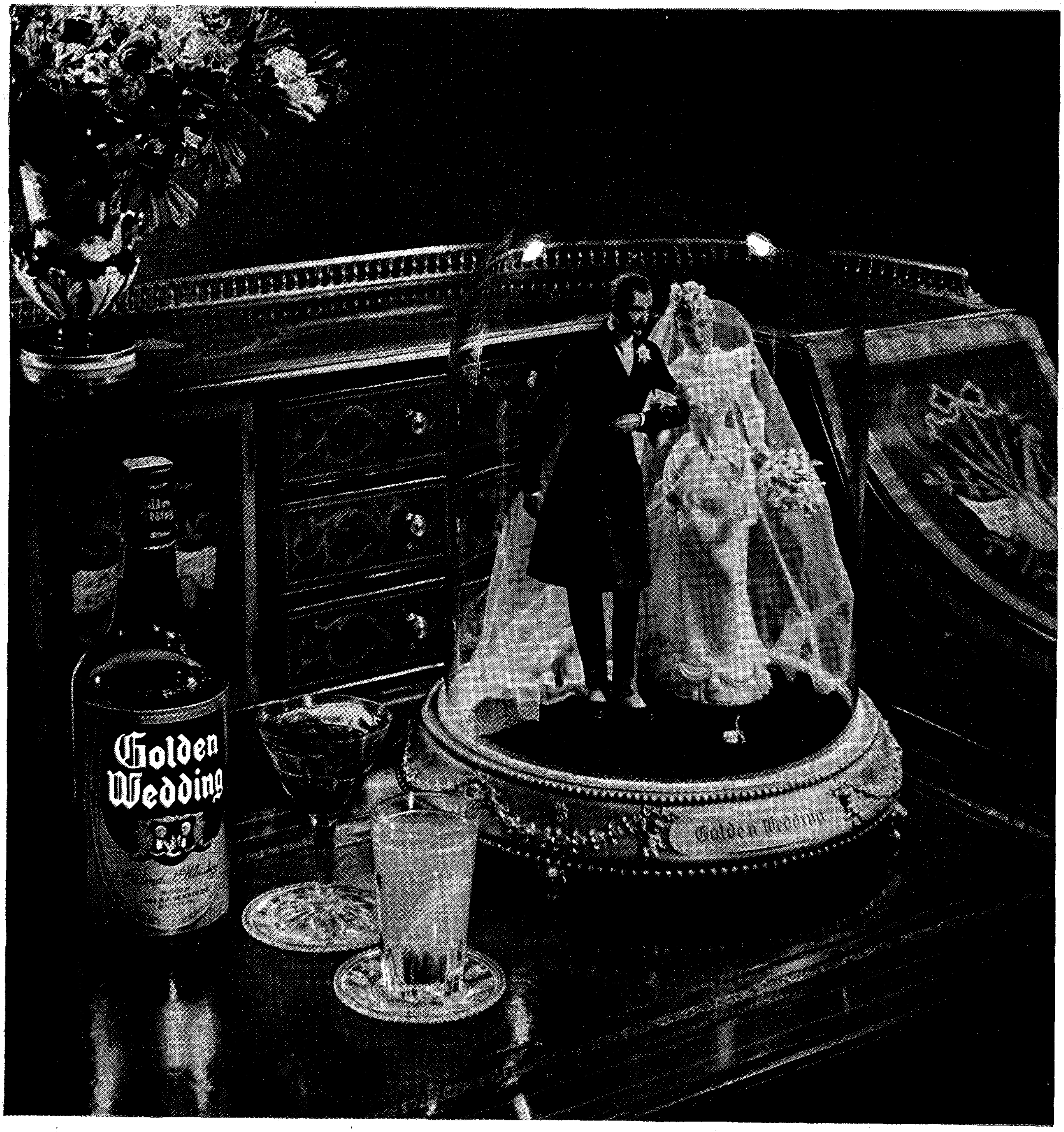

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And that Old Overholt has never lost the rich, robust, grainy taste which made it a favorite so long ago and has continued to delight the palates of five generations. So if you'd enjoy a good, five-year-old rye that has earned its way, and tastes its age — try Old Overholt.

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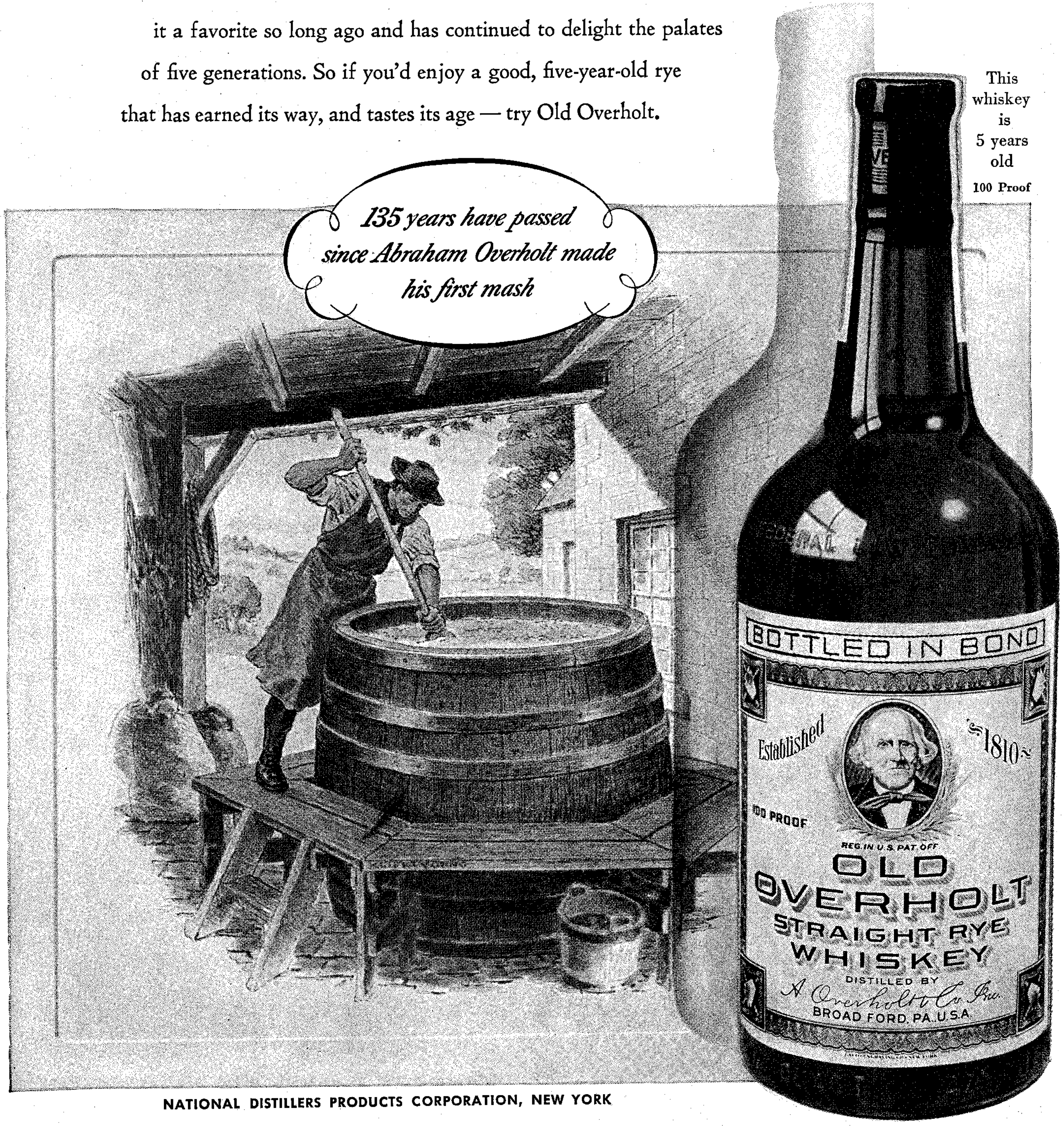

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